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TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

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PART II

I

MOTHER AND SON

TO say that Jon Forsyte accompanied his mother to Spain unwillingly would scarcely have been adequate. He went as a well-natured dog goes for a walk with its mistress, leaving a choice mutton-bone on the lawn. He went looking back at it. Forsytes deprived of their mutton-bones are wont to sulk. But Jon had little sulkiness in his composition. He adored his mother, and it was his first travel. Spain had become Italy by his simply saying: "I'd rather go to Spain, Mum; you've been to Italy so many times; I'd like it new to both of us."

The fellow was subtle besides being naif. He never forgot that he was going to shorten the proposed two months into six weeks, and must therefore show no sign of wishing to do so. For one with so enticing a mutton-bone and so fixed an idea, he made a good enough travelling companion, indifferent to where or when he arrived, superior to food, and thoroughly appreciative of a country strange to the most travelled Englishman. Fleur's wisdom in refusing to write to him was profound, for he reached each new place entirely without hope or fever, and could concentrate immediate attention on the donkeys and tumbling bells, the priests, patios, beggars, children, crowing cocks, sombreros, cactus hedges, old high white villages, goats, olive-trees, greening plains, singing birds in tiny cages, water-sellers, sunsets, melons, mules, great churches, pictures, and swimming gray-brown mountains of a fascinating land.

It was already hot, and they enjoyed an absence of their compatriots. Jon, who, so far as he knew, had no blood in him which was not English, was often innately unhappy in the presence of his own countrymen. He felt they had no nonsense about them, and took a more practical view of things than himself. He confided to his mother that he must be an unsociable beast—it was jolly to be away from everybody who could talk about the things people did talk about. To which Irene had replied simply:

"Yes, Jon, I know."

In this isolation he had unparalleled opportunities of appreciating what few sons can apprehend, the whole-heartedness of a mother's love. Knowledge of something kept from her made him, no doubt, unduly sensitive; and a Southern people stimulated his admiration for her type of beauty, which he had been accustomed to hear called Spanish, but which he now perceived to be no such thing. Her beauty was neither English, French, Spanish, nor Italian—it was special! He appreciated, too, as never before, his mother's subtlety of instinct. He could not tell, for instance, whether she had noticed his absorption in that Goya picture, "La Vendimia," or whether she

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knew that he had slipped back there after lunch and again next morning, to stand before it full half an hour, a second and third time. It was not Fleur, of course, but like enough to give him heartache—so dear to lovers—remembering her standing at the foot of his bed with her hand held above her head. To keep a postcard reproduction of this picture in his pocket and slip it out to look at became for Jon one of those bad habits which soon or late disclose themselves to eyes sharpened by love, fear, or jealousy. And his mother's were sharpened by all three. In Granada he was fairly caught, sitting on a sun-warmed stone bench in a little battlemented garden on the Alhambra hill, whence he ought to have been looking at the view. His mother, he had thought, was examining the stocks in pots between the polled acacias, when her voice said:

"Is that your favorite Goya, Jon?"

He checked, too late, a movement such as he might have made at school to conceal some surreptitious document, and answered: "Yes."

"It certainly is most charming; but I think I prefer the 'Quitasol.' Your father would go crazy about Goya; I don't believe he saw them when he was in Spain in '92."

In '92—nine years before he had been born! What had been the previous existences of his father and his mother? If they had a right to share in his future, surely he had a right to share in their past. He looked up at her. Something in her face—a look of life hard-lived, the mysterious impress of emotions, experience, and suffering—seemed with its incalculable depth, its purchased sanctity, to make curiosity impertinent. His mother must have had a wonderfully interesting life; she was so beautiful, and so—so—but he could not frame what he felt about her. He got up, and stood gazing down at the town, at the plain green with crops, and the ring of mountains glamourous in sinking sunlight. Her life was like the past of this old Moorish city, full, deep, remote—his own life as yet such a baby of a thing, hopelessly ignorant and innocent! They said that in those mountains to the West, which rose sheer from the blue-green plain, as if out of a sea, Phœnicians had dwelt—a dark, strange, secret race, above the land! His mother's life was as unknown to him, as secret, as that Phœnician past was to the town down there, whose cocks crowed and whose children played and clamored so gayly, day in, day out. He felt aggrieved that she should know all about him and he nothing about her except that she loved him and his father, and was beautiful. His callow ignorance—he had not even had the advantage of the war, like nearly everybody else!—made him small in his own eyes.

That night, from the balcony of his bedroom, he gazed down on the roof of the town—as if inlaid with honeycomb of jet, ivory, and gold; and, long after, he lay awake, listening to the cry of the sentry as the hours struck, and forming in his head these lines:

"Voice in the night crying, down in the old sleeping
Spanish city darkened under her white stars!

What says the voice—its clear—lingering anguish?
Just the watchman, telling his dateless tale of safety?
Just a road man, flinging to the moon his song?

No! 'Tis one deprived, whose lover's heart is weeping.
Just his cry: 'How long?'"

The word "deprived" seemed to him cold and unsatisfactory, but bereaved was too final, and no other word of two syllables short-long came to him, which would enable him to keep "whose lover's heart is weeping." It was past two by the time he had finished it, and past three before he went to sleep, having said it over to himself at least twenty-four times. Next day he wrote it out and enclosed it in one of those letters to Fleur, which he always finished before he went down, so as to have his mind free and companionable.

About noon that same day, on the tiled terrace of their hotel, he felt a sudden dull pain in the back of his head, a queer sensation in the eyes, and sickness. The sun had touched him too affectionately. The next three days were passed in semi-darkness, and a dulled, aching indifference to all except the feel of ice on his forehead

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and his mother's smile. She never moved from his room, never relaxed her noiseless vigilance, which seemed to Jon angelic. But there were moments when he was extremely sorry for himself, and wished terribly that Fleur could see him. Several times he took poignant imaginary leave of her and of the earth, tears oozing out of his eyes. He even prepared the message he would send to her by his mother—who would regret to her dying day that she had ever sought to separate them—his poor mother! He was not slow, however, in perceiving that he had now his excuse for going home.

Toward half past six each evening came a "gasgacha" of bells—a cascade of tumbling chimes, mounting from the city below and falling back chime on chime. After listening to them on the fourth day he said suddenly:

"I'd like to be back in England, Mum, the sun's too hot."

"Very well, darling. As soon as you're fit to travel." And at once he felt better, and—meaner.

They had been out five weeks when they turned toward home. Jon's head was restored to its pristine clarity, but he was confined to a hat lined by his mother with many layers of orange and green silk, and he still walked from choice in the shade. As the long struggle of discretion between them drew to its close, he wondered more and more whether she could see his eagerness to get back to that which she had brought him away from. Condemned by Spanish Providence to spend a day in Madrid between their trains, it was but natural to go again to the Prado. Jon was elaborately casual this time before his Goya girl. Now that he was going back to her, he could afford a lesser scrutiny. It was his mother who lingered before the picture, saying:

"The face and figure of the girl are exquisite."

Jon heard her uneasily. Did she understand? But he felt once more that he was no match for her in self-control and subtlety. She could, in some supersensitive way, of which he had not the secret, feel the pulse of his thoughts; she knew by instinct what he hoped and feared and wished. It made him terribly uncomfortable and guilty, having, beyond most boys, a conscience. He wished she would be frank with him; he almost hoped for an open struggle. But none came, and steadily, silently, they travelled north. Thus did he first learn how much better than men women play a waiting game. In Paris they had again to pause for a day. Jon was grieved because it lasted two, owing to certain matters in connection with a dressmaker; as if his mother, who looked beautiful in anything, had any need of dresses! The happiest moment of his travel was that when he stepped on to the Folkestone boat.

Standing by the bulwark rail, with her arm in his, she said:

"I'm afraid you haven't enjoyed it much, Jon. But you've been very sweet to me."

Jon squeezed her arm.

"Oh! yes, I've enjoyed it awfully—except for my head lately."

And now that the end had come, he really had, feeling a sort of glamour over the past weeks—a kind of painful pleasure, such as he had tried to screw into those lines about the voice in the night crying; a feeling such as he had known as a small boy listening avidly to Chopin, yet wanting to cry. And he wondered why it was that he couldn't say to her quite simply what she had said to him:

"You were very sweet to me." Odd—one never could be nice and natural like that! "I expect we shall be sick," he said.

They were, and reached London somewhat attenuated, having been away six weeks and two days, without ever a word of the subject which had hardly ever ceased to occupy their minds.

II

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS

DEPRIVED of his wife and son by the Spanish adventure, Jolyon found the solitude at Robin Hill intolerable. A philosopher when he has all that he wants is different from a philosopher when he has not. Accustomed, however, to the idea, if not to the reality of resignation, he would perhaps have faced it out but for his daughter June. He was a "lame duck" now, and on her conscience. Having achieved—momentarily—the rescue

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of an etcher in low circumstances, which she happened to have in hand, she appeared at Robin Hill a fortnight after Irene and Jon had gone. The little lady was living now in a tiny house with a big studio at Chiswick. A Forsyte of the best period, so far as the lack of responsibility was concerned, she had overcome the difficulty of a reduced income in a manner satisfactory to herself and her father. The rent of the Gallery off Cork Street which he had bought for her, and her increased income tax happening to balance, it had been quite simple—she no longer paid him the rent. The Gallery might be expected now at any time, after eighteen years of barren usufruct, to pay its way, so that she was sure her father would not feel it. Through this device she still had twelve hundred a year, and by reducing what she ate, and, in place of two Belgians in a poor way, employing one Austrian in a poorer, practically the same surplus for the relief of genius. After three days at Robin Hill she carried her father back with her to Town. In those three days she had stumbled on the secret he had kept for two years, and had instantly decided to cure him. She knew, in fact, the very man. He had done wonders with Paul Post—that painter a little in advance of Futurism; and she was impatient with her father because his eyebrows would go up, and because he had heard of neither. Of course, if he hadn't "faith" he would never get well!

It was absurd not to have faith in the man who had healed Paul Post so that he had only just relapsed from having overworked, or overlived, himself again. The great thing about this healer was that he relied on Nature. He had made a special study of the symptoms of Nature—when his patient failed in any natural symptom he supplied the poison which caused it—and there you were! She was extremely hopeful. Her father had clearly not been living a natural life at Robin Hill, and she intended to provide the symptoms. He was—she felt—out of touch with the times, which was not natural; his heart wanted stimulating. In the little Chiswick house she and the Austrian—a grateful soul, so devoted to June for rescuing her that she was in danger of decease from overwork—stimulated Jolyon in all sorts of ways, preparing him for his cure. But they could not keep his eyebrows down; as—for example—when the Austrian woke him at eight o'clock just as he was going to sleep or June took *The Times* away from him, because it was unnatural to read "that stuff" when he ought to be taking an interest in "life." He never failed, indeed, to be astonished at her resource, especially in the evenings. For his benefit, as she declared, though he suspected that she also got something out of it, she assembled the Age so far as it was satellite to genius; and with some solemnity it would move up and down the studio before him in the Fox-trot, and that more mental form of dancing—the One-step—which so pulled against the music, that Jolyon's eyebrows would be almost lost in his hair from wonder at the strain it must impose on the dancers' will-power. Aware that, hung on the line in the Water Color Society, he was a back number to those with any pretension to be called artists, he would sit in the darkest corner he could find, and wonder about rhythm, on which so long ago he had been raised. And when June brought some girl or young man up to him, he would rise humbly to their level so far as that was possible, and think: "Dear me! This is very dull for them!" Having his father's perennial sympathy with Youth, he used to get very tired from entering into their points of view. But it was all stimulating, and he never failed in admiration of his daughter's indomitable spirit. Even genius itself attended these gatherings now and then, with its nose on one side; and June always introduced it to her father. This, she felt, was exceptionally good for him, for genius was a natural symptom he had never had—fond as she was of him.

Certain as a man can be that she was his own daughter, he often wondered whence she got herself—her red-gold hair, now grayed into a special color; her direct, spirited face, so different from his own rather folded and subtilized countenance, her little light figure, when he and most of the Forsytes were tall. And he would dwell on the origin of species, and debate whether she might be Danish

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or Celtic. Celtic, he thought, from her pugnacity, and her taste in fillets and djibbahs. It was not too much to say that he preferred her to the Age with which she was surrounded, youthful though, for the greater part, it was. She took, however, too much interest in his teeth, for he still had some of those natural symptoms. Her dentist at once found "straphylococcus aureus present in pure culture" (which might cause boils, of course) and wanted to take out all the teeth he had and supply him with two complete sets of unnatural symptoms. Jolyon's native tenacity was roused, and in the studio that evening he developed his objections. He had never had any boils, and his own teeth would last his time. Of course—June admitted—they would last his time if he didn't have them out! But if he had more teeth he would have a better heart and his time would be longer. His recalcitrance—she said—was a symptom of his whole attitude; he was taking it lying down. He ought to be fighting. When was he going to see the man who had cured Paul Post? Jolyon was very sorry, but the fact was he was not going to see him. June chafed. Pondridge—she said—the healer, was such a fine man, and he had such difficulty in making two ends meet and getting his theories recognized. It was just such indifference and prejudice as her father manifested which was keeping him back. It would be so splendid for both of them!

"I perceive," said Jolyon, "that you are trying to kill two birds with one stone."

"To cure, you mean!" cried June.

"My dear, it's the same thing."

June protested. It was unfair to say that without a trial.

Jolyon thought he might not have the chance of saying it after.

"Dad!" cried June, "you're hopeless."

"That," said Jolyon, "is a fact, but I wish to remain hopeless as long as possible. I shall let sleeping dogs lie, my child. They are quiet at present."

"That's not giving science a chance," cried June. "You've no idea how devoted Pondridge is. He puts his science before everything."

"Just," replied Jolyon, puffing at the cigarette to which he was reduced, "as Mr. Paul Post puts his art, eh? Art for Art's sake—Science for the sake of Science. I know those enthusiastic egomaniac gentry. They vivisect you without blinking. I'm enough of a Forsyte to give them the go-by, June."

"Dad," said June, "if you only knew how old-fashioned that sounds! Nobody can afford to be half-hearted nowadays."

"I'm afraid," murmured Jolyon, with his smile, "that's the only natural symptom with which Mr. Pondridge need not supply me. We are born to be extreme or to be moderate, my dear; though if you'll forgive my saying so, half the people nowadays who believe they're extreme are really very moderate. I'm getting on as well as I can expect, and I must leave it at that."

June was silent, having experienced in her time the inexorable character of her father's amiable obstinacy so far as his own freedom of action was concerned.

How he came to let her know why Irene had taken Jon to Spain puzzled Jolyon, for he had little confidence in her discretion. After she had brooded on the news, it brought a rather sharp discussion, during which he perceived to the full the fundamental opposition between her active temperament and his wife's passivity. He even gathered that a little soreness still remained from that generation-old struggle between them over the body of Philip Bosinney, in which the passive had so signally triumphed over the active principle.

According to June, it was foolish and even cowardly to hide the past from Jon. Sheer opportunism, she called it.

"Which," Jolyon put in mildly, "is the working principle of real life, my dear."

"Oh!" cried June, "*you* don't really defend her for not telling Jon, Dad. If it were left to you, you would."

"I might, but simply because I know he must find out, which will be worse than if we told him."

"Then why *don't* you tell him? It's just sleeping dogs again."

"My dear," said Jolyon, "I wouldn't for the world go against Irene's instinct. He's her boy."

"Yours too," cried June.

"What's a man's instinct compared with a mother's?"

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"Well, I think it's very weak of you."

"I dare say," said Jolyon, "I dare say."

And that was all she got from him; but the matter rankled in her brain. She could not bear sleeping dogs. And there stirred in her a tortuous impulse to push the matter toward decision. Jon ought to be told, so that either his feeling might be nipped in the bud, or, flowering in spite of the past, come to fruition. And she determined to see Fleur, and judge for herself. When June determined on anything, delicacy became a minor consideration. After all, she was Soames' cousin, and they were both interested in pictures. She would go and tell him that he ought to buy a Paul Post, or perhaps a piece of sculpture by Boris Strumolowski, and of course she would say nothing to her father. She went on the following Sunday, looking so determined that she had some difficulty in getting a cab at Reading Station. The river country was lovely in those days of her own month, and June ached at its loveliness. She who had passed through this life without knowing what union was had a love of natural beauty which was almost madness. And when she came to that choice spot where Soames had pitched his tent, she dismissed her cab, because, business over, she wanted to revel in the bright water and the woods. She appeared at his front door, therefore, as a mere pedestrian, and sent in her card. It was in June's character to know that when her nerves were fluttering she was doing something worth while. If one's nerves did not flutter, she was taking the line of least resistance, and knew that nobleness was not obliging her. She was conducted to a drawing-room, which, though not in her style, showed every mark of fastidious elegance. Thinking: "Too much taste—too many knick-knacks," she saw in an old lacquer-framed mirror the figure of a girl coming in from the veranda. Clothed in white, and holding some white roses in her hand, she had, reflected in that silvery-gray pool of glass, a vision-like appearance, as if a pretty ghost had come out of the green garden.

"How do you do?" said June, turning round. "I'm a cousin of your father's."

"Oh, yes; I saw you in that confectioner's."

"With my young step-brother. Is your father in?"

"He will be directly. He's only gone for a little walk."

June slightly narrowed her blue eyes, and lifted her decided chin.

"Your name's Fleur, isn't it? I've heard of you from Holly. What do you think of Jon?"

The girl lifted the roses in her hand, looked at them, and answered calmly:

"He's quite a nice boy, I think."

"Not a bit like Holly or me, is he?"

"Not a bit."

"She's cool," thought June.

And suddenly the girl said: "I wish you'd tell me why our families don't get on?"

Confronted with the question she had advised her father to answer, June was silent; whether because this girl was trying to get something out of her, or simply because what one would do theoretically is not always what one will do when it comes to the point.

"You know," said the girl, "the surest way to make people find out the worst is to keep them ignorant. My father's told me it was a quarrel about property. But I don't believe it; we've both got heaps. They wouldn't have been so *bourgeois* as all that."

June flushed. The word applied to her grandfather and father offended her.

"My grandfather," she said, "was very generous, and my father is, too; neither of them was in the least *bourgeois*."

"Well, what was it then?" repeated the girl. Conscious that this young Forsyte meant having what she wanted, June at once determined to prevent her, and to get something for herself instead.

"Why do you want to know?"

The girl smelled at her roses. "I only want to know because they won't tell me."

"Well, it *was* about property, but there's more than one kind."

"That makes it worse. Now I really *must* know."

June's small and resolute face quivered. She was wearing a round cap, and her hair had fluffed out under it. She looked quite young at that moment, rejuvenated by encounter.

"You know," she said, "I saw you drop

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your handkerchief. Is there anything between you and Jon? Because, if so, you'd better drop that too."

The girl grew paler, but she smiled.

"If there were, that isn't the way to make me."

At the gallantry of that reply June held out her hand.

"I like you; but I don't like your father; I never have. We may as well be frank."

"Did you come down to tell him that?"

June laughed. "No; I came down to see *you*."

"Oh!"

This girl could fence.

"I'm two-and-a-half times your age," said June, "but I quite sympathize. It's horrid not to have one's own way."

The girl smiled again. "I really think you *might* tell me."

How the child stuck to her point!

"It's not my secret. But I'll see what I can do, because I think both you and Jon *ought* to be told. And now I'll say good-bye."

"Won't you wait and see father?"

June shook her head. "How can I get over to the other side?"

"I'll row you across."

"Look!" said June impulsively, "next time you're in London, come and see me. This is where I live. I generally have young people in the evening. But I shouldn't tell your father that you're coming."

The girl nodded.

Watching her scull the skiff across, June thought: "She's awfully pretty and well made. I never thought Soames would have a daughter as pretty as this. She and Jon would make a lovely couple."

The instinct to couple, starved within herself, was always at work in June. She stood watching Fleur row back; the girl took her hand off a scull to wave farewell; and June walked languidly on between the meadows and the river, with an ache in her heart. Youth to youth, like the dragon-flies chasing each other, and love like the sun warming them through and through. Her youth! So long ago when Phil and she! And since? Nothing—no one had been quite what she had wanted. And so she had missed it all. But what a coil was round those two young things, if they really were in love, as Holly would have it—as her father, and Irene, and Soames himself seemed to dread. What a coil, and what a barrier! And the itch for the future, the contempt, as it were, for what was overpast, which forms the active principle, moved in the heart of one who ever believed that what one wanted was more important than what other people did not want. From the bank, awhile, in the warm summer stillness, she watched the water-lily plants and willow leaves, the fishes rising; sniffed the scent of grass and meadow-sweet, wondering how she could force everybody to be happy. Jon and Fleur! Two little lame ducks—charming callow yellow little ducks! A great pity! Surely something could be done! One must not take such situations lying down. She walked on, and reached a station, hot and cross.

That evening, faithful to the impulse toward direct action, which made many people avoid her, she said to her father:

"Dad, I've been down to see young Fleur. I think she's very attractive. It's no good hiding our heads under our wings, is it?"

The startled Jolyon set down his barley water, and began crumbling his bread.

"It's what you appear to be doing," he said: "Do you realize whose daughter she is?"

"Can't the dead past bury its dead?"

Jolyon rose.

"Certain things can never be buried."

"I disagree," said June. "It's that which stands in the way of all happiness and progress. You don't understand the Age, Dad. It's got no use for outgrown things. Why do you think it matters so terribly that Jon should know about his mother? Who pays any attention to that sort of thing now? The marriage laws are just as they were when Soames and Irene couldn't get a divorce, and you had to come in. We've moved, and they haven't. So nobody cares. Marriage without a decent chance of relief is only a sort of slave-owning; people oughtn't to own each other. Everybody sees that now. If Irene broke such laws, what does it matter?"

"It's not for me to disagree there," said Jolyon; "but that's all quite beside

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the mark. This is a matter of human feeling."

"Of course, it is," cried June, "the human feeling of those two young things."

"My dear," said Jolyon with gentle exasperation, "you're talking nonsense."

"I'm not. If they prove to be really fond of each other, why should they be made unhappy because of the past?"

"*You* haven't lived that past. I have—through the feelings of my wife; through my own nerves and my imagination, as only one who is devoted can."

June, too, rose, and began to wander restlessly.

"If," she said suddenly, "she were the daughter of Phil Bosinney, I could understand you better. Irene loved him, she never loved Soames."

Jolyon uttered a deep sound—the sort of noise an Italian peasant woman utters to her mule. His heart had begun beating furiously, but he paid no attention to it, quite carried away by his feelings.

"That shows how little you understand. Neither I nor Jon, if I know him, would mind a love-past. It's the brutality of a union without love. This girl is the daughter of the man who once owned Jon's mother as a negro-slave was owned. You can't lay that ghost; don't try to, June! It's asking us to see Jon joined to the flesh and blood of the man who possessed Jon's mother against her will. It's no good mincing words; I want it clear once for all. And now I mustn't talk any more, or I shall have to sit up with this all night." And, putting his hand over his heart, Jolyon turned his back on his daughter and stood looking at the river Thames.

June, who by nature never saw a hornets' nest until she had put her head into it, was seriously alarmed. She came and slipped her arm through his. Not convinced that he was right, and she herself wrong, because that was not natural to her, she was yet profoundly impressed by the obvious fact that the subject was very bad for him. She rubbed her cheek against his shoulder, and said nothing.

After taking her elderly cousin across, Fleur did not land at once, but pulled in among the reeds, in the sunshine. The peaceful beauty of the afternoon seduced for a little one not much given to the vague and poetic. In the field beyond the bank where her skiff lay up, a machine drawn by a gray horse was turning an early field of hay. She watched the green grass cascading over and behind the light wheels with fascination—it looked so cool and fresh. The click and swish blended with the rustle of the willows and the poplars, and the cooing of a wood-pigeon, in a true river song. Alongside, in the deep green water, weeds like yellow snakes were writhing and nosing with the current; pied cattle on the farther side stood in the shade lazily swishing their tails. It was an afternoon to dream. And she took out Jon's letters—not flowery effusions, but haunted in their recital of things seen and done by a longing very agreeable to her, and all ending "Your devoted J." Fleur was not sentimental, her desires were ever concrete and concentrated, but what poetry there was in the daughter of Soames and Annette had certainly in those weeks of waiting gathered round her memories of Jon. They all belonged to grass and blossom, flowers and running water. She enjoyed him in the scents absorbed by her crinkling nose. The stars could persuade her that she was standing beside him in the centre of the map of Spain; and of an early morning the dewy cobwebs, the hazy sparkle and promise of the day down in the garden, were Jon personified to her.

Two white swans came majestically by, while she was reading his letters, followed by their brood of six young swans in a line, with just so much water between each tail and head, as if they formed a flotilla of gray destroyers. Fleur thrust her letters back, got out her sculls, and pulled up to the landing-stage. Crossing the lawn, she wondered whether she should tell her father of June's visit. If he learned of it from the butler, he might think it odd if she did not. It gave her, too, another chance to startle out of him the reason of the feud. She went, therefore, up the road to meet him.

Soames had gone to look at a patch of ground on which the Local Authorities were proposing to erect a Sanatorium for people with weak lungs. Faithful to his native individualism, he took no part in local affairs, content to pay the rates

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which were always going up. He could not, however, remain indifferent to this new and dangerous scheme. The site was not half a mile from his own house. He was quite of opinion that the country should stamp out tuberculosis; but this was not the place. It should be done farther away. He took, indeed, an attitude common to all true Forsytes, that disability of any sort in other people was not his affair, and the State should do its business without prejudicing in any way the natural advantages which he had acquired or inherited. Francie, the most free-spirited Forsyte of his generation (except perhaps that fellow Jolyon) had once asked him in her malicious way: "Did you ever see the name Forsyte in a subscription list, Soames?" That was as it might be, but a Sanatorium would depreciate the neighborhood, and he should certainly sign the petition which was being got up against it. Returning with this decision fresh within him, he saw Fleur coming.

She was showing him more affection of late, and the quiet time down here with her in this summer weather had been making him feel quite young; Annette was always running up to Town for one thing or another, so that he had Fleur to himself almost as much as he could wish. To be sure, young Mont had formed a habit of appearing on his motor-cycle almost every other day. Thank goodness, the young fellow had shaved off his half-toothbrushes, and no longer looked like a mountebank! With a girl friend of Fleur's who was staying in the house, and a neighboring youth or so, they made two couples after dinner, in the hall, to the music of the electric pianola which performed Fox-trots unassisted, with a surprised shine on its expressive surface. Annette, even, now and then passed gracefully up and down in the arms of one or other of the young men. And Soames, coming to the drawing-room door, would lift his nose a little sideways, and watch them, waiting to catch a smile from Fleur; then move back to his chair by the drawing-room hearth, to peruse the *Times* or some other collector's price-list. To his ever-anxious eyes Fleur showed no sign of remembering that caprice of hers.

When she reached him on the dusty road, he slipped his hand within her arm.

"Who do you think has been to see you, Dad? She couldn't wait! Guess!"

"I never guess," said Soames uneasily. "Who?"

"Your cousin, June Forsyte."

Quite unconsciously Soames gripped her arm. "What did *she* want?"

"I don't know. But it was rather breaking through the feud, wasn't it?"

"Feud? What feud?"

"The one that exists in your imagination, dear."

Soames dropped her arm. Was she mocking, or trying to draw him on?

"I suppose she wanted me to buy a picture," he said at last.

"I don't think so. Perhaps it was just family affection."

"She's only a first cousin once removed," muttered Soames.

"And the daughter of your enemy."

"What d'you mean by that?"

"I beg your pardon, dear; I thought he was."

"Enemy!" repeated Soames. "It's ancient history. I don't know where you get your notions."

"From June Forsyte."

It had come to her as an inspiration that if he thought she knew, or were on the edge of knowledge, he would tell her.

Soames was startled, but she had underrated his caution and tenacity.

"If you know," he said coldly, "why do you plague me?"

Fleur saw that she had overreached herself.

"I don't want to plague you, darling. As you say, why want to know more? Why want to know anything of that 'small' mystery—*Je m'en fiche*, as Profond says."

"That chap!" said Soames profoundly.

That chap, indeed, played a considerable, if invisible, part this summer—for he had not turned up again. Ever since the Sunday when Fleur had drawn attention to him prowling on the lawn, Soames had thought of him a good deal, and always in connection with Annette, for no reason, except that she was looking handsomer than for some time past. His possessive instinct, subtler, less formal, more elastic since the war, kept all mis-

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giving underground. As one looks on some American river, quiet and pleasant, knowing that an alligator perhaps is lying in the mud with his snout just raised and indistinguishable from a snag of wood—so Soames looked on the river of his own existence, subconscious of Monsieur Profond, refusing to see more than the suspicion of his snout. He had at this epoch in his life practically all he wanted, and was as nearly happy as his nature would permit. His senses were at rest; his affections found all the vent they needed in his daughter; his collection was well known, his money well invested; his health excellent, save for a touch of liver now and again; he had not yet begun to worry seriously about what would happen after death, inclining to think that nothing would happen. He resembled one of his own gilt-edged securities, and to knock the gilt off by seeing anything he could avoid seeing, would be, he felt instinctively, perverse and retrogressive. Those two crumpled rose-leaves, Fleur's caprice and Monsieur Profond's snout, would level away if he lay on them industriously.

That evening Chance, which visits the lives of even the best-invested Forsytes, put a clew into Fleur's hands. Her father came down to dinner without a handkerchief, and had occasion to blow his nose.

"I'll get you one, dear," said Fleur, and ran up-stairs. In the sachet where she sought for it—an old sachet of very faded silk—there were two compartments: one held handkerchiefs; the other was buttoned, and contained something flat and hard. By some childish impulse Fleur unbuttoned it. There was a frame and in it a photograph of herself as a child. She gazed at it, fascinated, as one is by one's own presentment. It slipped a little under her fidgeting thumb, and she saw that another photograph was behind. She pressed her own down further, and perceived a face, which she seemed to know, of a young woman, very good-looking, in a very old style of evening dress. Slipping her own photograph up over it again, she took out a handkerchief and went down. Only on the stairs did she identify that face—surely—surely Jon's mother! The conviction came as a shock. And she stood still in a flurry of thought. Why, of course! Jon's father had married the woman her father had wanted to marry, had cheated him out of her, perhaps. Then, afraid of showing by her manner that she had lighted on his secret, she refused to think further, and, shaking out the silk handkerchief, entered the dining-room.

"I chose the softest, Father."

"H'm!" said Soames; "I only use those after a cold. Never mind!" And he blew his nose.

That evening passed for Fleur in putting two and two together; recalling the look on her father's face in the confectioner's shop—a look strange, and coldly intimate, a queer look. He must have loved that woman very much to have kept her photograph all this time, in spite of having lost her. Unsparing and matter-of-fact, her mind darted to his relations with her own mother. Had he ever really loved *her?* She thought not. Jon was the son of the woman he had really loved. Surely, then, he ought not to mind his daughter loving him; it only wanted getting used to. And a sigh of sheer relief was caught in the folds of her nightgown slipping over her head.

III

MEETINGS

YOUTH only recognizes Age by fits and starts. Jon, for one, had never really seen his father's age till he came back from Spain. The face of the fourth Jolyon, worn by waiting, gave him quite a shock—it looked so wan and old. His father's mask had been forced awry by the emotion of the meeting, so that the boy suddenly realized how much he must have felt their absence. He summoned to his aid the thought: "Well, I didn't want to go!" It was out of date for Youth to defer to Age. But Jon was by no means typically modern. His father had always been "so jolly" to him, and to feel that one meant to begin again at once the conduct which his father had suffered six weeks' loneliness to cure, was not agreeable.

At the question, "Well, old man, how did the great Goya strike you?" his conscience pricked him badly. The great Goya only existed because he had created a face which resembled Fleur's.

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On the night of their return he went to bed full of compunction; but awoke full of anticipation. It was only the fifth of July, and no meeting was fixed with Fleur until the ninth. He was to have three days at home before going back to farm. He must contrive to see her!

In the lives of men the inexorable rhythm, caused by the need for trousers, not even the fondest parents can deny. On the second day, therefore, Jon went to Town, and having satisfied his conscience by ordering what was indispensable in Conduit Street, turned his face toward Piccadilly. Stratton Street, where her Club was, adjoined Devonshire House. A mere chance if she were at her Club. He dawdled down Bond Street with a beating heart, noticing the superiority of all other young men to himself. They wore their clothes with such an air; they had assurance; they were *old*. He was suddenly overwhelmed by the conviction that Fleur must have forgotten him. Absorbed in his own feeling for her all these weeks, he had mislaid that possibility. The corners of his mouth drooped, his hands felt clammy. Fleur with the pick of youth at the beck of her smile—Fleur incomparable! It was an evil moment. Well, one must be able to face anything! Bracing himself with that dour reflection in front of a bric-à-brac shop, he moved on. At this high-water mark of what was once the London season, there was nothing to mark it out from any other except a gray top hat or two, and the sun. Once bit, twice shy—Jon walked in the shade. Turning the corner into Piccadilly, he ran into Val Dartie moving toward the Iseeum Club, to which he had just been elected.

"Hallo! young man, you're back then! Where are you off to?"

Jon flushed. "I've just been to my tailor's."

Val looked him up and down. "That's good! I'm going in to order some cigarettes, then come and have lunch."

Jon thanked him. He might get news of *her* from Val.

The condition of England, that nightmare of its Press and Public men, was seen in different perspective within the tobacconist's which they entered.

"Yes, Sir; precisely the cigarette I used to supply your father with. Bless me! Mr. Montague Dartie was a customer here from—let me see—the year Melton won the Derby. One of my very best customers he was." And a faint smile illumined the tobacconist's face. "Many's the tip he's given me, to be sure! I suppose he took a couple of hundred of these every week, year in, year out, and never changed his cigarette. Very affable gentleman, brought me a lot of custom. I was sorry he met with that accident. One misses an old customer like him."

Val smiled. His father's decease had closed an account which had been running longer, probably, than any other; and in a ring of smoke puffed out from that time-honored cigarette he seemed to see again his father's face, dark, good-looking, moustachioed, a little puffy, in the only halo it had earned. His father had his fame here, anyway—a man who smoked two hundred cigarettes a week, who could give tips, and run accounts forever! To his tobacconist a hero! It was some distinction to inherit!

"I pay cash," he said; "how much?"

"To his son, Sir, and cash—ten and six. I shall never forget Mr. Montague Dartie. I've known him stand talkin' to me half an hour. We don't get many like him now, with everybody in such a hurry. The war was bad for manners, Sir—it was bad for manners. You were in it, I see."

"No," said Val, tapping his knee, "I got this in the war before. Saved my life, I expect. Do you want any cigarettes, Jon?"

Rather ashamed, Jon murmured: "I don't smoke, you know," and saw the tobacconist's lips twisted, as if uncertain whether to say "Good God!" or "Now's your chance, Sir!"

"That's right," said Val; "keep off it while you can. You'll want it when you take a knock. This is really the same tobacco, then?"

"Identical, Sir; a little dearer, that's all. Wonderful staying power—the British Empire, I always say."

"Send me down a hundred a week to this address, and invoice it monthly. Come on, Jon."

Jon entered the Iseeum with curiosity.

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Except to lunch now and then at the Hotch-Potch with his father, he had never been in a London Club. The Iseeum, comfortable and unpretentious, did not move, could not, so long as George Forsyte sat on its Committee, where his culinary acumen was almost the controlling force. The Club had made a stand against the newly rich, and it had taken all George Forsyte's prestige, and praise of him as a "good sportsman," to bring in Prosper Profond.

The two were lunching together when the half-brothers-in-law entered the dining-room, and attracted by George's forefinger, sat down at their table, Val with his shrewd eyes and charming smile, Jon with solemn lips and an attractive shyness in his glance. There was an air of privilege around that corner table, as though past masters were eating there. Jon was fascinated by the heavy hypnotic atmosphere. The waiter, lean in the chaps, pervaded with such freemasonical deference. He seemed to hang on George Forsyte's lips, to watch the gloat in his eye with a kind of sympathy, and to follow the movements of the heavy club-marked silver fondly. His liveried arm and confidential voice alarmed Jon, they came so secretly over his shoulder.

Except for George's: "Your grandfather tipped me once; he was a deuced good judge of a cigar!" neither he nor the other past master took any notice of him, and he was grateful for this. The talk was all about the breeding, points, and prices of horses, and he listened to it vaguely at first, wondering how it was possible to retain so much knowledge in a head. He could not take his eyes off the dark past master—what he said was so deliberate and discouraging—such heavy, queer, smiled-out words. Jon was thinking of butterflies, when he heard him say:

"I wand to see Mr. Soames Forsyde take an interest in 'orses."

"Old Soames! He's a dry file!"

With all his might Jon tried not to grow red, while the dark past master went on.

"His daughter's rather an attractive small girl. Mr. Soames Forsyde is a bit old-fashioned. I wand to see him have a pleasure some day."

"Don't you worry; he's not so miserable as he looks. He'll never show he's enjoying anything—they might try and take it from him. Old Soames! Once bit, twice shy!"

"Well, Jon," said Val hastily, "if you've finished, we'll go and have coffee."

"Who were those?" said Jon, as they went down-stairs: "I didn't quite——"

"Old George Forsyte is a first cousin of your father's, and of my Uncle Soames. He's always been here. The other chap, Profond, is a queer fish. I think he's hanging round Soames' wife, if you ask me!"

Jon looked at him, startled. "But that's awful," he said: "I mean—for Fleur."

"Don't suppose Fleur cares very much; she's very up-to-date."

"Her mother!"

"You're very green, Jon."

Jon grew red. "Mothers," he said, angrily, "are different."

"You're right," said Val suddenly; "but things aren't what they were when I was your age. There's a 'To-morrow we die' feeling. That's what old George meant about my Uncle Soames. *He* doesn't mean to die to-morrow."

Jon said, quickly: "What's the matter between him and my father?"

"Stable secret, Jon. Take my advice, and bottle up. You'll do no good by knowing. Have a liqueur?"

Jon shook his head.

"I hate the way people keep things from one," he muttered, "and then sneer at one for being green."

"Well, ask Holly. If *she* won't tell you, you'll believe it's for your own good, I suppose."

Jon got up. "I must go now," he said; "thanks awfully for the lunch."

Val smiled up at him, half-amused, half-sorry. The boy looked so upset.

"All right," he said. "See you on Friday."

"I don't know," murmured Jon.

And he did not. This conspiracy of silence made him feel desperate. It was humiliating to be treated like a child. He retraced his moody steps to Stratton Street. He had made no inquiry about Fleur. But he must go to her Club now, and find out the worst. No! Miss

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Forsyte was not in the Club. She might be in perhaps later. She was often in on Monday—they could not say. Jon said he would call again, and, crossing into the Green Park, flung himself down under a tree. The sun was bright, and a breeze fluttered the leaves of the young lime-tree beneath which he lay; but his heart ached. It was all so blind—such a darkness seemed gathered round his happiness. He heard Big Ben chime "Three" above the traffic. The sound moved something in him, and, taking out a piece of paper, he began to scribble on it with a pencil. He had jotted a stanza, and was searching the grass and his emotions for another verse, when something hard touched his shoulder—a green parasol. There above him stood Fleur! Jon sprang up.

"They told me you'd been, and were coming back. So I thought you might be out here; and you are—it's rather wonderful!"

"Oh, Fleur!" Jon gasped, "I thought you'd have forgotten me."

"What! When I told you I shouldn't!"

Jon seized her arm.

"It's too much luck! Let's get away from this side." He almost dragged her on through that too thoughtfully regulated Park, to find some cover where they could sit and hold each other's hands.

"Hasn't anybody cut in?" he said, suddenly, gazing round at her lashes in suspense, above her cheeks.

"There *is* a young idiot, but he doesn't count."

Jon felt a twitch of compassion for the —young idiot.

"You know I've had sunstroke," he said. "I didn't tell you."

"Really! Was it interesting?"

"No. Mother was an angel. Has anything happened to *you?*"

"Nothing. Except that I think I've found out what's wrong between our families, Jon."

His heart began beating very fast.

"I believe my father wanted to marry your mother, and your father got her instead."

"Oh!"

"I came on a photo of her; it was in a frame behind a photo of me. Of course, if he was very fond of her, that would have made him pretty bitter, wouldn't it?"

Jon thought for a minute. "Not if she loved my father best."

"But suppose they were engaged?"

"If we were engaged, and you found you loved somebody better, I might go cracked, but I shouldn't grudge it you."

"I should. You mustn't ever do that with me, Jon."

"My God! Not much!"

"I don't believe that he's ever really cared for my mother."

Jon was silent. Val's words, the two past masters in the Club!

"You see, we don't know," went on Fleur; "it may have been a great shock. She may have behaved badly to him. People do."

"My mother wouldn't."

Fleur shrugged her shoulders. "I don't think we know much about our fathers and mothers. We just see them in the light of the way they treat *us;* but they've treated other people, you know, before we were born—plenty, I expect. You see, they're both old. Look at your father, with three separate families!"

"Isn't there any place," cried Jon, "in all this beastly London where we can be alone?"

"Only a taxi."

"Let's get one, then."

When they were installed, Fleur said suddenly: "Are you going back to Robin Hill? I should like to see where you live, Jon. I'm staying with my aunt for the night, but I could get back in time for dinner. I wouldn't come to the house, of course."

Jon gazed at her enraptured.

"Splendid! I can show it you from the copse, we shan't meet anybody. There's a train at four."

The god of property and his Forsytes great and small, leisured, official, commercial, or professional, unlike the working classes, still worked their seven hours a day, so that those two of the fourth generation travelled down to Robin Hill in an empty first-class carriage, dusty and sun-warmed, of that too early train. They travelled in blissful silence, holding each other's hands.

At the station there was nobody except porters, and a villager or two unknown

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to Jon, when they walked out up the lane, which smelled of dust and honeysuckle.

For Jon—sure of her now, and without separation before him—it was a miraculous dawdle, more wonderful than those on the Downs, or along the river Thames. It was love-in-a-mist—an illumined page of Life, where every word and smile, and every light touch they gave each other were as little gold and red and blue butterflies and flowers and birds scrolled in among the text—a happy communing, without afterthought, and lasted twenty-seven minutes. They reached the coppice at the milking-hour. Jon would not take her as far as the farmyard; only to where she could see the field leading up to the gardens, and the house beyond. They turned in among the larches, and suddenly, at the winding of the path, came on Irene, sitting on an old log seat.

There are various kinds of shocks: to the vertebræ; to the nerves; to moral sensibility; and, more potent and permanent, to personal dignity. This last kind of shock Jon received, coming thus on his mother. He became suddenly conscious that he was doing an indelicate thing. To have brought Fleur down openly—yes! But to sneak her in like this! Consumed with shame, he put on as brazen a front his nature as would permit.

Fleur was smiling a little defiantly; his mother's startled face was changing quickly to the impersonal and gracious. It was she who uttered the first words:

"I'm very glad to see you. It was nice of Jon to think of bringing you down to us."

"We weren't coming to the house," Jon blurted out. "I just wanted Fleur to see where I lived."

His mother said quietly:

"Won't you come up and have tea?"

Feeling that he had but aggravated his breach of breeding, he heard Fleur answer:

"Thanks very much; I have to get back to dinner. I met Jon by accident, and we thought it would be rather jolly."

How self-possessed!

"Of course; but you *must* have tea. We'll send you down to the station. My husband will enjoy seeing you."

The expression of his mother's eyes, resting on him for a moment, cast Jon down level with the ground—a true worm. Then she led on, and Fleur followed. He felt like a child, trailing after those two, who were talking so easily about Spain and Wansdon, and the house up there, beyond the trees and grassy slope. He watched the fencing of their eyes, taking each other in—the two beings he loved most in the world.

He could see his father sitting under the oak-tree; and suffered in advance all the loss of caste he must go through in the eyes of that tranquil figure, with his knees crossed, thin, old, and elegant; already he could feel the faint irony which would come into his voice and smile.

"This is Fleur Forsyte, Jolyon; Jon brought her down to see the house. Let's have tea at once—she has to catch a train. Jon, tell them, dear, and telephone to the Dragon for a car."

To leave her alone with them was strange, and yet, as no doubt his mother had foreseen, the least of evils at the moment; so he ran up into the house. Now he would not see Fleur alone again—not for a minute, and they had arranged no further meeting! When he returned under cover of the maids and teapots, there was not a trace of awkwardness beneath the tree; it was all within himself, but not the less for that. They were talking of the Gallery off Cork Street.

"We back] numbers," his father was saying, "are awfully anxious to find out why we can't appreciate the new stuff; you and Jon must tell us."

"It's supposed to be satiric, isn't it?" said Fleur.

He saw his father's smile.

"Satiric? Oh! I think it's more than that. What do you say, Jon?"

"I don't know at all," stammered Jon. His father's face had a sudden grimness.

"The young are tired of us, our gods and our ideals. Off with their heads, they say—smash their idols! And let's get back to—nothing! And, by Jove, they've done it! Jon's a poet. He'll be going in, too, and stamping on what's left of us. Property, beauty, sentiment—all smoke. We mustn't own anything nowadays, not even our feelings. They stand in the way of—Nothing."

Jon listened, bewildered, almost out-

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raged by his father's words, behind which he felt a meaning that he could not reach. He didn't want to stamp on anything!

"Nothing's the god of to-day," continued Jolyon; "we're back where the Russians were sixty years ago, when they started Nihilism."

"No, Dad," cried Jon suddenly; "we only want to *live*, and we don't know how, because of the Past—that's all!"

"By George!" said Jolyon, "that's profound, Jon. Is it your own? The Past! Old ownerships, old passions, and their aftermath. Let's have cigarettes."

Conscious that his mother had lifted her hand to her lips, quickly, as if to hush something, Jon handed the cigarettes. He lighted his father's and Fleur's, then took one himself. Had he taken the knock that Val had spoken of? He noticed that the smoke was blue when he had not puffed, gray when he had; he liked the sensation in his nose, and the sense of equality it gave him. He was glad no one said: "So you've begun!" He felt less young.

Fleur looked at her watch, and rose. His mother went with her into the house. Jon stayed with his father, puffing at the cigarette.

"See her into the car, old man," said Jolyon; "and when she's gone, ask your mother to come back to me."

Jon went. He waited in the hall. He saw her into the car. There was no chance for any word; hardly for a pressure of the hand. He waited all that evening for something to be said to him. Nothing was said. Nothing might have happened. He went up to bed; and in the mirror on his dressing-table met himself. He did not speak, nor did the image; but both looked as if they thought the more.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE SON

By Amelia Josephine Burr

(In the tomb of Amenkhepeshef at Thebes, Rameses III is represented in the mural paintings introducing his dead child to the gods of the underworld.)

He is dead, my little son—
Welcome him, ye gods of death;
Greet him kindly, one by one.
From the warmth of human breath
Whispering love-words in his hair
Now he turns to you instead.
I must leave him to your care,
For he seeks among the dead
Peace a king may never know
In this world of to and fro.
Goddess with a woman's eyes,
Soothe him sweetly, motherwise,
If at night you hear him moan
Wakeful in the dark alone.
Comfort him again to rest
With his cheek upon your breast.
Bid your godling play with him
Gently—he was frail of limb
Though his heart was princely brave.
Take him to you tenderly!
Let him find within the grave
Less of loneliness to bear
Than is mine who leave him there.
Little son, farewell to thee.

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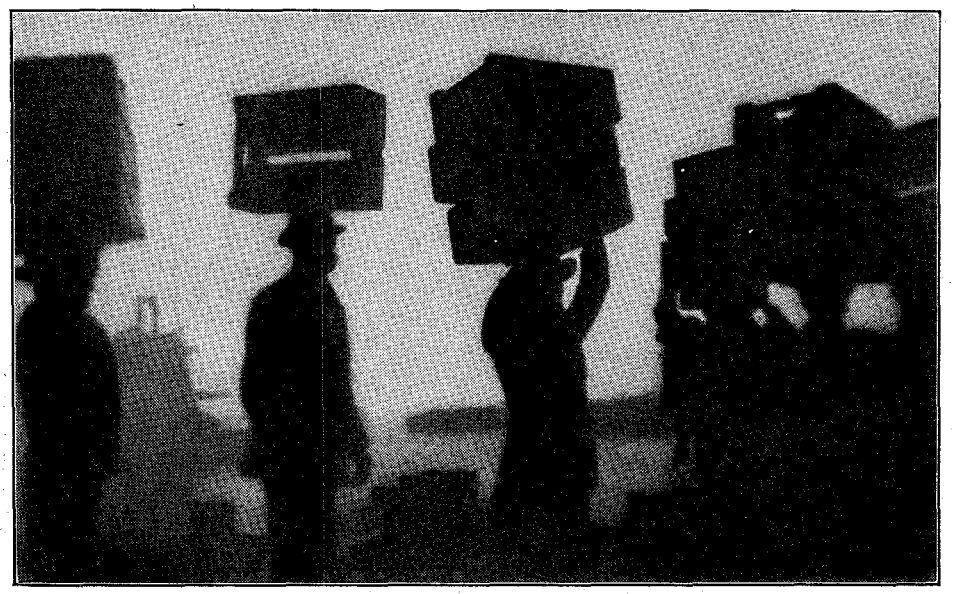

Loading the empties after a busy morning at Billingsgate Fish Market. The workers' hats are specially made for carrying these boxes filled to weigh around two hundred pounds.

"FULL UP!"

THE HOW AND WHY OF A CROWDED COUNTRY

By Whiting Williams

Author of "What's on the Worker's Mind," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

[THIRD PAPER]

"IT'S a job that you want! Well, see that man over there. It's the doles—the doles for unemployment—they're all getting here."

That was the usual response of the clerk in the British employment offices, when finally the passing of the long line of applicants brought me up to him.

The clerk "over there" handing out the jobs would ordinarily be surrounded by a crowd of two or possibly three! Ordinarily, too, he seemed to think poorly of the few jobs he had at his disposal, or if not, then of the capacities of the workers who applied for them. In some cases the clerk did not even know what would appear to be the starting-point of it all, namely, the prevailing rate in the district for common or, as they call it in England, "general" labor. As in this country, the usual advice was to try the plants themselves. Naturally enough, such an experience would send me out headed for the factory gates with the query in my mind:

"Does unemployment insurance remedy the bad situation caused by the scarcity of jobs—or even come close to remedying it?"

On the whole, it appears to me impossible to answer this with anything but a regretful no. Certainly at least—and again regretfully—it must be conceded that at best the result of such insurance is disappointing.

For one thing, the money paid—fifteen

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shillings a week in Britain—is always sure to be disappointing to the worker, as, in a sense, it ought to be. On all sides complaints were to be heard that: "Fifteen bob! Wull, thot's enough, mebbe, to buy yer fags!"

Small or large, the "dole" is bound to cause unhappiness, because it is the same amount for all classes of the workers. It accordingly gives offense to the better-trained men because it fails so completely to make those distinctions between the various levels of importance from the skilled down through the semi-skilled to the unskilled which mean so much more to the worker than we have been wise enough to appreciate. To an extent beyond our ordinary perception the acceptance by all of an amount set for the lowest level of workers constitutes a body blow at their self-respect.

Immensely more important, however, it gives the money needed for the minimum of a bread-and-butter subsistence without affording the opportunity to get those substantial satisfactions of self-respect which come from doing things—especially from the exercise of skill in doing things. The result of this blow is sure to be demoralizing upon the worker's moral fibre to an extent which is immensely greater than the difference between the fifteen shillings and the man's normal earnings. I am confident that any worker will agree to that, even after granting the perfection of the arrangements for the avoidance of fraud. Such perfection is not easy to secure.

"Sign there if ye're already suited, sir."

According to an employer this was usually the first word of the applicant for work as he presented his card from the employment office. If the employer signed one of the card's statements to the effect that he had already hired some other applicant and so was already "suited," his signature permitted the applicant to return to the employment office with a fairly comfortable conscience. For the signature would indicate that he had made the stipulated and bona-fide effort for the day's job and had failed to secure it. He could therefore be considered officially out of work, as it were, for the day. He was then accordingly entitled to count that day in toward the two weeks of joblessness necessary before obtaining the dole.

"If ye take a day's job and then don't find another for a fortnight, y'understawnd, then ye cawn't get yer thirty bob. Thot's the law—no money except fer the whole fortnight outa work," in the words of a South Wales docker.

If the half is true of what we have been saying in these articles about the demoralizing effects of the irregular job, then it is evident that in such wise insurance may, with the best of intentions, come to set a premium upon irregularity and so demoralize the worker that by easy stages he comes to prefer the regularity of the insurance to the irregularity of an occasional day's pay, especially when it may cost him the whole two weeks' dole.

"So I don't bother about gettin' it. With the hours ye're a-witin' in the line to sign the book and all, ye might be findin' a job," was the conclusion of my docker friend. "Only the undersirables do bother—or the old uns."

Without doubt, the payment of insurance is better than nothing at all, but it should be acknowledged that at best it falls much further short of solving the problem of the scarce or missing job than is apt to be generally appreciated. Of course it might, presumably, be made to help toward the prevention of unemployment. It is, in fact, said that Great Britain is now taking its unemployment much more seriously than ever, and beginning to debate ways and means of eliminating it. Certainly it would be of the greatest benefit to the island—as well as to our own country—if both employers and employees, especially the former, could get out of their ancient habit of considering unemployment as more or less an act of God! The worst thing that could possibly happen would be that the public should get the feeling that insurance had cared for the matter so satisfactorily, with its cost distributed so fairly between the workers, the employers, and the state, as to persuade all to its permanent acceptance as a remedy instead of a very inadequate palliative.

Passing by the question thus raised as to how far occasional unemployment can be lessened by the government, we must

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A street scene in a crowded part of Sheffield.

raise the query always suggested by the employment offices: "Can the government follow successfully a continuous and definite policy for noticeably increasing the number of jobs in a 'full-up' country?"

For one thing, a great step in this direction was certainly taken when in March, 1919—four months after the armistice—Parliament made the eight-hour day compulsory in the iron and steel and other industries. Altogether within the year the hours of 6,400,000 workers were shortened by an average of six and one-fourth hours. Especially in such continuous industries as iron and steel this very greatly increased the number of jobs.

A number of other projects are being given consideration by the government and others, partly for directly increasing the number of jobs and partly for indirectly increasing them by means of the general improvement of transport and other trade processes with a consequent decrease of costs. These projects include the tunnel under the English Channel, a plan for utilizing the tides of the Severn River and Bristol Bay, and the "Cross Canal" for connecting practically all parts of industrial England. These are certainly in contrast with our own lack of corresponding plans for meeting our recent temporary emergency. They are also in line with the reconstruction programme of the Labor Party which proposed, among other fundamental changes, the transformation of coal into power at or beneath the mine pit-head. At Coventry—the Detroit of Great Britain—practically all of the great motor and other plants buy their power from the municipal power-plant at a rate said to be one of the lowest in the country. This, of course, counts that much toward lessening the cost of building an automobile for meeting international competition.

It becomes very evident to the visitor that such government projects are expected by the voters to count very definitely toward both the regularization of the job and the decrease of its scarcity. Especially among the unthinking workers it seemed, last summer, to be generally agreed that every day and every month of unemployment was directly and cold-bloodedly engineered by the selfish and greedy "mawsters" for the purpose of teaching the laborers their place.

"'Tis mainly propaganda—tryin' to

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break down oor wyges," in the words of one of the great crowd discussing such subjects in the compact and heated groups which filled Bath Street, Glasgow, every evening.

But any visitor might easily be inclined to question the early feasibility of many of these projects if their beginning has to wait upon the vote and the increased "rates" or taxes of the average British citizen. Personally I could not but wonder whether the woman speaker before the South Wales coal-miners was conscious of the connection between the two parts of her remarks. She outlined with great enthusiasm the desired governmental electric developments which should bring to the poorest wife in any coal town the electric washing-machines and other devices now to be found only in the homes of the rich. Then, later on, she called attention to the amazingly small number of miners who had been willing to vote to pay the threepence each per week which would require the mine-owners to install pit-head baths and so save their wives from their endless scrubbing of floors and thresholds. To be sure, it must be said that the six cents a week is not the only obstacle. Another is encountered in the men's fear of taking cold and getting other diseases from having their backs washed! One boy I talked with said: "It been no argument with me. I *know* it been unsafe for me to wash my back. I 'ave tried both wyes!"

In many fields the obstacles, thus, of both expense and tradition would pretty surely be found for a considerable time at least decidedly unfriendly to the installation and the enjoyment of the more enlightened order.

What is more certain is that the bitterness of men who find themselves out of work seems to be rather increased than lessened when their employer is not a private citizen but the government itself.

"It's dynamite they need—them robbers there in Parliament thot gives us no jobs! Massacrate 'um! Thot's wot we should do!" This was the gentle sentiment of one of a group in Glasgow.

Complaints against the government for allowing Chinese coolies and Lascars to have jobs on English vessels was usually couched in language which would be inexplicable except where the scarcity of the job has long been the most outstand-

The children of the South Wales coal town look healthy. They begin to use the "nursing shawl" for their little brothers or sisters at an early age.

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ing of facts. The threatened coal strike of last summer was not so much against the private owners as against the government, which was then in control of the industry. Current discussion was, accordingly, whether the strike would come dangerously near to being not a strike but a revolution. In any event, the difficulty indicated that government operation and control does not by any means settle the problem of the unsatisfactory job.

It must be said, also, that most of the miners who argued for government ownership of the mines appeared to assume that, of course, nobody would work as hard or take as many risks as they had been forced to do and take by the private owners.

The question arises, accordingly, whether Britain could, under such conditions, produce coal on a basis which would permit her selling it to Italy and her other usual customers in sufficiently successful competition with her international private-profit competitors to maintain the mines under continuous operation. The government's operation of the telephone system would seem to indicate that the problem of providing jobs is too complicated to be solved merely by the application of non-profit-making operation. The deficit now amounts to over four million pounds per year as against a former "private" profit of four million. The service seems to have grown slightly, if at all, in either efficiency or extent. As a means of facilitating business and so of aiding indirectly toward the increase of jobs it must be called a disappointment. Whereas in this country we have twelve telephone stations per hundred of population, in Great Britain they have two!

Mention should be made in this connection of the co-operative movement which has come to handle a very large proportion of Britain's business in groceries, clothing, and similar lines. It must be accounted a real factor in reducing living costs. But it hardly answers decisively this question of "more jobs," for the reason that these enterprises are mainly in the field of well-established needs and as yet have done little in the way of applying the initiative of the inventor or the pioneer for creating or meeting new needs, with all the risk that this involves.

However desirable, from other considerations, the elimination of private profit might appear, the general assumption of the workers that it would increase the number of steady jobs is at least not so easily demonstrable as would at first appear. On the other hand, it is evident that in many ways a wise government must be expected to give deep and constant thought to this all-important matter of the scarce or the abundant job and to endeavor to influence it as one of the most important—if not the most important—factors in the life of a nation.

Before looking at other available roads into a great abundance of jobs we must ask what is meant by a crowded country.

In the days of Malthus it meant too many people for the available food-supply. But with the improvement of transportation it is doubtful if any one part of the world can become theoretically too crowded as long as there is still plenty of room to breathe and exercise. It is more to the point to say that a modern industrial country is crowded when it has more people than it is easy to find jobs for. If that is because the people produce more than they can possibly use and more than they can get others elsewhere to use, should the trouble be charged to overproduction by the workers or underconsumption by the consumers? In the latter case—if the consumer is the real employer of the producer—to what extent does the class idea with its tendency toward limitation of the standard of living complicate and harden the situation by lessening the consumption power of the working class? To what extent, further, is it all complicated by the unfavorable influence of the educational and other class limitations upon the exhibition of the initiative of the inventor and the pioneer, as mentioned earlier?

Well, it must be confessed that such questions call for an economist, though that does not seem to lessen the zeal with which they are discussed by the crowd in Glasgow Green. Perhaps it is possible, however, for even the lay observer like myself to make certain helpful suggestions, and that without getting into the discussion of such definite factors as Britain's comparatively scanty natural

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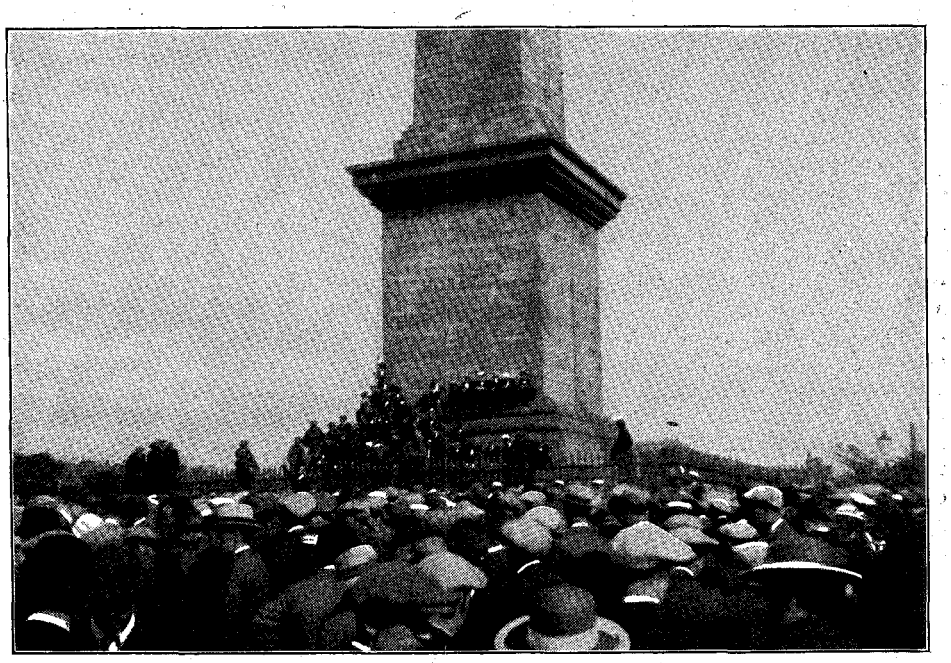
resources, her exceptional relations with world-wide markets, and her outstanding experience and position in world-wide finance.

First of all, it must be said that a very real factor in the problem of finding the way out is this: that all groups of people in Britain seem still to take very seriously indeed the old "lump-of-labor" theory matter of fact, by the exhibition of an amazing amount of imagination in creating new wants in the minds of the city's buyers, he felt that he had considerably increased the city's total expenditures for the benefit not only of himself but of his fellow merchants.

Even though the lump-of-trade conception may be held somewhat unconsciously,



Glasgow blowing off steam at the Nelson Monument, Glasgow Green.
Discussions occur here on every possible subject—mostly radical.

and its derivatives. All appear—as a sort of hang-over from the days of the early economists—to assume that in the nature of the case the number of jobs in the country must be considered definitely limited and fixed. With this "lump-of-labor" idea of limited jobs goes what might be called the "lump-of-trade" idea of limited potential business. The amount of possible consumption in any market appears to the English mind quite as definitely fixed and limited as the number of jobs. Thus a certain merchant found a great deal of opposition to his establishing a store in London. It was assumed, of course, that his entry would subtract just exactly that much business from those already in the field. As a nevertheless it has its very serious aspects. To-day Great Britain and its people appear nervous—"jumpy." British papers seem regularly to view with unconcealed alarm any entry of other countries into some new field of international commerce. The basis of the fear seems to be the assumption that this must mean in the nature of the case a directly proportionate reduction of the business to be done by the other merchant nations already in that field. It is conceivable, accordingly, that the future peace of the world hinges upon the answer of this question: "Can Great Britain come to possess something like the opinion more or less common to the American business men, namely, that there is no fixed and limited number of

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jobs because there is no fixed and limited number of fields of demand, nor any fixed and limited volume of demand in any one of this limitless number of present and future competitive fields?"

The hope of a peaceful world would seem to hang upon the belief—the American belief, at least—that just as the motor industry has come to invest billions of dollars for securing both profits and jobs in a field which was non-existent and undreamed of thirty-five years ago, so this year or next may see the development of some new and unheard-of field for new billions of capital and hundreds of thousands of jobs.

The first essential for developing a larger number of jobs, therefore, would seem to be a general philosophy favoring a sort of "creative evolution" in business. With that in mind, a nation must make sure that within its own borders it keeps constantly planning for the increase of the wants and the buying powers of all its groups as well as their productive powers, and that outside its borders it also works toward raising new peoples up to the level of civilized wanters and buyers. If the results of such a process are shared with anything like fairness between producers, distributors, and consumers the process becomes a beneficent circle with limitless and inspiriting possibilities. Rightly developed, such a process would save the world from the fear of war; for it would favor among the nations the growth of much the same spirit of friendly rivalry in a limitless competition to serve as brings the American business man into the comparatively close and friendly relationships which characterize present-day American competition in business.

In the way of developing its internal productive powers, it would certainly seem that Great Britain should produce a larger percentage of its own food. Just what had happened to the government's proposal to approach this through the revision of land taxes no one seems exactly to know. Apparently it is one of the war's casualties.

On the other hand, the war has undoubtedly served to bring home to the authorities the need for better technical and scientific education. The country's overvaluation of experience as compared

Chinese coolies unloading refuse from a British steamer in Glasgow.

These and Lascars from India cause much complaint by British laborers, who resent their competition for the jobs of the sea.

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Miners returning from work in a coal town in the Rhondda district, South Wales.

The coal from this district is world famous. When the ships which come for it have to wait unduly because those who mine it are unhappy, the value of the pound sterling declines—and American products become too dear.

with scientific training is the natural result of the desire of those already on the job to prevent others from coming into it by any white-collared by-pass. But it is a short-sighted and expensive exclusion of those who could furnish the job-making advantages of the inventor.

Renewed competition with other nations, particularly with a restored Germany, is likely to bring home this need. Perhaps it will also bring home the need of a more sober British workman. Besides improving his productive abilities this would undoubtedly permit an immense increase of the worker's capacities for goods consumption. As it is to-day there is always a possibility that the citizen will utilize a considerable proportion of his increased income by purchasing more expensive drinks—to say nothing of the possibility that the lubricant of alcohol will lessen his desire to improve his standard of living.

With competition underscoring the need of more technical and commercial education in addition to or in close conjunction with college culture, many university graduates of the future are likely to seek careers in business. In that case the chances are good that they will wish to do more than simply maintain the manufacturing or other enterprise in the same conditions and within the same limits as inherited. That will mean some element of risk, but it will be necessary in order to provide interest to the man who comes into the business with a full quota of technical training or practical philosophy itching for application. That, aided by satisfactory patent regulations providing sure rewards for inventive ability, would hardly fail to further the conception of "creative business" and so to increase the number of jobs, besides setting an example of the wisdom of taking chances and the folly of a people's putting too high a value on "playing safe." As such it would go far to make the world safe for the democracy of friendly though competitive trade.

Something like the above points, with others, must be given thought for finding the way out of a crowded country—at

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least if the number of jobs in a nation depends to any large extent upon other factors besides its natural equipment and resources.

Certainly all here must hope that these natural resources are not the whole of the matter of the abundant job. If they are, then we must boast considerably less than we do of our spiritual resources—our "American spirit" of initiative and progress—besides doing a great deal more than we have done as yet toward conserving our natural resources. Whatever the exact proportions of the importance of the two kinds of national endowment, material and spiritual, a suggestive treatise could certainly be written on America as the land of enterprise and initiative because it is the land of the abundant job, because, in turn, it is the land of prodigal and abundant nature.

Such a study would probably make it evident that the day when a country's frontier ends—as ours has ended—is the day when jobs first begin to grow scarce. That same day any nation will do well to begin to think more carefully both of the use of its internal resources of nature and also of the need of fitting itself for entering world commerce. On that day it should organize to conserve its natural resources as its chief internal job reservoirs and to create other jobs at home by coming into contact with the needs of those who still live on the world's frontiers. Such a nation, it goes without saying, should throw aside the childlike "frontierism" with which it says to all the world: "You take care of yourself and let us alone."

Our national life cannot be lived that way—no successful national life where the frontier is ended can. The restlessness of my South Wales miner friends made them bring up a minimum of coal. That restlessness was to some extent the result of the restlessness of the workers in the interior of the Continent, where men by thousands and thousands have no jobs to-day—also no credit for buying coal from Wales. Because of the combined unhappiness and unproductiveness of them all, the value of the pound sterling went down. Because it went down American automobiles became too expensive for a British citizen. Because of the cancellations which followed, thousands of workers had to be released from their jobs in Detroit and other cities in this country.

As a result of all of which it would seem that we should learn from Britain several things. First, the supreme wisdom of devoting ourselves to the careful conservation of our natural resources as a chief storehouse of our jobs. Secondly, to devote ourselves to the maintenance of an industry and a commerce which will offer to every individual in it the maximum of individual opportunity to "get on" and to make the most of himself as a person and a citizen among other growing persons and citizens, and incidentally as a producer and a consumer to enjoy with others the highest feasible standard of living. Thirdly, to acknowledge that in neither of these efforts can we pull ourselves up by our own boot-straps.

Good advice in this connection came from one of my friends on a London dock:

"It's 'awnd in 'awnd—thot's the wye thot you Johnnie Browns over there 'awnd we Johnnie Bulls over 'ere should go. Thot's the wye, I sye, to myke things work out right fer the whool of oos!"

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MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE DRESDEN LITERARY AMERICAN CLUB

MOTTO "W. A. N. A."

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON
Author of "Service and Sacrifice," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FAMILY PORTRAITS AND LETTERS

[THIRD PAPER]

IT was a sad change to the three young American children to settle in Dresden in two German families, after the care-free and stimulating experiences of Egypt and the Holy Land. Our wise parents, however, realized that a whole year of irregularity was a serious mistake in that formative period of our lives, and they also wished to leave no stone unturned to give us every educational advantage during our twelve months' absence from home and country. It was decided, therefore, that the two boys should be placed in the family of Doctor and Mrs. Minckwitz, while I, a very lone and homesick small girl, was put with some kind but far too elderly people, Professor and Mrs. Wackernagel. This last arrangement was supposed to be advantageous, so that the brothers and sister should not speak too much English together. The kind old professor and his wife and the daughters, who seemed to the little girl of eleven years on the verge of the grave (although only about forty years of age), did all that was in their power to lighten the agonized longing in the child's heart for her mother and sister but to no avail, for I write to my mother, who had gone to Carlsbad for a cure: "I was perfectly miserable and very much unstrung when Aunt Lucy wrote to you that no one could mention your name or I would instantly begin to cry. Oh! Mother darling, sometimes I feel that I cannot stand it any longer but I am going to try to follow a motto which Father wrote to me, 'Try to have the best time you can.' I should be very sorry to disappoint Father but sometimes I feel as if I could not stand it any longer. We will talk it over when you come. Your own little Conie."

Poor little girl, I was trying to be noble; for my father, who had been obliged to return to America for business reasons, had impressed me with the fact that to spend part of the summer in a German family and thus learn the language was an unusual opportunity, and one that must be seized upon. My spirit was willing, but my flesh was very, very weak, and the age of the kind people with whom I had been placed, the strange, dreadful, black bread, the meat that was given only as a great treat after it had been boiled for soup—everything, in fact, conduced to a feeling of great distance from the lovely land of buckwheat cakes and rare steak, not to mention the separation from the beloved brothers whom I was allowed to see only at rare intervals during the week. The consequence was that very soon my mother came back to Dresden in answer to the pathos of my letters, for I found it impossible to follow that motto, so characteristic of my father, "Try to have the best time you can." I began to sicken very much as the Swiss mountaineers are said to lose their spirits and appetites when separated from their beloved mountains; so my mother persuaded the kind Minckwitz family to take me under their roof, as well as my brothers, and from that time forth there was no more melancholy, no bursting into poetic dirges constantly celebrating the misery of a young American in a German family.

From the time that I was allowed to be

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part of the Minckwitz family everything seemed to be fraught with interest and many pleasures as well as with systematic good hard work. In these days, when the word "German" has almost a sinister sound to the ears of an American, I should like to speak with affectionate respect of *that* German family in which the three little American children passed several happy months. The members of the family were typically Teutonic in many ways: the Herr Hofsrath was the kindliest of creatures, and his rubicund, smiling wife paid him the most loving court; the three daughters—gay, well-educated, and very temperamental young women—threw themselves into the work of teaching us with a hearty will, a will which met with real response from us, as that kind of effort invariably does. Our two cousins, the same little cousins who had shared the happy summer memories of Madison, New Jersey, when we were much younger, were also in Dresden with their mother, Mrs. Stuart Elliott, the "Aunt Lucy" referred to frequently in our letters. Aunt Lucy was bravely facing the results of the sad Civil War, and her only chance of giving her children a proper education was to take them to a foreign country where the possibility of good schools, combined with inexpensive living, suited her depleted income. Her little apartment on Sunday afternoons was always open to us all, and there we five little cousins formed the celebrated "D. L. A. C." (Dresden Literary American Club!)

On June 2nd I wrote to my friend "Edie": "We five children have gotten up a club and meet every Sunday at Aunt Lucy's, and read the poetry and stories that we have written during the week. When the book is all done, we will sell the book either to mother or Aunt Annie and divide the money; (although on erudition bent, still of commercial mind!). *I* am going to write poetry all the time. My first poem was called 'A Sunny Day in June.' Next time I am going to give 'The Lament of an American in a German Family.' It is an entirely different style I assure you." The "different style" is so very poor that I refrain from quoting that illustrious poem.

The work for the D. L. A. C. proved to be a very entertaining pastime and great competition ensued. A motto was chosen by "Johnnie" and "Ellie," who were the wits of the society. The motto was spoken of with bated breath and mysteriously inscribed W. A. N. A. underneath the mystic signs of D. L. A. C. For many a long year no one but those in our strictest confidence were allowed to know that "W. A. N. A." stood for "We Are No Asses." This, perhaps somewhat untruthful statement, was objected to originally by Teedie, who firmly maintained that the mere making of such a motto showed that "Johnnie" and "Ellie" were certainly exceptions that proved that rule. Teedie himself, struggling as usual with terrible attacks of asthma that perpetually undermined his health and strength, was all the same, between the attacks, the ring-leader in fun and gayety and every imaginable humorous adventure. He was a slender, overgrown boy at the time, and wore his hair long in true German student fashion, and adopted a would-be philosopher type of look, effectively enhanced by trousers that were outgrown, and coat sleeves so short that they gave him a "Smike"-like appearance. His contributions to the immortal literary club were either serious and very accurate from a natural-historical standpoint, or else they showed, as comparatively few of his later writings have shown, the delightful quality of humor which, through his whole busy life, lightened for him every load and criticism. I cannot resist giving in full the fascinating little story called "Mrs. Field Mouse's Dinner Party," in which the personified animals played social parts, in the portrayal of which my brother divulged (my readers must remember he was only fourteen) a knowledge of "society" life, its acrid jealousies and hypocrisies, of which he never again seemed to be conscious.

MRS. FIELD MOUSE'S DINNER PARTY

By Theodore Roosevelt—Aged Fourteen

"My Dear," said Mrs. M. to Mr. M. one day as they were sitting on an elegant acorn sofa, just after breakfast, "My Dear, I think that we really must give a dinner party." "A What, my love?" exclaimed Mr. M. in a surprised tone. "A Dinner Party"; returned Mrs. M. firmly, "you have no objections I suppose?"

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The Dresden Literary American Club—Motto, "W. A. N. A." ("We Are No Asses").

From left to right: Theodore Roosevelt, aged 14¾ years; Elliott Roosevelt, aged 13½ years; Maud Elliott, aged 12¾ years; Corinne Roosevelt, aged 11¾ years; John Elliott, aged 14½ years. July 1, 1873.

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"Of course not, of course not," said Mr. M. hastily, for there was an ominous gleam in his wife's eye. "But—but why have it yet for a while, my love?" "Why indeed! A pretty question! After that odious Mrs. Frog's great tea party the other evening! But that is just it, you never have any proper regard for your station in life, and on me involves all the duty of keeping up appearances, and after all *this* is the gratitude I get for it!" And Mrs. M. covered her eyes and fell into hysterics of 50 flea power. Of course, Mr. M. had to promise to have it whenever she liked.

"Then the day after tomorrow would not be too early, I suppose?" "My Dear," remonstrated the unfortunate Mr. M., but Mrs. M. did not heed him and continued: "You could get the cheese and bread from Squeak, Nibble & Co. with great ease, and the firm of Brown House and Wood Rats, with whom you have business relations, you told me, could get the other necessaries."

"But in such a short time," commenced Mr. M. but was sharply cut off by the lady; "Just like you, Mr. M.! Always raising objections! and when I am doing all I can to help you!" Symptoms of hysterics and Mr. M. entirely convinced, the lady continues: "Well, then we will have it the day after tomorrow. By the way, I hear that Mr. Chipmunck has got in a new supply of nuts, and you might as well go over after breakfast and get them, before they are bought by someone else."

"I have a business engagement with Sir Butterfly in an hour," began Mr. M. but stopped, meekly got his hat and went off at a glance from Mrs. M.'s eye.

When he was gone, the lady called down her eldest daughter, the charming Miss M. and commenced to arrange for the party.

"We will use the birch bark plates,"—commenced Mrs. M.

"And the chestnut 'tea set,'" put in her daughter.

"With the maple leaf vases, of course," continued Mrs. M.

"And the eel bone spoons and forks," added Miss M.

"And the dog tooth knives," said the lady.

"And the slate table cloth," replied her daughter.

"Where shall we have the ball anyhow," said Mrs. M.

"Why, Mr. Blind Mole has let his large subterranean apartments and that would be the best place," said Miss M.

"Sir Lizard's place, 'Shady Nook,' which we bought the other day, is far better *I* think," said Mrs. M. "But *I* don't," returned her daughter. "Miss M. be still," said her mother sternly, and Miss M. *was* still. So it was settled that the ball was to be held at 'Shady Nook.'

"As for the invitations, Tommy Cricket will carry them around," said Mrs. M. "But who shall we have?" asked her daughter. After some discussion, the guests were determined on. Among them were all the Family of Mice and Rats, Sir Lizard, Mr. Chipmunck, Sir Shrew, Mrs. Shrew, Mrs. Bullfrog, Miss Katydid, Sir Grasshopper, Lord Beetle, Mr. Ant, Sir Butterfly, Miss Dragonfly, Mr. Bee, Mr. Wasp, Mr. Hornet, Madame Maybug, Miss Lady Bird, and a number of others. Messrs. Gloworm and Firefly agreed to provide lamps as the party was to be had at night. Mr. M., by a great deal of exertion, got the provisions together in time, and Miss M. did the same with the furniture, while Mrs. M. superintended generally, and was a great bother.

Water Bug & Co. conveyed everything to Shady Nook, and so at the appointed time everything was ready, and the whole family, in their best ball dresses, waited for the visitors.

. . . . . .

The first visitor to arrive was Lady Maybug. "Stupid old thing; always first," muttered Mrs. M., and then aloud, "How charming it is to see you so prompt, Mrs. Maybug; I can always rely on *your* being here in time."

"Yes Ma'am, oh law! but it is so hot—oh law! and the carriage, oh law! almost broke down; oh law! I did really think I never should get here—oh law!" and Mrs. Maybug threw herself on the sofa; but the sofa unfortunately had one weak leg, and as Mrs. Maybug was no light weight, over she went. While Mrs. M. (inwardly swearing if ever a mouse swore) hastened to her assistance, and in the midst of the confusion caused by this incident, Tommy Cricket (who had been hired for waiter and dressed in red trousers accordingly) threw open the door and announced in a shrill pipe, "Nibble Squeak & Co., Mum," then hastily correcting himself, as he received a dagger like glance from Mrs. M., "Mr. Nibble and Mr. Squeak, Ma'am," and precipitately retreated through the door. Meanwhile the unfortunate Messrs. Nibble and Squeak, who while trying to look easy in their new clothes, had luckily not heard the introduction, were doing their best to bow gracefully to Miss Maybug and Miss Mouse, the respective mamas of these young ladies having pushed them rapidly forward as each of the ladies was trying to get up a match between the rich Mr. Squeak and her daughter, although Miss M. preferred Mr. Woodmouse and Miss Maybug, Mr. Hornet. In the next few minutes the company came pouring in (among them Mr. Woodmouse, accompanying Miss Katydid), at which sight Miss M. turned green with envy, and after a very short period the party was called in to dinner, for the cook had boiled the hickory nuts too long and they had to be sent up immediately or they would be spoiled. Mrs. M. displayed great generalship in the arrangement of the people, Mr. Squeak taking in Miss M., Mr. Hornet, Miss Maybug, and Mr. Woodmouse, Miss Katydid. But now Mr. M. had invited one person too many for the plates, and so Mr. M. had to do without one. At first this was not noticed, as each person was seeing who could get the most to eat, with the exception of those who were lovemaking, but after a while, Sir Lizard, (a great swell and a very high liver) turned round and remarked, "Ee-aw, I say, Mr. M., why don't you take something more to eat?" "Mr. M. is not at all hungry tonight, are you my dear?" put in Mrs. M. smiling at Sir Lizard, and frowning at Mr. M. "Not at all, not at all," replied the

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latter hastily. Sir Lizard seemed disposed to continue the subject, but Mr. Moth, (a very scientific gentleman) made a diversion by saying, "Have you seen my work on 'Various Antenae'? In it I demonstrated clearly the superiority of feathered to knobbed Antenae and"—"Excuse me, Sir," interrupted Sir Butterfly, "but you surely don't mean to say,—"

"Excuse *me*, if you please," replied Mr. Moth sharply, "but I *do* mean it, and if you read my work, you will perceive that the rays of feather-like particles on the trunk of the Antenae deriving from the center in straight or curved lines generally"—at this moment Mr. Moth luckily choked himself and seizing the lucky instant, Mrs. M. rang for the desert.

There was a sort of struggling noise in the pantry, but that was the only answer. A second ring, no answer. A third ring; and Mrs. M. rose in majestic wrath, and in dashed the unlucky Tommy Cricket with the cheese, but alas, while half way in the room, the beautiful new red trousers came down, and Tommy and cheese rolled straight into Miss Dragon Fly who fainted without any unnecessary delay, while the noise of Tommy's howls made the room ring. There was great confusion immediately, and while Tommy was being kicked out of the room, and while Lord Beetle was emptying a bottle of rare rosap over Miss Dragon Fly, in mistake for water, Mrs. M. gave a glance at Mr. M., which made him quake in his shoes, and said in a low voice, "Provoking thing! *now* you see the good of no suspenders"—"But my dear, you told me not to"—began Mr. M., but was interrupted by Mrs. M. "Don't speak to me, you—" but here Miss Katydid's little sister struck in on a sharp squeak. "Katy kissed Mr. Woodmouse!" "Katy didn't," returned her brother. "Katy did," "Katy didn't," "Katy did," "Katy didn't." All eyes were now turned on the crimsoning Miss Katydid, but she was unexpectedly saved by the lamps suddenly commencing to burn blue!

"There, Mr. M.! Now you see what you have done!" said the lady of the house, sternly.

"My dear, I told you they could not get enough oil if you had the party so early. It was your own fault," said Mr. M. worked up to desperation.

Mrs. M. gave him a glance that would have annihilated three millstones of moderate size, from its sharpness, and would have followed the example of Miss Dragon Fly, but was anticipated by Madame Maybug, who, as three of the lamps above her went out, fell into blue convulsions on the sofa. As the whole room was now subsiding into darkness, the company broke up and went off with some abruptness and confusion, and when they were gone, Mrs. M. turned (by the light of one bad lamp) an eagle eye on Mr. M. and said—, but we will now draw a curtain over the harrowing scene that ensued and say,

"Good Bye."

"Teedie" not only indulged in the free play of fancy such as the above, but wrote with extraordinary system and regularity for a boy of fourteen to his mother and father, and perhaps these letters, written in the far-away Dresden atmosphere, show more conclusively than almost any others the character, the awakening mind, the forceful mentality of the young and delicate boy. On May 29, in a letter to his mother, a very parental letter about his homesick little sister who had not yet been taken from the elderly family in which she was so unhappy, he drops into a lighter vein and says: "I have overheard a good deal of Minckwitz conversation which they did not think I understood; Father was considered 'very pretty' (*sehr hübsch*) and his German 'exceedingly beautiful,' neither of which statements I quite agree with." And a week or two later, writing to his father, he describes, after referring casually to a bad attack of asthma, an afternoon of tag and climbing trees, supper out in the open air, and long walks through the green fields dotted with the blue cornflowers and brilliant red poppies. True to his individual tastes, he says: "When I am not studying my lessons or out walking I spend all my time in translating natural history, wrestling with Richard, a young cousin of the Minckwitz' whom I can throw as often as he throws me, and I also sometimes cook, although my efforts in the culinary art are really confined to grinding coffee, beating eggs or making hash, and such light labors." Later he writes again: "The boxing gloves are a source of great amusement; you ought to have seen us after our 'rounds' yesterday." The foregoing "rounds" were described even more graphically by "Ellie" in a letter to our uncle, Mr. Gracie, as follows: "Father, you know, sent us a pair of boxing gloves apiece and Teedie, Johnnie, and I have had jolly fun with them. Last night in a round of one minute and a half with Teedie, he got a bloody nose and I got a bloody mouth, and in a round with Johnnie, I got a bloody mouth again and he a pair of purple eyes. Then Johnnie gave Teedie another bloody nose. [The boys by this time seemed to have multiplied their features indefinitely with more purple eyes!] We do enjoy them so! Boxing is one of Teedie's and my favorite amusements; it is such a novelty to be made to see stars when it is not night." No wonder that later "Ellie" contributed

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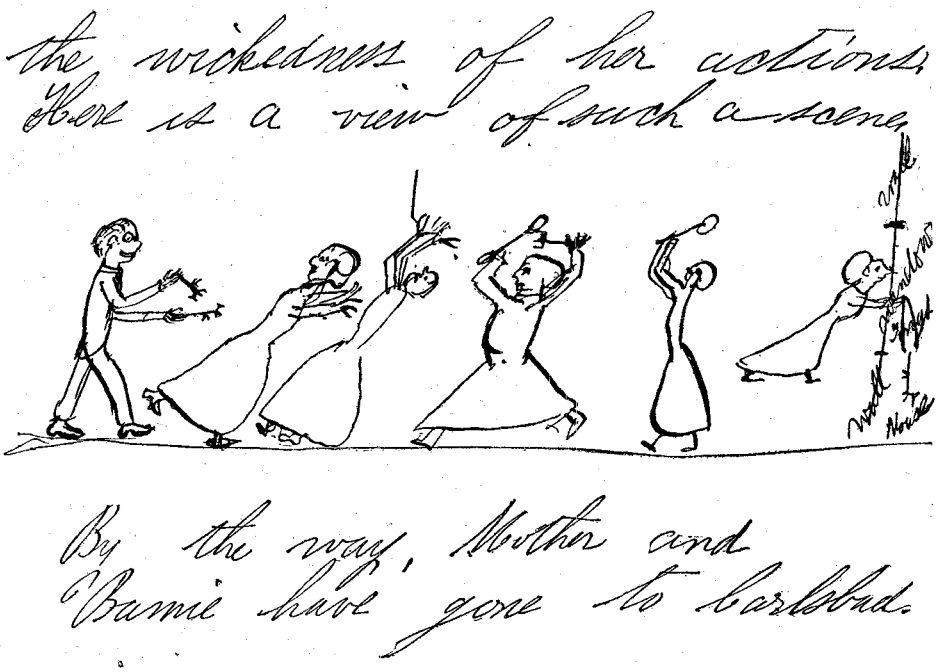
what I called in one of my later letters a "tragical" article called "Bloody Hand" for the D. L. A. C., perhaps engendered by the memory of all those bloody mouths and noses.

"Teedie" himself, in writing to his Aunt Annie, describes himself as a "bully boy with a black eye," and in the same letter, which seems to be in answer to one in which this devoted aunt had described an unusual specimen to interest him, he says: "Dear darling little Nancy: I have received your letter concerning the wonderful animal and although the fact of your having described it as having horns and being carnivorous has occasioned me grave doubts as to your veracity, yet I think in course of time a meeting may be called by the Roosevelt Museum and the matter taken into consideration, although this will not happen until after we have reached America. The Minckwitz family are all splendid but very superstitious. My scientific pursuits cause the family a good deal of consternation.

"My arsenic was confiscated and my mice thrown (with the tongs) out of the window. In cases like this I would approach a refractory female, mouse in hand, corner her, and bang the mouse very near her face until she was thoroughly convinced of the wickedness of her actions. Here is a view of such a scene. I am getting along very well with German and studying really hard. Your loving T. R., Secretary and Librarian of Roosevelt Museum. (Shall I soon hail you as a brother, I mean sister member of the Museum?)" Evidently the carnivorous animal with horns was a stepping-stone to membership in the exclusive Roosevelt Museum!



The Dresden memories include many happy excursions, happy in spite of the fact that they were sometimes taken because of poor "Teedie's" severe attacks of asthma. On June 29th he writes his father: "I have a conglomerate of good news and bad news to report to you; the former far outweighs the latter, however. I am at present suffering from a slight attack of asthma. However, it is only a small attack and except for the fact that I cannot speak without blowing like an abridged hippopotamus, it does not inconvenience me very much. We are now studying hard and everything is system-

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atized. Excuse my writing, the asthma has made my hand tremble awfully." The asthma which he makes so light of became unbearable and the next letter, on June 30 from the Bastei in Saxon Switzerland, says: "You will doubtless be surprised at the heading of this letter, but as the asthma did not get any better, I concluded to come out here. Elliott and Corinne and Fräulein Anna and Fräulein Emma came with me for the excursion. We started in the train and then got out at a place some distance below these rocks where we children took horses and came up here, the two ladies following on foot. The scenery on the way and all about here was exceedingly bold and beautiful. All the mountains, if they deserve the name of mountains, have scarcely any gradual decline. They descend abruptly and precipitously to the plain. In fact, the sides of the mountains in most parts are bare while the tops are covered with pine forests with here and there jagged conical peaks rising from the foliage. There are no long ranges, simply a number of sharp high hills rising from a green fertile plain through which the river Elbe wanders. You can judge from this that the scenery is really magnificent. I have been walking in the forests collecting butterflies. I could not but be struck with the difference between the animal life of these forests and the palm groves of Egypt, (auld lang syne now). Although this is in one of the wildest parts of Saxony and South Germany, yet I do not think the proportion is as much as one here for twenty there or around Jericho, and the difference in proportion of species is even greater,—still the woods are by no means totally devoid of inhabitants. Most of these I had become acquainted with in Syria, and a few in Egypt. The only birds I had not seen before were a jay and a bullfinch."

The above letter shows how true the boy was to his marked tastes and his close observation of nature and natural history!

After his return from the Bastei my brother's asthma was somewhat less troublesome, and, to show the vital quality which could never be downed, I quote a letter from "Ellie" to his aunt: "Suddenly an idea has got hold of Teedie that we did not know enough German for the time that we have been here, so he has asked Miss Anna to give him larger lessons and of course I could not be left behind so we are working harder than ever in our lives." How wonderful the evidence of leadership is in this young boy of not yet fifteen, who already inspires his pleasure-loving little brother to work "harder than ever before in our lives." Many memories crowd back upon me as I think of those days in the kind German family. The two sons, Herr Oswald and Herr Ulrich, would occasionally return from Leipsig where they were students, and always brought with them an aroma of duels and thrilling excitement. Ulrich, in college, went by the nickname of "Der Rothe Herzog," The Red Duke, the appellation being applied to him on account of his scarlet hair, his equally rubicund face, and a red gash down the left side of his face from the sword of an antagonist. Oswald had a very extraordinary expression due to the fact that the tip end of his nose had been nearly severed from his face in one of these same, apparently, every-day affairs, and the physician who had restored the injured feature to its proper environment had made the mistake of sewing it a little on the bias, which gave this kind and gentle young man a very sinister expression. In spite of their practice in the art of duelling and a general ferocity of appearance, they were sentimental to the last extent, and many a time when I have been asked by Herr Oswald and Herr Ulrich to read aloud to them from the dear old books "Gold Elsie" or "Old Mam'selle's Secret," they would fall upon the sofa beside me and dissolve in tears over any melancholy or romantic situation. Their sensibilities and sentimentalities were perfectly incomprehensible to the somewhat matter-of-fact and distinctly courageous trio of young Americans, and while we could not understand the spirit which made them willing, quite casually, to cut off each other's noses, we could even less understand their lachrymose response to sentimental tales and their genuine terror should a thunder-storm occur. "Ellie" describes in another letter how all the family, in the middle of the night, because of a sudden thunder-storm, crawled

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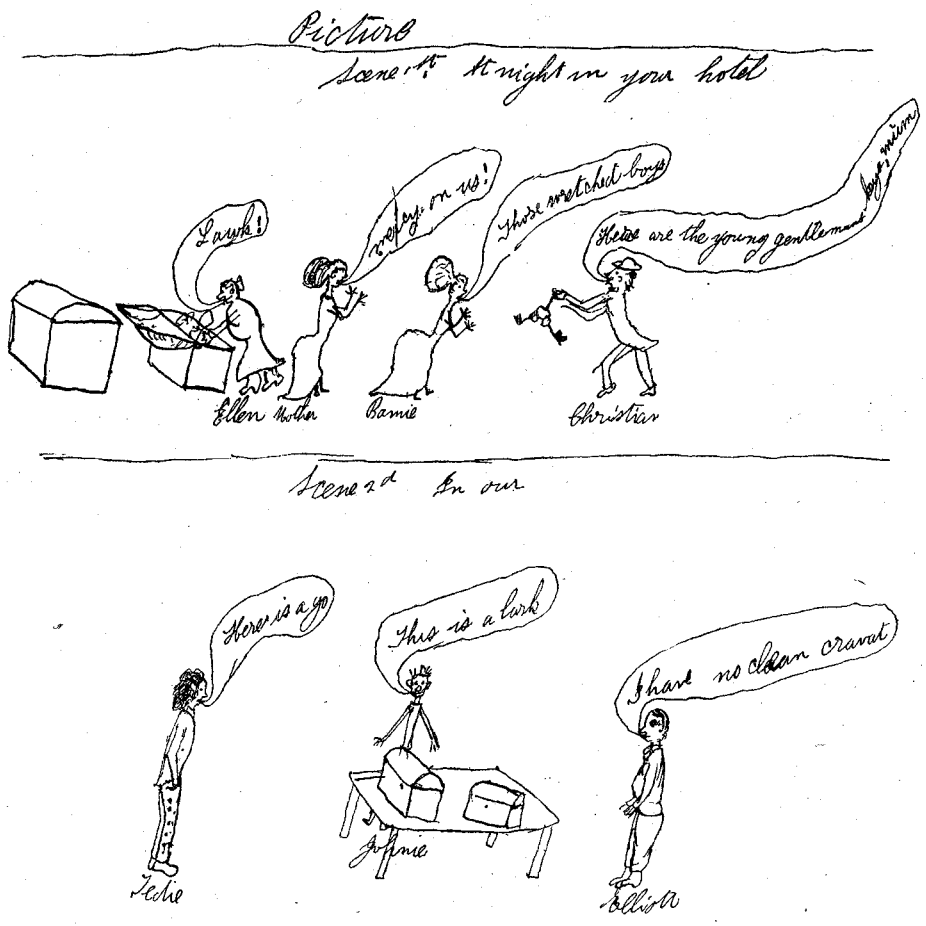

Facsimile of Theodore Roosevelt's lett

in between their mattresses and woke the irrelevant and uninterested small Americans from their slumbers to incite them to the same attitude of mind and body. His description of Teedie under these circumstances is very amusing, for he says: "Teedie woke up only for one minute, turned over and said, 'Oh—it's raining and my hedgehog will be all spoiled.'" He was speaking of a hedgehog that he had skinned the day before and hung out of his window, but even his hedgehog did not keep him awake and, much to the surprise of the frightened Minckwitz family, he fell back into a heavy sleep.

In spite of the sentimentalities, in spite of the racial differences of attitude about many things, the American children owe much to the literary atmosphere that surrounded the family life of their kind German friends. In those days in Dresden the most beautiful representations of Shakespeare were given in German, and, as the hour for the theatre to begin was six o'clock in the evening, and the plays were finished by nine o'clock, many were the evenings when we enjoyed "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew," and many more of Shakespeare's wonderful fanciful creations, given as they were with unusual sympathy and ability by the actors of the German Theatre.

Perhaps because of our literary studies and our ever-growing interest in our own efforts in the famous Dresden Literary American Club, we decided that the volume which became so precious to us

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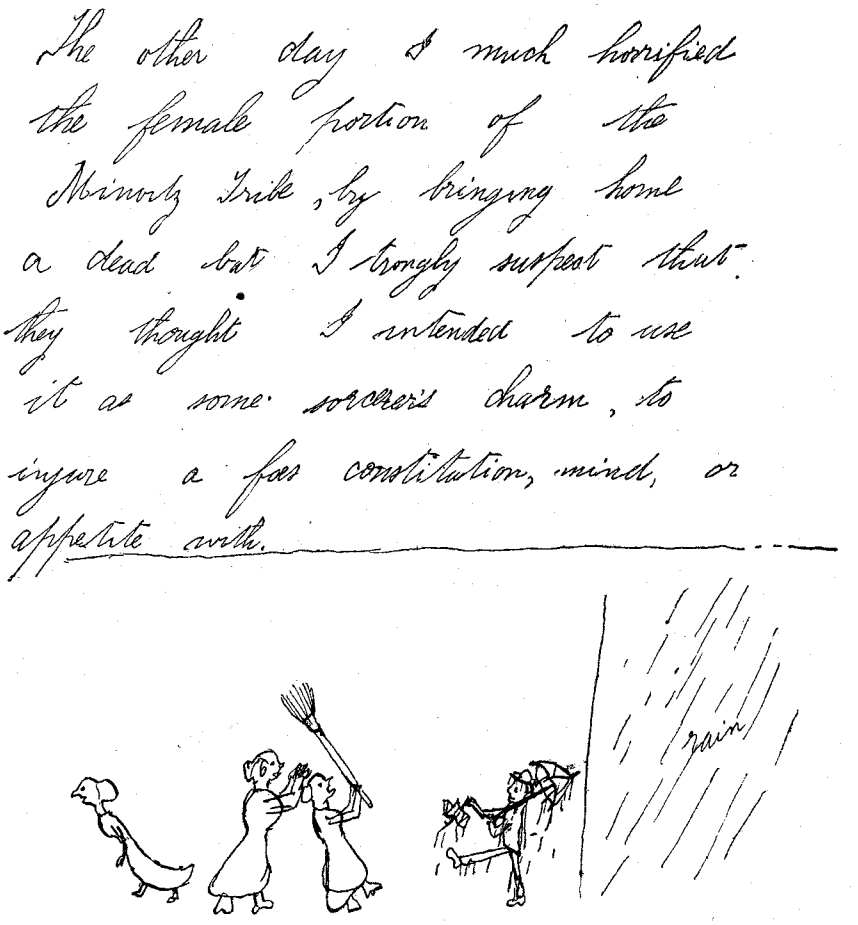
The other day I much horrified the female portion of the Minor Tribe, by bringing home a dead bat I strongly suspect that they thought I intended to use it as some sorcerer's charm, to injure a foes constitution, mind, or appetite with.
rain

of September 21, 1873, to his older sister.

should, after all, have no commercial value, and in July I write to my aunt the news which I evidently feel will be a serious blow to her—that we have decided that we cannot sell the famous poems and stories gathered into that immortal volume!

About the middle of the summer there was an epidemic of smallpox in Dresden and my mother hurriedly took us to the Engadine, and there, at Samaden, we lived somewhat the life of our beloved Madison and Hudson River days. Our cousin John Elliott accompanied us, and the three boys and their ardent little follower, myself, spent endless happy hours in climbing the surrounding mountains, only occasionally recalled by the lenient "Fräulein Anna" to what were already almost forgotten Teutonic studies. Later we returned to Dresden, and in spite of the longing in our patriotic young hearts to be once more in the land of the Stars and Stripes, I remember that we all parted with keen regret from the kind family who had made their little American visitors so much at home.

A couple of letters from Theodore, dated September 21 and October 5, bring to a close the experiences in Dresden, and show in a special way the boy's humor and the original inclination to the quaint drawings which have become familiar to the American people through the book, lately published, called "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children." On September 21, 1873, he writes to his older sister: "My dear darling

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Bamie,—I wrote a letter on the receipt of yours, but Corinne lost it and so I write this. Health; good. Lessons; good. Play hours; bad. Appetite; good. Accounts; good. Clothes; greasy. Shoes; holey. Hair; more 'a-la-Mop' than ever. Nails; dirty, in consequence of having an ink bottle upset over them. Library; beautiful. Museum; so so. Club; splendid. Our journey home from Samaden was beautiful, except for the fact that we lost our keys but even this incident was not without its pleasing side. I reasoned philosophically on the subject; I said: 'Well, everything is for the best. For example, if I cannot use my tooth brush tonight, at least, I cannot forget it tomorrow morning. Ditto with comb and night shirt.' In these efforts of high art, I have taken particular care to imitate truthfully the Chignons, bustles, grease-spots, bristles, and especially my own mop of hair. The other day I much horrified the female portion of the Minckwitz Tribe by bringing home a dead bat. I strongly suspect that they thought I intended to use it as some sorcerer's charm to injure a foe's constitution, mind and appetite. As I have no more news to write, I will close with some illustrations on the Darwinian theory. Your brother —Teedie."

The last letter, on October 5, was to his mother, and reads in part as follows: "Corinne has been sick but is now well, at least, she does not have the same striking resemblance to a half-starved raccoon as she did in the severe stages of the disease." After a humorous description of a German conversation between several members of his aunt's family, he proceeds to "further illustrations of the Darwinian theory" and closes his letter by signing himself "Your affectionate son, Cranibus Giraffinus."

Shortly before leaving Dresden I had my twelfth birthday and the Minckwitz clan made every effort to make it a gay festival, but perhaps the gift which I loved best was a letter received that very morning from my beloved father; and in closing this brief account of those days spent in Germany, because of his wise decision to broaden our young horizons by new thoughts and new studies, I wish once more, as I have done several times in these pages, to quote from his words to the little girl in whom he was trying to instil his own beautiful attitude toward life: "Remember that almost every one will be kind to you and will love you if you are only willing to receive their love and are unselfish yourself. Unselfishness, you know, is the virtue that I put above all others, and while it increases so much the enjoyment of those about you, it adds infinitely more to your own pleasure. Your future, in fact, depends very much upon the cultivation of unselfishness, and I know that my darling little girl wishes to practise this quality, but I do wish to impress upon you its importance. As each year passes by, we ought to look back to see what we have accomplished, and also look forward to the future to make up for any deficiencies, showing thus a determination to do better, not wasting time in vain regrets." In many ways these words of my father, written when we were so young and so malleable, and impressed upon us by his ever-encouraging example, became one of the great factors in making my brother into the type of man who will always be remembered for that unselfishness instilled into him by his father, and for the determination to do better each day of his life without vain regret for what was already beyond recall.

OYSTER BAY—THE HAPPY LAND OF WOODS AND WATERS

After our return to America the winter of 1874 was passed at our new home at 6 West 57th Street. My brother was still considered too delicate to send to a boarding-school, and various tutors were engaged for his education, in which my brother Elliott and I shared. Friendships of various kinds were begun and augmented, especially the friendship between the little girl Edith Carow, our babyhood friend, and another little girl, Frances Theodora Smith, now Mrs. James Russell Parsons, to whose friendship and comprehension my brother always turned with affectionate appreciation. Inspired by the Dresden Literary American Club, the female members of our little coterie formed a circle known by the name of P. O. R. E., to which the "boys" were admitted on rare occasions. The P. O. R. E. had also literary ambitions,

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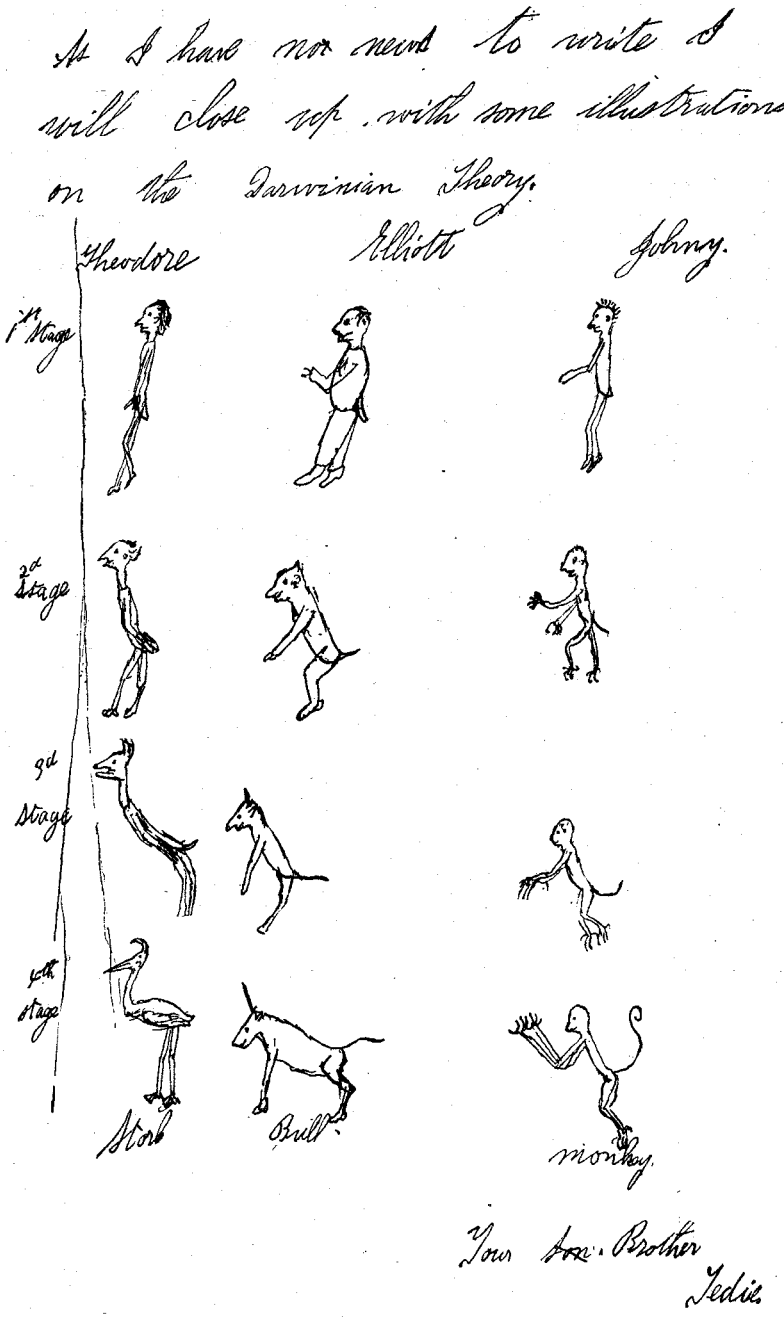

Facsimile of "some illustrations on the Darwinian theory," contained in the letter of September 21, 1873.

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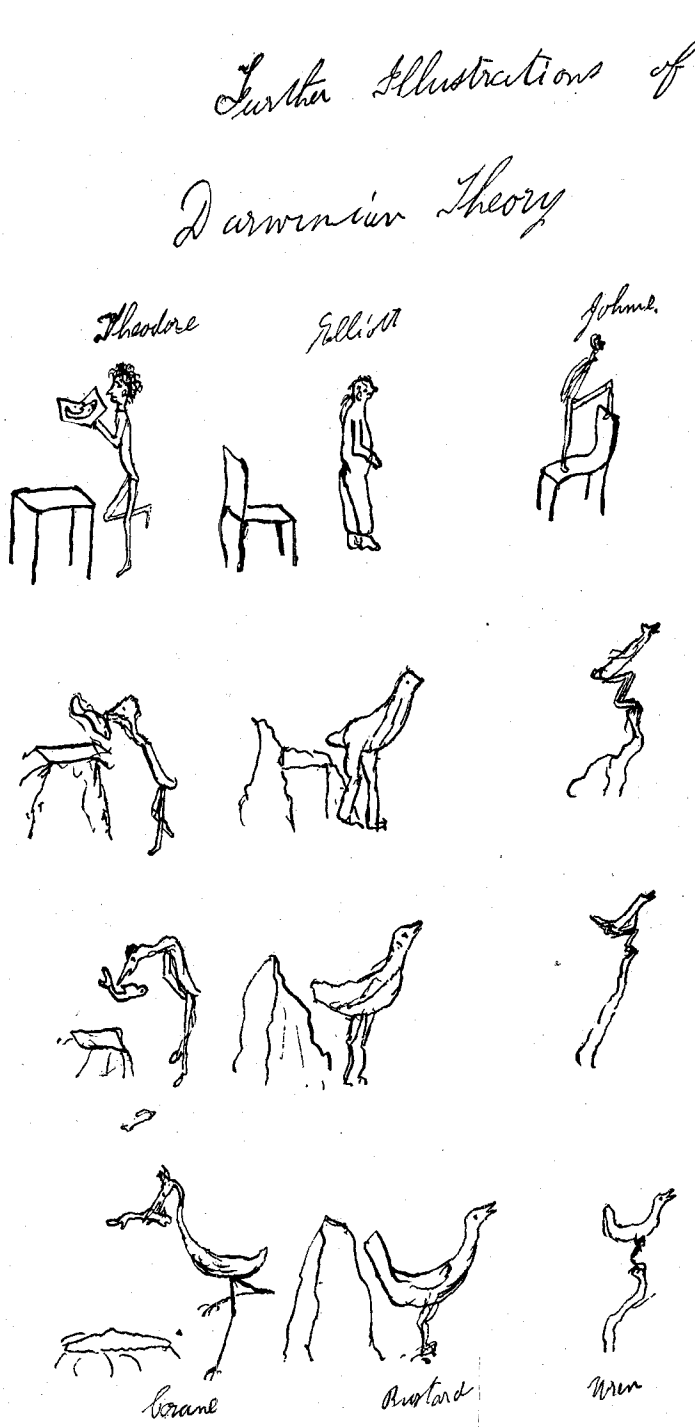

Facsimile, on this and opposite page, of "further illustrations of the Darwinian theory," in his letter of October 5.

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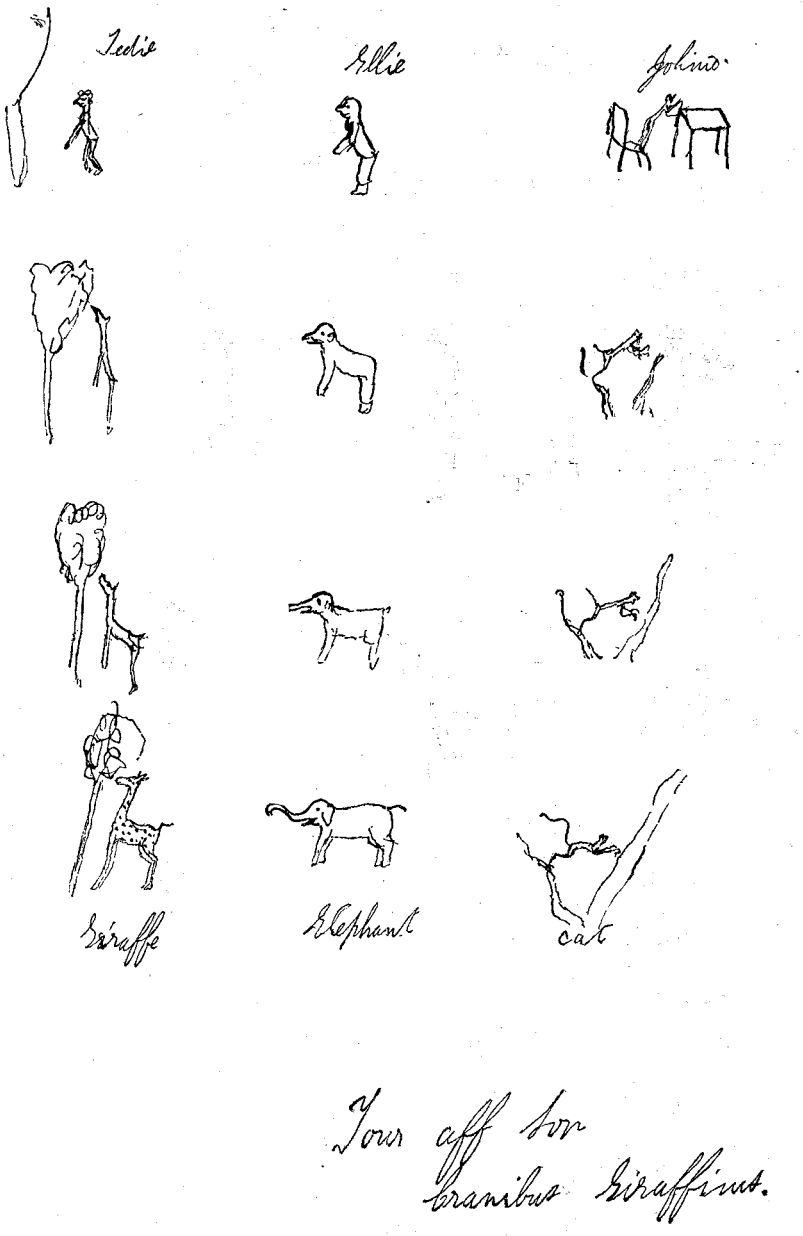

and they proved a fit sequel to the eruditionary D. L. A. C., which originated in the German family!

The summer of 1874 proved to be the forerunner of the happiest summers of our lives, as my father decided to join the colony which had been started by his family at Oyster Bay, Long Island, and we rented a country place which, much to the amusement of our friends, we named "Tranquillity." Anything less tranquil than that happy home at Oyster Bay could hardly be imagined. Endless young cousins and friends of both sexes and of every kind of varied interest always filled the simple rooms and shared the delightful and unconventional life which we led in that enchanted spot. Again I cannot say too much of the way in which our parents allowed us liberty

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without license. During those years—when Theodore was fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen—every special delight seems connected with Oyster Bay. We took long rides on horseback through the lanes then so seemingly remote, so far from the thought of the broad highways which now are traversed by thousands of motors, but were then the scenes of picnics and every imaginable spree. Our parents encouraged all mental and physical activity and having, as I say, a large circle of young cousins settled around us, we were never at a loss for companionship. One of our greatest delights was to take the small rowboats with which we were provided and row away for long days of happy leisure to what then seemed a somewhat distant spot on the other side of the bay, called Yellow Banks, where we would have our picnic lunch and climb the famous Cooper's Bluff, and read aloud or indulge in poetry contests and games which afforded us infinite amusement. One of our favorite games was called Crambo. We each wrote a question and each wrote a word, then all the words were put into one hat and all the questions into another, and after each child had drawn a question and a word, he or she was obliged to answer the question and bring in the word in a verse. Amongst my papers I find some of the old poetic efforts of those happy summer days. One is dated Plum Point, Oyster Bay, 1875. I remember the day as if it were yesterday; Theodore, who loved to row in the hottest sun, over the roughest water, in the smallest boat, had chosen his friend Edith as a companion; my cousin West Roosevelt, the "Jimmie" of earlier childhood, whose love of science and natural history was one of the joys that Theodore found in his companionship, took as his companion my friend Fannie Smith, now Mrs. Parsons, and my brother Elliott and I made up the happy six. Lying on the soft sand of the Point after a jolly luncheon, we played our favorite game, and Theodore drew the question: "Why does West enjoy such a dirty picnic?" The word which he drew was "golosh," and written on the other side of the paper in his own boyish handwriting is his attempt to assimilate the query and the word!

Theodore Roosevelt, Oyster Bay,
September 21, 1875.

"Because it is his nature to,
He finds *his* idyl in the dirt,
And if you do not sympathize but find *yours* in some saucy flirt,
Why that is your affair you know,

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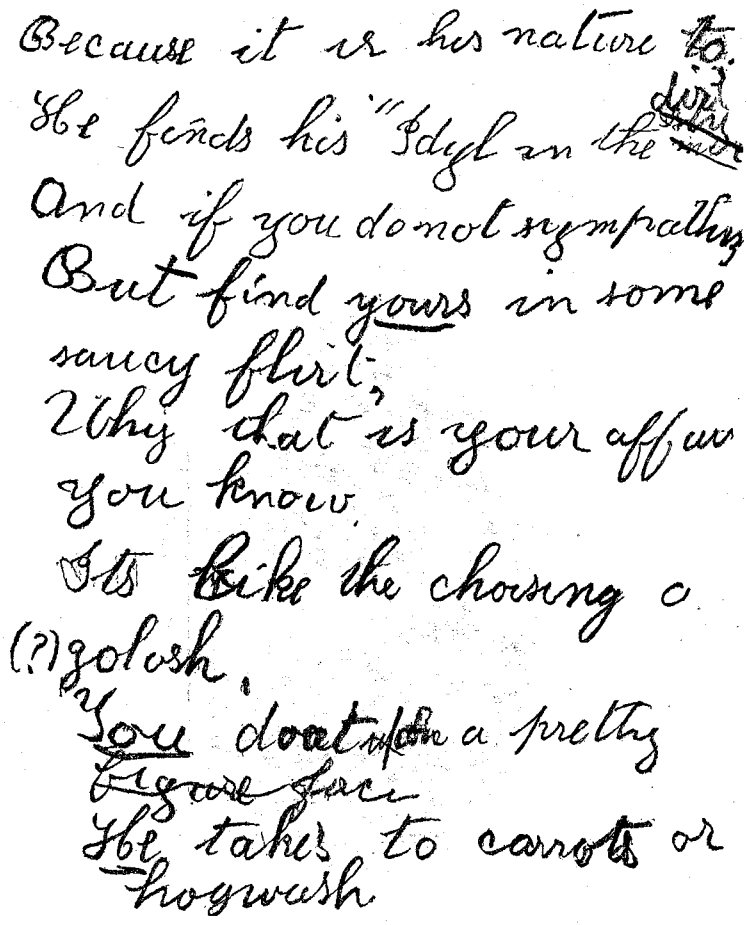

Facsimile of verses by Theodore Roosevelt for a favorite game.

It's like the choosing a golosh,
You doat upon a pretty face,
He takes to carrots and hog-wash."

Perhaps this sample of early verse may have led him later into *other* paths than poetry!

We did not always indulge in anything as light and humorous as the above example of poetic fervor. I have in my possession all kinds of competitive essays —on William Wordsworth, Washington Irving, and Plutarch's "Lives," written by various members of the happy group of young people at Oyster Bay; but when not indulging in these literary efforts "Teedie" was always studying his beloved natural history. At that time in his life he became more and more determined to take up this study as an actual career. My father had many serious talks with him on the subject. He impressed the boy with the feeling that, if he should thus decide upon a career which of necessity could not be lucrative, it would mean the sacrifice of many of the pleasures of which our parents' environment had enabled us to partake. My father, however, also told the earnest young naturalist that he would provide a small income for him, enabling him to live simply, should he decide to give himself up to scientific research work as the object of his life. During all those summers at Oyster Bay and the winters in New York City, before going to college, "Teedie" worked along the line of his chief interest with a very definite determination to devote himself permanently

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to that type of study. Our parents realized fully the unusual quality of their son, they recognized the strength and power of his character, the focussed and reasoning superiority of his mentality, but I do not think they fully realized the extraordinary quality of leadership which, hitherto somewhat hampered by his ill health, was later to prove so great a factor, not only in the circle of his immediate family and friends but in the broader field of the whole country. He was growing stronger day by day; already he had learned from those fine lumbermen, "Bill Dow" and "Bill Sewall," who were his guides on long hunting trips in the Maine woods, how to endure hardship and how to use his rifle as an adept and his paddle as an expert.

His body, answering to the insistence of his character, was growing stronger day by day, and was soon to be an instrument of iron to use in the future years.

Mr. Arthur Cutler was engaged by my parents to be at Oyster Bay during these summers to superintend the studies of the two boys, and with his able assistance my brother was well prepared for Harvard College, which he entered in September, 1876. It seems almost incredible that the puny, delicate child, so suffering even three years before, could have started his college life the peer, from a physical standpoint, of any of his classmates. A light-weight boxer, a swift runner, and in every way fitted to take his place, physically as well as mentally, in the arena of college life, he entered Harvard College.

Theodore Roosevelt, December, 1876, aged eighteen.

In looking back over our early childhood there stands out clearly before me, as the most important asset of the environment of our home, the joy of life, combined with an earnest effort for spiritual and intellectual benefit. As I write I can hear my father's voice calling us to early "Morning Prayers" which it was his invariable custom to read just before breakfast. Even this religious service was entered into with the same joyous zest which my father had the power of putting into every act of his life, and he had imbued us with the feel-

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ing that it was a privilege rather than a duty to be present, and that also the place of honor while we listened to the reading of the Bible was the seat on the sofa between him and the end of the sofa. When we were little children in the nursery, as he called to us to come to prayers, there would be a universal shout of "I speak for you and the cubby-hole too," the "cubby-hole" being this much-desired seat; and as my brother grew to man's estate these happy and yet serious memories were so much a part of him that when the boy of eighteen left Oyster Bay that September afternoon in 1876, to take up the new life which the entrance into college always means for a young man, he took with him as the heritage of his boyhood not only keen joy in the panorama of life which now unrolled before him but the sense of duty to be performed, of opportunity to be seized, of high resolve to be squared with practical and effective action, all of which had been part of the teaching of his father, the first Theodore Roosevelt.

(To be continued.)

CREATION

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

One must say it; it presses against the brain;
It pours through the pulse like a deluge of mad, sweet spring rain;
How may one say it—the aching thing that is wordless, evanescent, concrete—
Jubilant, sorrowful, trumpet-toned, whispering; sometimes terrible, sometimes sweet?
How may one trap the flash of the wing of a passing bird?
How fold the rustle—and then the stillness—of the forest into a word?
It is life. Pushing, singing, dragging, winging, always rushing to be spoken;
Life, big in the hop of a sparrow, in adoring eyes of a dog—life, tender, fierce, joyful, heart-broken;
How, when it floods being, may we, going down under the rolling wave, many-splendored, unswerving,
Stand again, dripping wet with life, and catch the glory of it in a cupped palm curving?
How may one say it? For it urges, it aches in the nerves to be said;
Are they fools then, they who eagerly shoulder that pressure, and stammer pale words—so few—and are dead?
On sweeps the beautiful—universal ocean through racked, inadequate finite souls,
On and on; and one paints, and one writes; such a little—the fringe of creating; and the day is done; and on and on life rolls.
Against a copper-pink sunset sky
Black laces of tree-tops peacefully lie;
A robin, with antique art untold,
Both light feet together, is tearing the mould;
The sea roars with storms—is dimpled with calms;
A child runs, shouting, to its father's arms;
Lord, who are we to catalogue living?
Yet, Lord of life, 'tis to us you are giving
To suffer the joy, to exult in the pain of the glory of every day;
To see the thing, and to feel the thing, and forever be trying,
Till the day we are dying,
To say the thing some other way.

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A BILLION-AND-A-HALF-DOLLAR EXPERIMENT IN GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

By William E. Hooper

GOVERNMENT ownership of railroads and government operation are two entirely different things. The United States had two years of government operation of railroads, but has never entered on government ownership. Canada has had for a number of years a government owned and operated railroad—the Intercolonial—but during the war the other roads, that is, the great bulk of the railroad mileage of Canada, remained privately operated. A situation having only incidentally to do with the war has developed which now forces on Canada government ownership of a little over half of all the railroad mileage of the Dominion.

The experiment in respect to about 17,000 miles has been going on for two years, and the Canadian Government is now completing arrangements to take over the Grand Trunk Railway, which will give it a railroad system of about 24,000 miles, and which will have cost the government about $1,500,000,000. When the Grand Trunk is formally taken over, there will be just two large railroad systems in Canada—the Canadian National Railway and the Canadian Pacific—the one owned by the government and the other by private investors.

This is the largest scale experiment in government ownership that has ever been undertaken by an English-speaking people, or, for that matter, by a democracy. By far the most interesting feature about it is the fact that it is an attempt to have private operation with public ownership. There is no man in public life either in Canada or the United States who is a more ardent believer in private railroad operation than the executive head of the Canadian National Railways. Furthermore, he probably sincerely believes that in the past two years he has achieved, virtually, private operation of the government-owned railroads.

In the last analysis, however, this could only be accomplished by the lease of the government-owned roads to a private corporation. This is not the form the experiment has taken in Canada. What has been done is this: the government has appointed a board of directors to conduct the management of its railroad system. Appointments to this board are supposed to be absolutely non-political, and a change in the party in power is supposed not to cause any change in the personnel of the board of directors of the National Railways. It is argued that in England experts in certain branches of government hold office under the title of permanent secretary regardless of changes of the political party in power. If this has been possible and successful in England for a great many years—and it has—why should it not be possible to establish the directors of the Canadian National Railways on the same non-political basis? These directors are representative of the more important geographical and commercial interests of the Dominion. The directors elect a president to operate the railroad system in the same way that the directors of a private corporation would—without political considerations. The president manages his road in the same way as he would were his salary being paid by a private corporation. This is what is meant in Canada when it is said that the Canadian National Railways are owned by the government but privately operated.

To form any judgment as to how this experiment is working out, it is necessary to be fairly familiar with the conditions which led to its being undertaken.

The Canadian Pacific, which was the first transcontinental railroad built in Canada, while materially aided through great land grants and otherwise by the government, was essentially a private enterprise. The private capital was raised in part in North America. The Grand Trunk, which serves only the mid-

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dle eastern provinces and which has a large mileage in the United States, was built with private capital—largely English capital.

That was the railway situation twenty-seven years ago when D. B. Hanna, who is now the president of the 17,000 miles of the Canadian National Railways, began the operation of the first 100 miles of what was to become the Canadian Northern—the second transcontinental railroad built through Canada. It is not germane to the story, but interesting in itself, that the operating, mechanical, engineering, legal, accounting, and traffic forces of this 100 miles of railroad consisted of thirteen men and a boy. There was only one locomotive, and the timetable, with a touch of Scotch humor, announced that Number 4, the east-bound train, would not leave until the arrival of Number 5, the west-bound train. It may have been a Scotch sense which aided in the financial result obtained in the first year. The gross revenue amounted to $62,000, and out of this $31,000 was saved for profit. Technically speaking, an operating ratio of 50. James J. Hill's roads even in their best days considered an operating ratio of 60 extraordinarily low.

This 100 miles of line was rapidly extended under the auspices of two remarkably clever contractors—William MacKenzie and Donald Mann. They became financiers on a large scale—what the American newspaper might refer to as financial wizards. The Canadian Northern Railroad system was the outcome of their efforts. It was built with private capital, raised through the aid of government and provincial credit. This was a very different thing from aid by means of land grants. The Canadian Pacific could have failed and the government could have taken back its land and been in no way directly involved in the failure, but the government as guarantor of securities of the Canadian Northern could not let that company fail without repudiating its own promises.

By the time the Canadian Northern was well under way railroad-building had become a craze in Canada. The staid and prosperous Grand Trunk undertook to build an extension west, which in connection with an extension through the eastern provinces which the government itself undertook to build, would form a third Canadian transcontinental. Both the Grand Trunk Railway Company and the government lent their credit, through the guaranty of securities to the company which built the western extension, called the Grand Trunk Pacific. The understanding was that when the government completed the eastern extension, called the National Transcontinental, the Grand Trunk was to operate the road.

Thus, had the whole scheme worked out, there would have been three privately operated competing transcontinental lines in Canada—the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, and the extended Grand Trunk system, named in order from south to north. The scheme broke down. The Canadian Northern failed to earn its interest charges, and came again and again to the government for loans. The Grand Trunk Pacific could not earn its interest charges, and the government and the Grand Trunk were called upon to make up the deficits. Lastly, the National Transcontinental proved so unprofitable that the Grand Trunk refused to operate it.

The government, as a last resort, took over the ownership of the Canadian Northern (bought MacKenzie's and Mann's stock) and the Grand Trunk *Pacific*, and these roads, together with the National Transcontinental and the Intercolonial, etc., were two years ago formed into the Canadian National Railways. The government refused to take the millstone—the unprofitable Grand Trunk Pacific—from the neck of the profitable Grand Trunk without some counter-concession from Grand Trunk security-holders, and has now ended by buying, at a price fixed by arbitration, the Grand Trunk itself.

The organization for the control and management of this 24,000-mile railroad system is variously described as complicated and clumsy, and as simple and practical. The reader can judge for himself.

There is first the minister of railways and canals, who is a member of the King's Privy Council, that is, a member of the

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government, holding office only so long as his party is in power. Railroad extensions and the building of new facilities, such as a new station, come under his jurisdiction. His relations are the same toward the National Railways and the Canadian Pacific. The fact that this function of approving or disapproving new-railroad building is entirely separated from the organization that manages the National Railways is important. It prevents political pressure being brought to bear on the National Railways management for a new station to please a local politician's constituents, a new line to increase local land values, etc. These demands can be made in a way very hard to resist in a new country like Canada. Taken in the aggregate, they were the cause of three transcontinental railroads being built in Canada, where there is barely business enough for two. At least, however, political pressure must be exerted on a political office-holder and not on the directors of the National Railways, so that in this respect the government-owned roads are under no special disadvantage, as compared with the privately owned Canadian Pacific.

Railroad freight and passenger rates come under the jurisdiction of the Railway Commission, which is a body corresponding to the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States. The National Railways are on a par with the Canadian Pacific before the Railway Commissioners, and therefore as regards rates. Both extensions and rates are a matter of regulation, not management, in Canada as they are now under the Transportation Act in the United States.

We come then to actual management and operation of the Canadian National Railways. Under the president, who it will be remembered is elected by the board of directors, there are vice-presidents in charge of the different departments, traffic, operating, legal and accounting, etc. This is the same form of organization found on privately owned roads both in the United States and Canada.

The vice-president in charge of operation has four assistants—one in charge of maintenance of roadway and track and of additions and betterments, one in charge of mechanical matters relating to locomotives, one in charge of mechanical matters relating to freight and passenger cars, and one an operating man dealing with train movement. The 24,000 miles of line will be divided into lines east and lines west, each with a general manager, and these lines are divided into districts each in charge of a general superintendent who reports directly to the general manager, and to whom report the division superintendents. This is what is known as a divisional organization, and is the form most generally in use in the United States. It differs from the departmental organization in general use in England, principally in that it gives the local man — the division superintendent — fairly broad authority over all departments in his territory. It decentralizes authority. The Canadian Pacific has a divisional organization. The Canadian Northern had a somewhat departmentalized divisional organization, and the Grand Trunk had a departmental organization modelled on the English system.

These seemingly rather technical details are necessary in forming any opinion as to possibilities of success of this Canadian railroad experiment. Nearly all of the bad mistakes made by the McAdoo administration of the United States railroads are directly traceable to the attempt to centralize the management of 260,000 miles of railroad at Washington. It led to nearly all of the labor troubles of the railroads, it led to the breaking down of morale and lowering of individual efficiency in railroad employees, and, most important of all, it led to public dissatisfaction. This dissatisfaction was so heartfelt that it brushed Mr. McAdoo's proposal to extend government operation for two years aside emphatically. Hardly a Congressman dared lift his voice in favor of it. On the other hand, it is largely due to the measure of decentralization in management which A. H. Smith, first assistant to the director-general, McAdoo, was able to preserve through dividing the railroads up into regions each in charge of a regional director, that made the United States Government's experiment in railroad operation a success as compared with its venture into ship-building, aeroplane manufacture, etc.

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The operation of a 300-mile division of a railroad must be co-ordinated with the operation of the rest of the system, it is true, but it is in essence a local affair, and the division superintendent must have sufficient authority to meet local conditions. The organization of the Canadian railways has this principle plainly in view. Is it practical of achievement?

The Harriman lines before the separation of the Union and Southern Pacific formed a railroad system of about 21,000 miles. This system was most successfully managed by one organization. One man was at the head of it all, with his simple staff, consisting of a director of operation, a director of traffic, and a vice-president in charge of accounting. The form of organization gave unusually broad authority and responsibility to the local officers, but what part of the success was due to the form of organization and what part to the unique genius of Mr. Harriman, it is hard to say. An aggregation of railroad lines nearly as vast as that of the proposed Canadian National Railways has been successfully operated under private management.

Heretofore a discussion of government ownership has had to rest on comparisons with private operation where conditions have not been the same. Now in Canada we have government ownership and private ownership competing face to face under identical general conditions. The profits that are made from the operation of the Canadian Pacific are taken away from the people of Canada, and go into the pockets of private investors. The profits that are made from the operation of the Canadian National Railways goes back to the Canadian people. The rates on the two roads are the same. There is, however, a possibility of a considerable difference in service. One road may run more passenger-trains, better equipped, with faster schedules, more regularly lived up to, than the other. One road may handle freight much more expeditiously and with less loss and damage than the other. The road that gives the better service will get the most of and the best of competitive business.

There has been much less well-founded criticism of the service of the Canadian Pacific than there has been of most of the railroads in the United States. American railroad men very generally concede that the Canadian Pacific ranks in respect to service with the very best of American railroads. It is conceivable, but hardly likely, that the Canadian National Railways will greatly raise this standard which has been set by its privately owned competitor. Assuming that the service is equally good on the two roads, then, if both earn a profit, advocates of government ownership would have a most convincing argument in their favor. It is important to recall the fact that it is the matured judgment of the men on whom rests the responsibility of attaining this result, that the best way, in fact the only possible way to do so, is to approximate as nearly as possible private operation.

The experiment is just in its beginning. For two years 17,000 miles of the total of 24,000 miles that will constitute the National Railways has been operated in accordance with these principles. It is the less profitable three-quarters of the whole, however, and the conditions both in Canada and the United States have been most unfavorable to profitable railroad operation. Canada was forced to grant the same wage increases that were granted by the McAdoo railroad administration in the United States and make wages uniform regardless of local cost of living and local wage-scales in other industries. This is said to have borne particularly heavily on the National Railways. During this period, for every dollar of earnings of the National Railways there has been incurred about $1.10 of expenses. On a total revenue of $150,000,000 this would mean a deficit, which the Canadian people would have to make up from taxes, of $15,000,000. But besides this there is the loss of interest on the investment. It is estimated the total income of the system when the Grand Trunk is added to it will be about $225,000,000. The Grand Trunk is about breaking even on revenues and expenses, so that its inclusion in the system will neither add to nor subtract much from the $15,000,000 deficit. At 6 per cent the interest charges on the total investment, which it will be recalled is $1,500,000,000, would be $90,000,000; a total

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yearly loss to the Canadian people of approximately $100,000,000 a year.

Under the same rates and with the same wage-scales, the Canadian Pacific has earned its operating expenses, its fixed interest charges, and 10 per cent profit for the holders of its $260,000,000 common stock.

This comparison is not meant to imply that the Canadian National Railways is foredoomed to be a burden on the Canadian people and a failure. It does, however, emphasize the vastness of the enterprise which Canadian people are involved in and the gravity of the situation. Canada has only about 9,000,000 people. A corresponding loss per person in the United States would be over $1,000,000,000 on the operation and interest charges of half the United States railroad mileage.

One of the encouraging features is that Canadian statesmen and politicians generally have at present a vivid conception of the responsibility which they are under. Railroad freight rates were raised 35 per cent in the West and 30 per cent in the East last year, but automatically, under the order of the commission granting the increase, they were reduced on January 1, 1921, to an increase of 30 per cent in the West and 25 per cent in the East. With an increase in traffic the Canadian National Railways, even under present wage-scales, can, after the Grand Trunk is taken in, make its revenue meet its expenses. The present mood of dead earnestness on the part of politicians and officers and employees is all in the road's favor.

How difficult it is, even under these circumstances, to prevent the thin edge of the wedge of politics from being driven into a government-owned railroad is illustrated by the fight being made over employees taking government office. Trainmen and others whose pay and promotion depend on length of continuous service claim the right to accept a government office when their party is in power and to return, when they lose office, to the railroad at their old job and with their old seniority rights. The railroad management is insisting that if a man takes public office he automatically severs his connection with the railroad company.

The total number of employees on the completed system of the Canadian National Railways will be about 100,000. If these men were to be welded into a political machine with spokesmen in parliament, they would be strong enough to swing an election from one party to the other, and thus impose their class demands almost at will on the other taxpayers of Canada.

We have now in Canada a government-owned railroad competing with a privately owned and operated railroad, well established and prosperous. The government-owned road could never have been built had it depended on private credit to raise private capital. This railroad system contains much duplicate mileage, and is so far in excess of the present needs of the country that the best that can be hoped for in the immediate future is to earn enough revenue to pay actual operating expenses. The prospects are that for many years the Canadian people will have to bear the annual loss, possibly amounting to as much as $10 per man, woman, and child, of interest on the investments. This loss is just as real as if the government paid each year the coupons on bonds issued by a private corporation. The government pays this interest to private investors in and out of Canada who hold government bonds, and must raise the money by taxation.

This loss was inevitable from the time that the government authorized its credit to be used to build railroads that could not be made profitable for many years. By adopting government ownership the state reserves to itself the profits which may be made when the population and traffic of the country have grown up to its railroad facilities. In exchange for this chance of future gain the Canadian people are carrying the risk that, despite all good intentions to the contrary, the well-recognized evils of political railroad management may befall them.

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THE ALTAR ROCK

By Edwin C. Dickenson
Author of "The She-Quitter"

ILLUSTRATION BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

IT was old Babuquivari that got us started. She stood up against the sky-line like she was in our back yard, instead of fifty miles away. It's funny the way a mountain pulls at a man. Every night I used to walk down by the picket-line after mess and watch the sun set behind the "Lady's Needle." Babuquivari would shoot up out of that glory of red and gold like she was made of cool velvet. You felt like laying your cheek against her. Once in a while you would see her with the tip of the "Needle" broken off when a cloud floated across. She seemed to call to you, and you had a feeling that you wouldn't be satisfied to leave the country until you had paid her a visit.

I am telling you this so you won't be surprised when I say that Joe and I were saving up our time when the other men were getting passes to Tucson, with the hope of getting the Old Man to give us a few days off to climb her. We had got our plans all laid when Campbell, the cow-puncher, came along one night and side-tracked them.

We were doing guard duty that night on the picket-line when Campbell rode in on his white cayuse. He had promised the Old Man to take the troop on some new trail the next day, and we were telling him how sore we were because the troop was to start before the new guard went on.

"Cheer up," he said with a grin, "I'll take you down into Rattlesnake Valley some day and let you climb the Thimble."

"How about the Needle over there?" asked Joe, nodding toward old Babuquivari, standing up against the stars like a dog-tooth.

"A white man has climbed that," answered Campbell, "although they say he never came down to tell about it. But none has ever got to the top of the Thimble."

We had heard that yarn before about Babuquivari, but it didn't make it any less interesting to us. Yet I knew that if we could get Campbell to go with us it would make it just so much easier to win over the captain, for Campbell was a great favorite with him.

"Where is Rattlesnake Valley and what is the Thimble?" I asked.

"Down near the border, and the Thimble is a butte sticking up in the middle of it like a quoit peg."

"More fun climbing Babuquivari," I argued. "There's a dead man on top of that."

"And what do you think is on top of the Thimble?" Campbell came back quick.

"Nothing, if no one ever got up there," said Joe.

"I said no *white* man ever climbed it," countered Campbell. "That don't include *women*, does it?"

Joe looked him up and down.

"Say, Campbell," he drawled, kind of dry, "just because we happen to come from the other side of the Mississippi it don't mean that we are targets for any of that stuff."

The cow-puncher got mad at that.

"I reckon there ain't anything you fellows don't know," he snorted, and started for the captain's tent.

Just then the Old Man's "*Border Boy*" got hung up, and it took both Joe and me to unsnap the halter-shank. By the time we got the big brute straightened out Campbell was out of call.

Joe and I talked it over down at the farther end of the picket-line after we had made our count of the horses and tallied them up.

We were pretty sure the cow-punch was jollying us, but, as Joe said, there would be some fun in calling his bluff. He had told some pretty stiff ones to the officers, which had leaked along down through

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the captain's orderly, but there was no one thereabouts who knew the country as he did and no one had made him out a liar at least.

So we waited for him out by the forage tent that same night when our relief was on and told him we hadn't meant any offense, but we had been told so many things since we had been down in the desert country that we were just naturally leery.

I guess the captain had taken pretty good care of him, for he warmed up at once and told us more about the Thimble that was harder to swallow than the other.

It seems the Thimble was one of the old Aztec altar-places. Campbell put it at about a thousand feet high. Its sides were squared like a monument, and how any one could climb it was beyond him, for the sides were so smooth that the mesquite bushes couldn't cling to them. Yet every so often a cow-man would see smoke drifting off the top of it.

The woman part of the story was the stiffest of all. Campbell claimed to have got this from a Mexican who had lived among the Yaquis most of his life. It seems there was an altar on top of the Thimble that was kept lighted by an Indian girl. She lived there alone for a year, though how she got there the Mexican didn't know. At the end of the year another was sent up to take her place and she was "made a bride to the gods," as he put it. That is, she had to jump off the top of the butte to the plain below. The Mexican claimed to have seen one of these "brides" after she had landed, and from the way he told it, Campbell said, she might have got in the way of a steam-roller.

The Mexican had been looking for a way up, when a party of his Yaqui friends came along and opened fire on him. They ran him out of the country, and love or money wouldn't make him go back.

We had had our lesson, so we swallowed this yarn without batting an eyelid and got Campbell to promise to take us down to have a look at the Thimble. Then we put it up to the captain a few days later.

He wouldn't hear of it at first, although we didn't tell him all that Campbell had said. He was afraid we would get mixed up with the Yaquis and Washington would take a hand in it. But we had brought Campbell along, and the cow-punch won him over. We had to leave our Springfields and Colts behind, though, and ride cayuses of Campbell's instead of our good old cavalry *caballos*.

We got away one noon after mess and the troop all gathered around to see us off. The ponies we rode kicked with all four legs, and when they didn't kick they bit. Joe's nearly bucked him off when one of his squad touched it up with a lariat end, but we got clear of them at last, though not before they had given us all kinds of talk about climbing the Thimble.

We got into the mountains that afternoon and followed the old Ora Blanca Trail, which we had been over before. But Campbell struck off this into a cañon just before dark, and we halted at a pool a few hundred yards in and cooked our supper.

After mess I started to shake out my blanket-roll, but Campbell stopped me.

"I reckon we'll have to make a night march of this," he said. "We're likely to run into a bunch of Yaquis in the daytime and that wouldn't be healthy with this small party."

So we threw the saddles back on our cayuses and set out again just as the moon came up out of the Mexican mountains.

I thought afterward that I had rather tackle that trail at night than by day. We climbed out of the cañon through a rift and went winding up the side of a mountain that seemed to go clear to heaven. We had been sore because the Old Man wouldn't let us take our own horses, but I could see now that a ten-hundred-pound cavalry horse couldn't find room for his feet on some of those ledges Campbell led us along. Half the time my near foot would be rubbing the side of a cliff while my off was sticking out over a mile or so of Arizona air. Joe, who rode ahead of me, nearly passed out with fright when his animal stumbled on a loose stone and went down to his knees. It didn't bother the cayuse much, though. He just picked himself up and ambled along as if he had been on a sand road in the valley.

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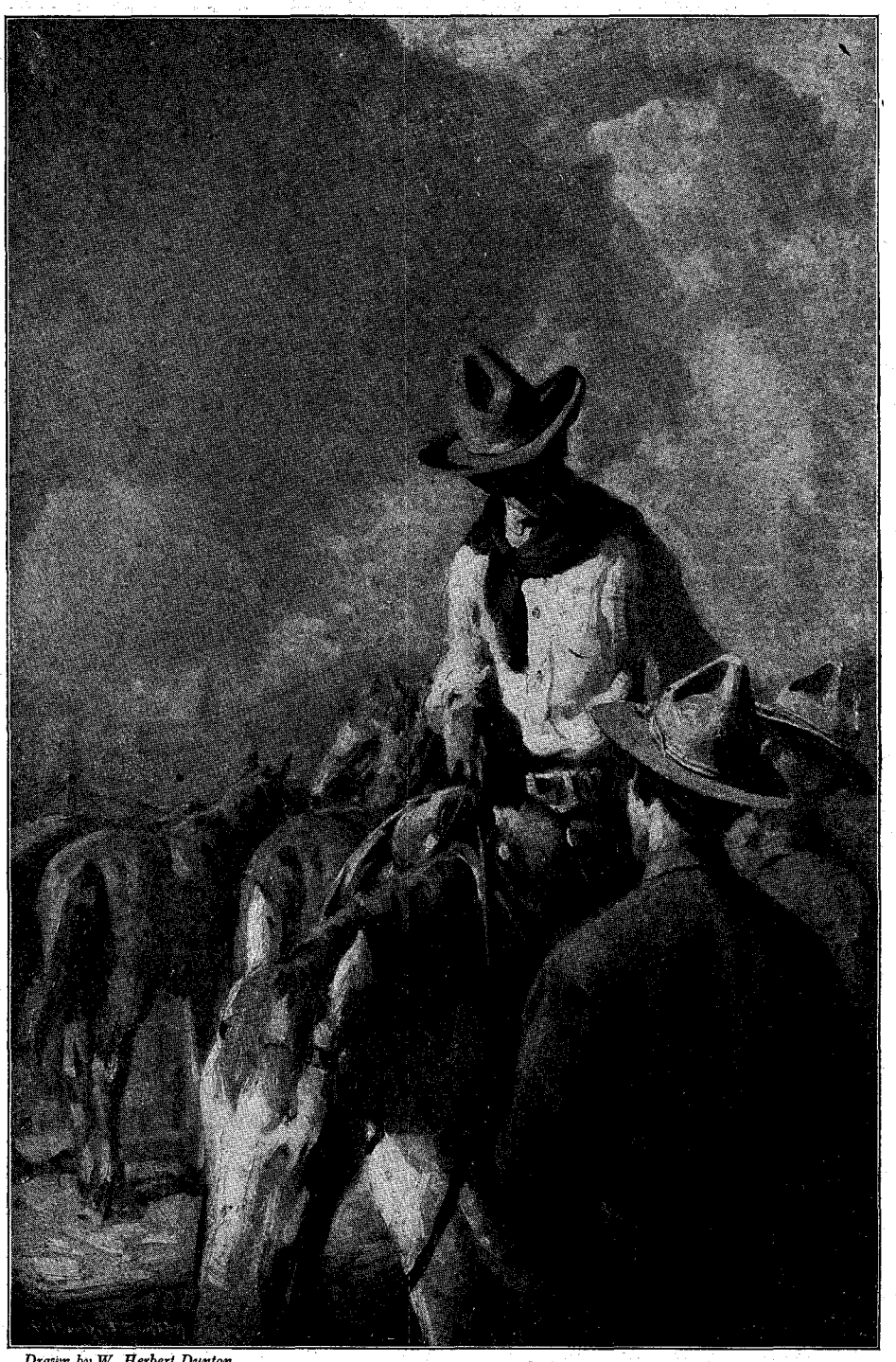

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

"Cheer up, . . . I'll take you down into Rattlesnake Valley some day."—Page 433.

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It didn't appear to bother Campbell any either. He just casually looked around and kept on jigging along in that running walk that those cayuses take on a long march.

We came out on top of the mountain at last, and it seemed as though we could see half-way down into Mexico. Range after range stretched away in the moonlight, all as cold and lonesome as if we had been the first ones to see them. It sent a shiver through me, and I felt as though I hadn't any business there, which I hadn't.

But Campbell pointed out a hollow 'way off to the right that lay so deep in the shadows you couldn't see the bottom of it and said that Rattlesnake Valley lay there.

Then we started down the mountain. It was bad enough climbing it, but you could twist both hands in your cayuse's mane and hang on when it got too steep. But, going down, the Mexican saddle wouldn't let you lie back, and all you could do was to get as good a knee grip as you could and push back on the pommel, letting the cayuse guide himself. Mostly you were looking on down over his head into the pit below and wondering how he could keep his footing and what would happen if he couldn't. Sometimes he didn't, and would slide with his forefeet out in front of him like a dog on ice. But he always brought up somehow or other, and even took some of the trail at the trot when the other horses got too far ahead of him.

It was a cool night up in those mountains, but when I pulled up beside Campbell and Joe in the dry bed of a ravine I was wringing wet!

I started to say something, but Campbell shut me up. "Cut out the talking," he whispered hoarsely, "and don't knock over any more loose stones than you have to. This cañon leads into the valley." He took up the march again and we followed him.

The ravine we were in couldn't have been more than a dozen feet wide and it was so deep that I could hardly see Joe as he rode a few feet ahead of me. It was rocky underfoot, and the mesquite bushes reached out from the sides and tore at your clothes with their thorns. It wound in and out like a snake, but seemed to widen as we went on.

We had ridden on for some minutes when my cayuse came to a sudden stop and I saw that Joe had stopped ahead of me. I looked on beyond him. The ravine had opened into a valley. I believed everything that Campbell had told us then and was ready to believe more, for sticking right up in the middle of the valley, as though it had been punched up through the earth, was a lofty finger of rock. The moon just over high mountains to the east played on the top of it like a spot-light. Below, it faded away into the gloom of the valley. It stood, four square, for all the world like a monument in a park, only the monument was bigger and more savage and the valley wilder than anything I had ever seen or hope to see. If a girl had walked out on the edge and jumped off I wouldn't have been surprised.

But nothing like that happened. It just stood there like a sentry in the valley, and I wondered how long it had stood there and how many things it had seen. All that country is cruel, but this seemed the cruelest thing in it, and I don't mind saying that if Campbell or Joe had said, "We've seen it. Let's go home," I wouldn't have raised a peep against it.

But the cow-punch got off his horse and Joe and I followed suit, joining him at the mouth of the ravine.

"What do you think of it now?" he whispered. "Ain't it a beauty?"

"It's as handsome as my grandfather's tombstone," growled Joe.

"Got you buffaloed, eh?" said Campbell. "Wait until you see it by daylight."

"It can't come any too soon to suit me," I owned up.

"Well, now you are here, do you reckon to look it over or shall we take the back trail?" he asked, with kind of a sneer.

We couldn't stand for that, of course, being *soldats*.

"I'm ready to go anywhere you'll take me," said Joe.

"Give me the same," I put in.

"Come on, then," said Campbell.

He took his rifle out of its boot, slipped

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his reins over one arm, and set out close to the east wall of the valley in the shadow. We shuffled through the sand after him, cussing out the captain for making us leave our Colts and Springfields behind.

We about half-circled the big rock, craning our necks up like a couple of hicks in the Big City, when Campbell stopped again.

"Notice anything?" he whispered as we came up. I hadn't.

"All I notice is that there ain't anything to notice," Joe grunted.

"Don't you smell smoke?" snapped Campbell. "You fellows want to remember there are a few things down here that you can't see with your eyes."

I had smelled mesquite burning, but I was so used to it about camp I hadn't really sensed it. I admitted as much to Campbell. He wetted a finger and held it up to get the direction of the wind. I never had much luck this way, but Campbell claimed it came from the direction of the Thimble, and so the smell of the smoke must come from the same place.

The valley was as quiet as a cemetery, which I had been comparing it to since Joe spoke of his grandfather's tombstone. As for any signs of life, the Thimble might have been painted there, it was so silent.

The valley was maybe a quarter of a mile wide here and the Thimble about half-way across, but between us and it the sand stretched without even a mesquite bush for cover and the moonlight was creeping down the shaft, making it lighter every minute.

We talked it over before making the next move. It didn't seem as though any one could be within miles of the place, and Joe and I were for mounting up and riding over to the big stone. But Campbell wouldn't listen to it. Where there was smoke there must be humans. Our horses would give us away. There was nothing to it but we must crawl over, leaving one man as horse tender at that.

We drew lots with broken matches, and, of course, it was my luck to have to stay behind. I led the horses into a thicket of mesquite close to the wall of the valley and watched Campbell and Joe hitch across in the shadow until they were lost to sight against the base of the cliff. If any one saw them he kept quiet about it, for the valley was as silent as ever.

I had heard a lot about these cayuses that will stand until they starve when the reins are "tied to the ground." Perhaps they will for the man that owns them. I had seen Campbell do it with his—just throw the reins over his horse's head and let them trail on the sand and the cayuse would never move. I thought I would try it with these animals while I rolled a cigarette.

And they didn't move very far from me. I remembered that I could not light the cigarette after I had rolled it, and bent over to pick up the reins of my own mount. He presented the business end right off and I just dodged his heels. Then I tried Campbell's horse and got a wallop in the thigh that made me sit down and take the count. By the time I had got up all their animals were well into the mesquite thicket, snipping away at the prickly branches as though it was alfalfa. I limped after them and found they had gone on into a blind cañon that opened into the valley wall. The bunchgrass grew thick here and the cayuses settled down for a good meal.

Joe's animal was the nearest to me, and as I hadn't tried him and he looked to be pretty well occupied, I walked right up to him.

He wheeled on me when I was a yard away and I went to sleep.

When I came to, a young girl was bending over me. Her eyes were big and dark and scared. I thought I was in heaven at first and she was a female angel. But then she drew back with a jump and I guessed that she was a Yaqui from the breadth of her face, but a prettier one than I had ever seen.

The moon was gone, but it was light, and looking about I saw that it was the first gray of dawn. I tried to get to my feet, and sank back with a groan—the cayuse had caught me in the region of the solar plexus, and if he had been shod I guess it would have been all over with me.

As it was, I was just sore and stiffened up a bit, and on a second try got to my

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knees and then to my feet. When I looked around I found myself alone. The girl was gone.

I had begun to think that part of it was a dream when I noticed a hole in the cañon wall not a dozen feet away and two eyes looking out of it at me like a cottontail's.

I walked toward the opening, and the eyes disappeared. When I got there all I saw was a dark hole that ran straight in, about the height of a man and no wider, and empty.

"Hello!" I called. "Don't be scared. Come out. No one's going to eat you."

But the girl didn't come and I didn't much blame her, because, on thinking it over, I guessed that she didn't savvy English and, being an Indian, might not have believed me if she had.

I ought to have gone back then and hunted up Joe and Campbell, but being just an ordinary man, and curious, I stepped in the hole.

It was cold and clammy inside and blacker than the ace of spades, but I kept on for a few steps, feeling of the walls on either side of me and putting down my feet kind of cautious ahead. Then I couldn't find bottom with my forefoot and it gave me quite a shiver. I felt all around and down as far as I could reach without losing my balance, but my foot waved around in space. There wasn't anything there.

It was funny where the girl had gone. Perhaps she had fallen in, I thought. If I only had a light I could have seen. And then I remembered I did have a light—a box of matches in my pocket—and I was reaching for them when I heard voices outside. I turned around in the passage and looked out. Three Yaquis, each with a gun, had dismounted in the ravine and were walking toward the opening.

I didn't know what to do at that. I felt like a trapped rat. I knew that these Indians would shoot me out of hand in this place for the shirt on my back.

I had about made up my mind to try that hole again when I nearly jumped out of my skin, for something soft struck me on top of the head.

I ducked and looked up, expecting to see a rattler. Instead, there was the girl looking down at me from a ledge. She had reached over and struck me with her hand.

"Quick!" she said. "Climb up here."

I didn't take time to wonder how it was she spoke better English than I did. I made a jump for the ledge, found a foothold that I hadn't noticed was there, and swung myself up. The girl had me by the hand before I was fairly on my feet.

"Hurry," she said, and led me away in the dark, just as I heard the sound of footsteps at the entrance to the hole.

It looked like the shaft of an old mine along which the girl led me.

How she could find her way was a puzzle to me, but on she went without a misstep, and I trailed along behind her, feeling rather foolish and a bit ashamed to be led like a small boy.

Then we came to a turn in the passage and she stopped. "Listen!" she whispered, and listen we did.

It was as still as the grave and altogether too much like it to suit me.

"Say, what's the idea?" I whispered after a while. It sounded like the croak of a frog. She had let go of my hand now and I couldn't see her even, but I could hear her breathing close to me.

"The idea is that if they find you here they will kill you," she said short-like.

"I know that," I came back; "but what's that to you and where did you learn to talk like a college professor?"

She gave a low laugh at that. "Because they will kill me, too—if they find you here. As to your second question, I suppose I talk English like a college professor because it was from college professors that I learned English."

I whistled at this. "Ain't you the Indian girl that woke me up?" I asked, pretty much puzzled.

"Yes—but even Indian girls can go to college, you know," she answered, a bit stiff.

"That's all right," I said, "but you don't usually find that kind hiding in caves down around Sonora."

I don't know what she would have said to that, but just then there came a flare down the tunnel from the way we had come and there stood one of the Yaquis, not a hundred yards away, with a lighted match in his fingers.

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We could see him better than he could see us. I guess he didn't see us at all, as far as that goes, although he may have heard us whispering.

But, anyway, the girl grabbed my hand again and pulled me along after her.

We were going down-hill now, bearing off to the left. I wouldn't have dared go along at the pace the girl led me if I had been alone. She either knew her way pretty well or had eyes like a cat. First and last, she had me thinking more about her than I did about the Yaquis behind us. The hand I held had never pounded corn with a boulder or scrubbed clothes in an alkali stream. I could tell that easy enough. It was smaller and softer than any white girl's I ever held, and as for her voice, in the dark it sounded like a society girl's, with its "ahs" and drawls.

"Say, would you mind telling me where I am going?" I asked, after we had been walking for some minutes.

"Where no white man has been before," she came back short.

"Thanks," I answered sort of peeved. I let go of her hand and stopped.

"What! You are not afraid?" she asked scornfully.

"I haven't got any kick against my kind," I answered. "Where white folks are is plenty good enough for me."

She didn't say anything for a minute then. "I have half a mind to go and let you stay and be killed," she said.

"Don't you worry too much about that either," I came back. "I have never been killed before and I don't intend to be now."

She didn't say anything to that right away. Perhaps she was thinking.

"After all," she said, "I don't want you killed. In the first place it would mean my death, too; in the second I have been taught that it isn't right. So I'll tell you. I am taking you to the top of the Thimble."

I whistled again. "Don't do that," she ordered. "I should think that would be one of the first things they taught you soldiers—not to whistle in the presence of the enemy."

"You're right," I said, "lead on. Only let me hold your hand again."

"Perhaps it would be safer if you had both hands free," she answered sort of sarcastic. "I will tell you when we reach any obstacles."

I didn't like that a bit, but there was nothing else to do, so I followed along after her in the dark.

We kept on going down until we struck a level. Then we must have gone ahead several hundred yards along this when the girl called out: "Steep rise."

It was steep—so steep that I stumbled and fell into the girl, nearly knocking her down.

"Clumsy!" she scolded. "For that you can go first."

That made me rather mad, for how was I to know where to put my feet? But I started ahead. "Follow the left wall," said the girl, and feeling my way along the rocky wall, I began to climb. And I don't mind saying that I felt like a diver who had gone down deeper than he meant to. I couldn't get to the surface any too quick to suit me.

I began to get dizzy and tired after a while and I reckoned it was because we were going round and round inside the Thimble. Then it seemed to grow lighter and I speeded up, thinking we were nearing the top.

But it wasn't—only a sort of loophole in the solid rock. It slanted downward and gave me a dizzy feeling, for it pointed right up the valley like a gun-barrel, and the wall was so thick that all you could see was a round circle just covering the entrance to the cañon.

I stood there with my eye to it for a minute or more until the girl spoke up.

"No use of wasting your time here," she said. "There's a better view on top."

I looked around at her and it gave me a sort of shock. In the dark, talking as she did, I had almost made up my mind that she must be white. But she wasn't. She was brown, all right, although no browner than many a white girl at a seashore resort. Her cheek-bones gave her away, though. Except for that she would have been a pippin.

"Ain't you tired?" I asked.

"Tired? No. Why should I be?"

I tried to whistle again, but I didn't have wind enough. "Say," I said, for there was no getting away from it, she was plucky, "I take back anything I may have said to hurt your feelings.

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You're all right. Would you mind telling me why you are here?"

"You are a Yankee, I should say, from your speech," she answered, "and they say that a Yankee always answers a question by asking another. Suppose you tell me first why you are here."

That seemed fair enough. I told her about Joe and Campbell and the story the puncher had told us that brought us down here.

She was silent for some time when I had got through. Then, "That explains pretty much everything," she said.

"So it's true?" I asked her, wondering if old Campbell had hit it straight after all.

She shrugged her shoulders sort of like a Mex.

"I will tell you all I know," she answered. "You know what women are among the Yaqui—beasts of the field, slaves, chattels of the men." She seemed to get bitter as she went along.

"Every so often a young girl disappeared and never came back. That much my mother told me before she died ten years ago and I went East to school. But I had forgotten all about that. When my father died they sent for me to come back. As his daughter I was the head of the tribe.

"If I had been satisfied to sit in my 'dobe hut and take what was given me, I suppose everything would have been all right. But my father was a chief. He ruled his people rightly but sternly. I tried to do the same.

"Even among your people it seems to be the thing for a woman to be seen and not heard in public. You can imagine what it might be in an Indian tribe. My orders were laughed at and not obeyed. Crimes went unpunished and lives and cattle were no longer safe. My uncle urged me to marry the chief of a tribe in the next valley whom I had never seen. But I didn't care to marry. I had seen enough of men as it was. Then my uncle deserted me. Night before last I was attacked, bound and blindfolded, and carried to the opening. There I was left, still bound, and told that one would come to release me and 'instruct' me. That puzzled me a great deal, but it appears plain enough now.

"I wore the thong that bound my hands through on a rock and looked out the opening. Two men were on guard, so I followed the windings of this tunnel until I had reached the top. I think it was the top, at least, for there was a big boulder that filled it, and through the chinks between it and the walls of the tunnel I could see the sky. So I climbed down again in the hope of escaping the way I had come in. The guard was gone. Perhaps they had seen you and your friends and went to give warning. I slipped out and stumbled over you."

I guess I was too much surprised to whistle even when she had finished.

"But what's the use of climbing to the top of the tunnel if it is blocked?" I asked.

She looked me over.

"I thought perhaps you could move the stone," she answered.

I saw then why she had made me so welcome. Don't think because I was taking in the Indian girl's story with both ears that my eyes weren't busy, too. I knew if we could find our way up that tunnel in the dark, so could some one else.

So I watched the hole that ran slanting into pitch black up which we had come while the girl was talking.

She had said her say and I was just about to ask her one or two things on my own hook when, as noiseless as a cat, a big Yaqui buck covered the lighted space between us and had his arms around me.

I am in the heavy-weight class myself and know a few things about the mat and the ring, but that Indian put some kind of a jiu-jitsu on me and had me down on my face with my right arm bent like a bow up my back.

I yelled at that. I couldn't help it and tried to kick him off. Then some one grabbed my legs and I felt a noose tighten around them.

The big Indian let go of me then and I turned over and sat up with my legs bound to the knees.

The first thing I noticed was the girl. She had shrunk back against the wall of the shaft. But she didn't look scared. Her chin was up and her eyes snapped. The big buck stood beside her looking down at me while a third Indian held the end of a lariat, ready to pull my feet out from under me, I suppose, if I tried to get up.

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I wasn't over the pain of my arm by any means and was mad enough to eat the big Indian.

"You'll pay for this, you big stiff," I yelled at him.

Believe it or not, he grinned at me then, and I saw that good United States was wasted on him.

"If I had you in the open—" I went on.

"Yes? What then?" he asked, and all I could do was to stare at him. It was getting to a pretty pass when the Indians were talking better English than the whites, I thought. The girl was surprised, too. I could see that. I looked from her back to him. There was something about him that reminded me of some one I knew, even if he was an Indian.

"Who are you, anyway?" I asked.

"It's none of your business, of course," he answered as easily as you please. "On the other hand, I don't know any harm it can do to tell you. My name is Little Big Sun."

The girl cried out at that, but I hardly noticed it, for I was trying to think where I had heard that name before.

The big fellow turned to the girl then. "Sorry to make you all this trouble, Miss Cañon-Lily. Your uncle told me your people had taken the bit in their teeth and carried you here, so I rode over to see if I could be of assistance."

It came to me then, "Little Big Sun," or I thought it did.

"Say," I asked, "did you ever play football?"

"Several times," he answered.

"And do you know what a pentathlon is?"

He grinned again. "I see you know me," he said.

And I did. Carlisle; all-American guard; intercollegiate winner of the pentathlon; the Indian that had beat all the white hopes at their own sports—and down here in cotton shirt and buckskin breeches leading a Yaqui band!

I looked again at the girl. She was as droopy as a schoolgirl now.

"I—I had not any idea that you were the chief of the Green Valley Yaqui," she stammered, as coy as you please. "They told me nothing of that."

"They wouldn't," he said. "My training is a fault, not an asset, down here. But I had heard of you, and was sorry you did not care to—meet me."

Then they both laughed, just as though they had been white. "You must admit that the proposition was rather elemental," she cooed.

"Yes, there is something to be said for the more—conventional way of the whites." They were looking each other over pretty thoroughly by that time, and I could see they were getting along fast.

"On the other hand," he went on slowly, "there are your people to consider, and—well, our people have always done it that way and I don't remember of any divorces, do you?"

She hung her head again at that.

"I might do it for the—sake of my people," she admitted, talking pretty low.

He was silent a minute and she looked up at him again. I think they must have hypnotized each other then, for he said: "Would that be the only reason?"

"I can think of another, too," she came back. And even I knew what she meant from the look she gave him.

They shook hands then as though to seal the bargain and he turned to me.

"What shall we do with your friend?" he asked, as though I had been a sack of oats.

"He is—no worse than his kind, at least," she answered, throwing me down cold. "You might let him join his friends on condition he will leave the valley at once and not come back."

"Very well," he agreed. He got off some guttural talk to the Indian who had trussed me up, and the buck untied me and motioned me to follow him.

"Say," I asked, "aren't you going to let me see the top now I am as far as this?"

He stiffened up at this. "We've got more important things to do than to satisfy your curiosity," he said short-like.

"But we will release the girl?" she interrupted him. He said something to her in Yaqui then and she nodded her head. Then he motioned to his man to take me away.

There was nothing I could do, so I went.

"Sorry I can't send you a wedding-present," I said sour-like.

He didn't like that, but the girl only

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laughed; then they turned and went on up the passage while I followed the Yaqui down.

My guide took me up to the top of the big mountain we had crossed the night before. It was dark again by that time. He stopped a short distance away from a camp-fire and made signs for me to go to it.

I did—and nearly got shot by Campbell, who took me for an Indian.

"Where have you been?" asked Joe.

"I took a little walk to the top of the Thimble," I said easy-like, and I told them what had happened.

"I've got to hand it to you men from the East," said Campbell when I had finished. "I have to spend my time making up my lies, but you go to sleep and dream them."

I knew then how he felt that night at the picket-line when we had doubted him, and it didn't help his disposition that the Yaquis had run him and Joe out of the valley.

"All right," I said. "We'll get the captain to take the troop down there and I'll show you the tunnel."

"If I were you I wouldn't tell the captain anything about it," said Campbell. "The facts are, I got over a mile or two into Mexico, and he might not like to know it."

He didn't need to say any more. It meant court martial if we were caught over the line.

Some time when our time is up Joe and I mean to find out just what is on top of the Thimble. Meanwhile we'll leave it to Little Big Sun and Cañon-Lily.

AMBUSHING LIONS AT NIGHT

By John T. Coolidge, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"YOU will have to flatfoot it to the Lumi," said Percival, the game-ranger. "A mule would be killed by the fly, and there is no water for three days. But there is plenty of game and a good chance for lions. You photographers can't afford to frighten the game by shooting, otherwise I would not tell you the good places."

"A good chance for lions," thought I. "Lumi it will be, tsetse fly or no tsetse fly."

I put twenty Wakamba and Kikuyu porters on the train, and we clattered through the Athi plains on our way to Voi.

"Do you expect to find lions? Well, I have spent four years here without a glimpse of one," said an occupant of my compartment. Half an hour later, near Sultan Hamud station, another fellow traveller suggested that our friend take a look out of the window, if he had never seen a lion. Scarcely a hundred yards away we beheld the spectacle of a lifetime. A cow giraffe stood over her calf, making clumsy forward kicks at a lioness which crouched on the ground in menacing fashion, awaiting an opportunity to seize the baby. The lioness was far too agile to be caught by the hoofs, which were occasionally striking the poor little calf. The train was running slowly enough to permit me to jump off with my camera, but unfortunately the lioness became alarmed and slunk off into the long grass. The poor calf was suffering from a broken leg and scratches on the head and neck. I thought it best to put it out of pain with my six-shooter and report the occurrence to the game-ranger.

I walked to Sultan Hamud, and took a freight next day to Voi, whence a runner was sent to collect ten Wataita water-carriers. These arrangements completed, I had my tent pitched and settled down patiently to the reading of a stout book, for the East cannot be hustled.

On the evening of the third day, a group of eleven half-naked, unwashed savages

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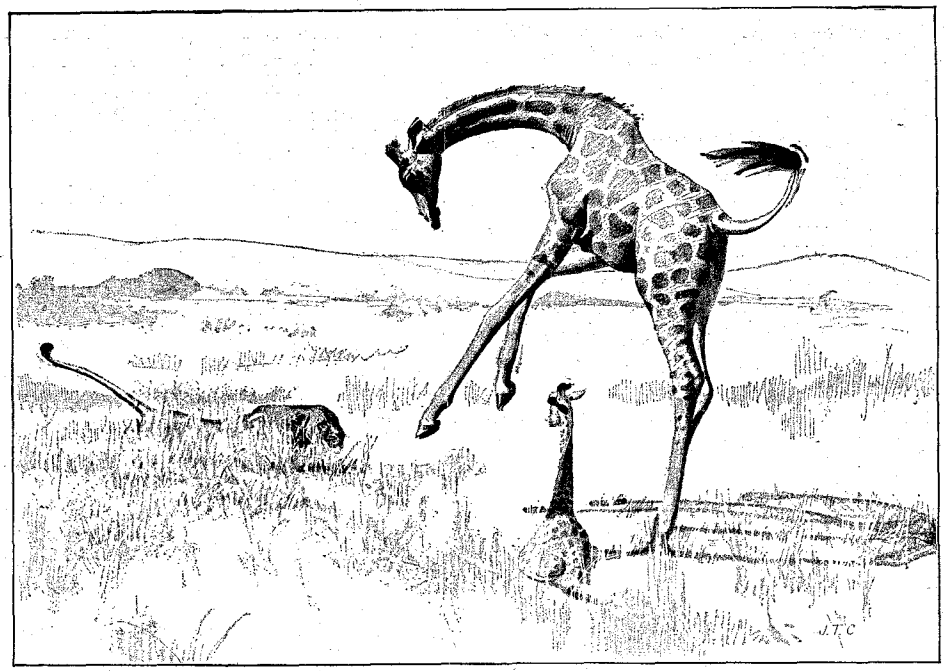

A cow giraffe stood over her calf, making clumsy forward kicks at a lioness.—Page 442.

collected, scowling at me, in front of the tent door. Their leader was a half-starved little creature, less intelligent than any of the others, but clothed with due regard to his prominence in a fez and khaki jacket. The only reason I could discover for his position was his inability to carry a load. My porters from up-country were scornful of these Wataita, and the two contingents had to be handled separately, each with its own head man. There was general rejoicing in expectation of starting out over the trail to Kilimanjaro in the morning. Once in the bush, the boys would have meat, and meat is a greater attraction to them than wages.

It was still dark next morning when we struck tents, distributed the various burdens, and filed out of Voi in long procession to the southward. The trail was not difficult to follow in the darkness, thanks to the almost impenetrable wall of bush on each side, which prevented deviation from the path. The sun rose with that suddenness so peculiar to Africa, disclosing the nature of the wilderness through which we were travelling. Towering candelabra-trees rose above the surrounding tangle of parched bush-veldt intertwined with an impassable mesh of brambles and creepers. Here and there a giant baobab, its meagre foliage out of all proportion to its distorted trunk, defied the severest drought to exhaust its reservoir of moisture. In the more favored spots a few bushes were still in leaf in spite of the withering sun. Here also a variety of grasses, cacti, clustered green bayonets of hemp, and rambling vines of purple or white trumpet-shaped flowers made the best of what moisture remained from the last rains.

A march of twelve miles brought us to a clearing, affording a distant view of a winding river lined with banana palms, orange and cocoanut trees. Across the river were the huts of the native village of Mwatate. This was a sufficient journey for unseasoned porters at the start, especially as the Wataita, being near their homes, could escape into the bush if discouraged by too hard a march on the first day. The arrival of a white man aroused no little curiosity among the black inhabitants, most of whom were lounging about the store of an Indian merchant who displayed tempting rows of beads, brass wire, broken umbrellas, machetes

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and sheath-knives from Sheffield, empty Standard oil tins, and calico from Fall River of patterns designed to please the savage taste.

I do not propose to relate the discomforts of the next three days in waterless camps, or the events during weeks spent searching the Seringetti plains for lions, or to tell of many nights in hiding beside baits which the lions were too wary to approach. Instead I shall confine my narrative to those exceptional occasions when I did come across the king of beasts.

Near a thorn hiding-place which I had built at a salt-lick, some lions pulled down a zebra one evening a few yards from the blind and spent the night devouring it. An hour before sunrise I was on my way to the lick, accompanied by Karanja, a Kikuyu, bearing a cinematograph, both of us unaware of what had happened earlier in the night. The lions were in a hollow concealed from us by a small ridge. As we ascended this rise, approaching the lick quietly from the down-wind side, we noticed the outline of a jackal against the night sky, but attached no significance to it. Suddenly, when I reached the crest, with the native a few yards behind, a whiff of carrion reached me, causing me to stop short, as I was quite unarmed and not anxious to intrude upon lions without a rifle. Immediately there followed some angry, deep grunts and low rumbling growls in front, and I distinguished in the dusk, not twenty yards away, five lions on the carcass of a zebra, eying us with jaws hanging open and ears pricked forward, their heads cocked slightly to one side and their five tails lashing back and forth.

The situation was extremely awkward, as to have turned and run would have been the surest way to encourage an attack. The only course was to stand fast, pretending not to be concerned, in hopes that the lions would be bluffed into retreating. They remained for what seemed an unendurable length of time, voicing their anger at being disturbed with deep rumblings, while I cast wistful glances to the side to take account of the trees close at hand, but found nothing large enough to climb.

Karanja was as much at his ease as if the lions had been so many rabbits, thanks to an unreasoning confidence which natives have in a white man's ability to save them from any emergency. He sauntered leisurely up until he was abreast of me, contemplating the troop of lions with an expression of the utmost scorn. Perhaps this had its effect in dispersing them, for animals have remarkable intuition in discovering whether or not a man is afraid, and are encouraged to attack a wavering or retreating adversary, whereas they prefer to avoid an encounter with one who shows no fear of them. If they discovered by my demeanor that I was anxious to be elsewhere, and only stood my ground because I feared the consequence of a retreat, they must have been awed by the ill-judged confidence of the native, who, no doubt, would have bolted for a tree had he been alone. At last, after finding that their threatening grunts failed to move us from the spot, they began to stare with less determination, glancing occasionally over their shoulders, as if contemplating retreat, until at last a young lioness turned slowly around and paced off through the grass, to be followed by the other four at a slow gallop.

How I longed for the Winchester uselessly hanging to a tent-pole in camp! To feel the cold steel barrel makes every difference in one's confidence in the presence of dangerous game. Unarmed, I was crippled and helpless, without even the comfort of having something to do, however ineffectual, in case of emergency. Furthermore, one of the lions had a fairly good mane and made an easy target at twenty yards. Thereafter I resolved always to carry a rifle slung to my shoulder, even when encumbered by the camera, preferring to leave gun-bearers behind, as they did not understand the purpose of the cinematograph, and often interfered by showing themselves or making a noise at the wrong time.

This good resolution never to go unarmed was soon waived in view of the annoyance of carrying additional gear in the hot sun. Only a few days after I had returned to the practice of leaving the Winchester behind, except when actually hunting for meat, I had occasion to climb a rocky kopje with Karanja. We made no noise in crossing these rocks, as Karanja's feet were bare and mine were shod with sneakers. Karanja, who was a few paces ahead of me, suddenly became in-

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tensely interested in something on the ground in front of him. He turned to me, eyes sparkling and mouth wide open, whispering in Swahili: "Lions." Sure enough, there were three lionesses asleep in a depression between the rocks, only ten yards from Karanja, and fifteen yards ahead of me. Again no rifle! But this was not so alarming in broad daylight, as before.

I came up to Karanja and attempted to set up the cinematograph which he carried. This made an accidental grating sound as the tripod slipped against a rock, and we heard the familiar rumbling grunt of a startled lion. One of the lionesses was on her feet, looking up, with nose wrinkled and fangs bared. The two others awoke like a flash, and leaped up, dropping their jaws and swinging their tails exactly like the troop of five in the dark. Had we been in a menagerie, we could not have had a better opportunity to observe animals in every detail, at close range with no obstruction to conceal them. They hesitated for a few seconds, then quickly trotted down the farther side of the hill.

To our astonishment, a male lion suddenly galloped into the open from behind a high rock, stopping short when he discovered us at the exact spot where the lionesses had been sleeping. Pausing only long enough to take a quick look at us and growl angrily, he turned away, sprang from rock to rock, and disappeared down the hillside. No sooner was he out of sight than a cub as large as an ordinary cat appeared from behind the high rock, clumsily scrambling with his large, ill-proportioned paws in our direction, over the stones. He took no notice of us until he was only five yards away, whereupon he suddenly discovered the intrusion and started baring his fangs, assuming a threatening demeanor, as if confident that he could frighten us away. His boldness far surpassed that of the full-grown lions.

When the first lioness had started down the hill I had felt no further concern, as I knew that the others, no matter how

One of the porters carrying a load of hides to camp was halted by a lion and forced to make a detour.

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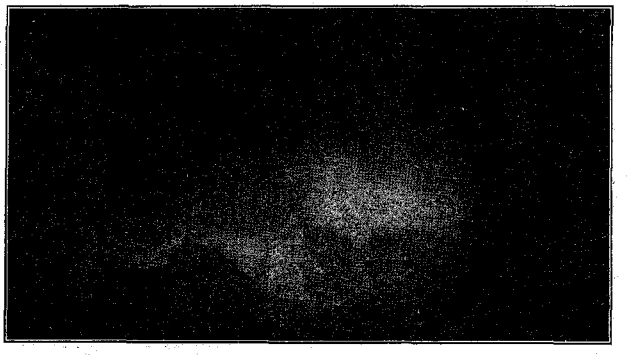
many there might be, would follow her example. When, however, another lioness appeared from behind the rock and saw us standing within five yards of her cub, there were eleven in all, some of them not quite full-grown.

When the long procession of lions had stopped issuing from the rocks we proceeded to the foot of the hill, where I waited while Karanja fetched the rifle from camp. The rest of the day was spent in a fruitless search through the rocks. The troop evidently had been thoroughly alarmed and had moved off some distance from the kopje.

Leopards are almost strictly nocturnal—photographs of them at large are extremely rare.

This discovery of a troop of eleven lions was rare luck indeed. I hoped to take a flashlight picture by hiding near a kill, a method which offered fair promise of success in a neighborhood where lions were so numerous and where, so I judged, they had not been disturbed enough to exercise much caution in approaching a bait at night. I had attempted to take lion flashlights with an automatic device, an arrangement which jackals and hyenas always interfered with by visiting the bait in advance of lions, leaving their pictures instead. Several times, to be sure, I was amply rewarded by finding an image of that evasive prowler, the leopard.

A zebra was shot for them, and dragged to a clump of thorn-bushes utilized for the framework of a small stockade. A piece of the zebra's flesh was trailed along the ground for the distance of a mile to at-



Leopard.

the situation again became awkward. Had the baby lion, which was growing more and more indignant at our refusal to retreat, uttered any sounds of distress at this juncture, it doubtless would have enraged the lioness into making an attack, which we would have been powerless to escape or defend ourselves against. Fortunately, the cub abandoned his attempt to intimidate us and scrambled back to his mother, while I watched him, anxiously fearing lest he might stub his toe and squeal (Karanja, as usual, did not know enough to be anxious), but he reached his parent safely, and the two made off like the others.

Before he had disappeared another lioness rounded the corner, planting all four feet ten yards in front of us when she came into the open, growled a surprised growl at seeing us so near, and retreated as the others had done. There seemed no end to the lions behind the steep rock, waking up one by one and appearing in front of us, each one stopping to growl at the spot where the lionesses had been asleep. Including three cubs,

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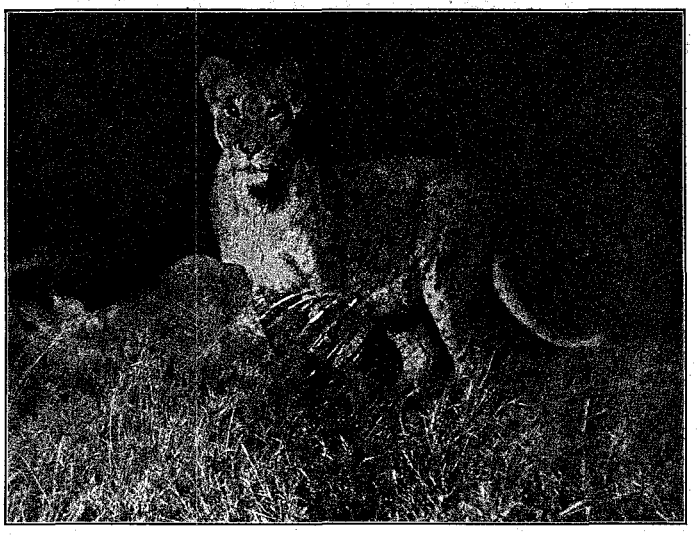
tract lions to the carcass. I left it alone for the first night, partly to ascertain whether hiding there would be worth while, and partly to encourage the lions in the event of a visit, by letting them feast there undisturbed. In the morning we found the zebra ripped open, the entrails neatly removed and dragged to one side, and the loins and buttocks eaten away. Had a leopard visited the carcass, he probably would have attacked the breast, whereas hyenas would have crunched the bones with their powerful jaws and left the entrails in the carcass in disorderly fashion. The condition of the zebra was unmistakable evidence of a lion's visit.



Flashlight of a lioness attracted to some carrion fifteen feet from the photographer's thorn stockade.

The camera shutter was open all night, and the sky was exposed by starlight.

The blacks set to work at once to complete the stockade, loopholing it on three sides, and strengthening its lower part with heavy branches, into which were thrust brambles of acacia thorn. The door, a small opening close to the ground, could be closed by wedging into it a tapering thorn branch. In order to prevent vultures from picking the carcass clean before nightfall, we lashed a white shirt to the head of a spear and left it waving in the wind over the zebra.

For one more night the lions were allowed to feast undisturbed, an opportunity which they made use of to such advantage that nothing but hide and bones was left of the zebra in the morning. This made it necessary to shoot a hartebeest to provide further attraction for them.

On the third night I set two cameras outside the stockade, connected in such a way that, by pulling a wire from within, I could fire the flash and operate both shutters simultaneously. Shortly before dark I went to the stockade, accompanied by a porter carrying a thermos flask of cocoa, some sandwiches, the trusty .405, and an English double-barrelled .450 cordite rifle, a powerful weapon of great stopping power. A Mkamba whom I had selected to accompany me fell asleep, rolled up in his blankets in a corner of the thorn protection, while I occupied myself with arranging the rifles in a position where they could be picked up quickly in case of emergency. The porter lost no time in hurrying back to camp, feeling none too secure in the growing darkness.

The early hours of the night were quite still save for the almost inaudible rattling of a tiny leaf overhead in the gentle wind. A few hours later something struck the dry twigs behind us, breaking the stillness so suddenly that the Mkamba awoke, to inform me after a few rapid glances about that it was only a bat. The moon was now shining with a brightness peculiar to the tropics, illuminating the valley so brilliantly that we could have left our retreat with almost as much security as in broad daylight. Lions grow more timid the brighter the light, just as a man's instincts of self-preservation have a stronger hold on him in the dark where he is helpless in an encounter with a nocturnal beast. For this reason, the lions, which the Mkamba believes were aware of our presence, preferred not to venture up to the hartebeest in the moonlight.

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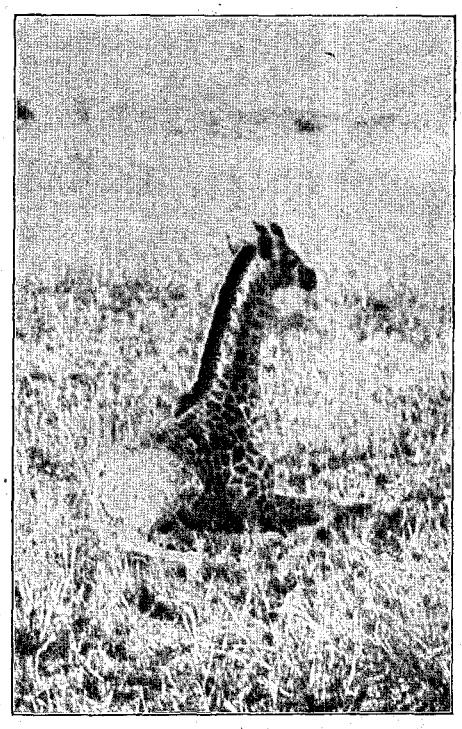
At two o'clock some jackals came to the carcass, nibbling bits of meat, then slinking back into the shadows. Very soon they disappeared without a sound, alarmed by a spotted hyena which set to work to crunch bones and rip off great pieces of flesh with enough noise to do credit to a large lion.

Almost immediately after the moon set the hyena slipped away at the sound of footfalls of some heavy animal trotting up to the hartebeest. The Mkamba touched me without a word, and I peered through a loophole into the darkness to see the hazy form of a lioness stop at the kill fifteen feet away. She could not have suspected our presence, or she would have approached noiselessly.



Young giraffe wounded by lioness.

A pull at the wire produced a blinding flash and detonation from outside, followed by the sound of the astonished lioness galloping away, terrified, and momentarily blinded by the glare of light.

The sound of galloping lasted for some time, growing fainter and fainter. This was obviously the safest moment to venture out into the dark to reset the cameras. With many misgivings, I groped about in the pitch darkness, haunted by imaginary prowling shapes creeping up from every shadow, and felt more at ease when, after five minutes of anxious work, I reached the interior of the thorn retreat safely.

Before an hour had passed, I was startled to hear a bone crunch in front of the stockade. I took the animal for a hyena, but the native poked me so eagerly that I knew he recognized it as a lion.

Bang went the flash, and off galloped a pair of lions. Unluckily, in my hurry to get back to safety, I had set the cameras so carelessly that no exposures were made.

For some reason which was never clear to me, the tracker did not warn me when I crawled out the door a second time to get the cameras ready for another picture that he had discovered a lion crouching on the ground sixty feet from us. I felt much more at ease this time, having ventured out before without disaster, never thinking, as I listened to the pair of lions galloping away, that there might be others close at hand. One of the cameras was directly under the stockade, and the other about twenty feet from it, in the direction of the lion. When the first was made ready for another picture, I groped my way to the second, quite unaware that a lion was watching me only forty feet away, as his footprints proved in the morning.

What followed took place so quickly that I would hardly know now what had happened had not the tracks told the story afterward. I remember hearing a soul-harrowing half-roar, half-grunt, and finding myself not at the camera but safe inside the thorns, ramming a branch into the doorway to block it, with a large bump on my head where I had hit a stone while diving into the opening.

I still held the cordite rifle, but how I ever got through the tiny door with it I cannot imagine. Getting my shoulders through the opening previously had required at least a minute to find the exact relation of shoulders to doorway which made passage through it possible, so tight was the fit. When the lion was in pur-

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suit, I had shot through it so fast that I almost came out at the farther side.

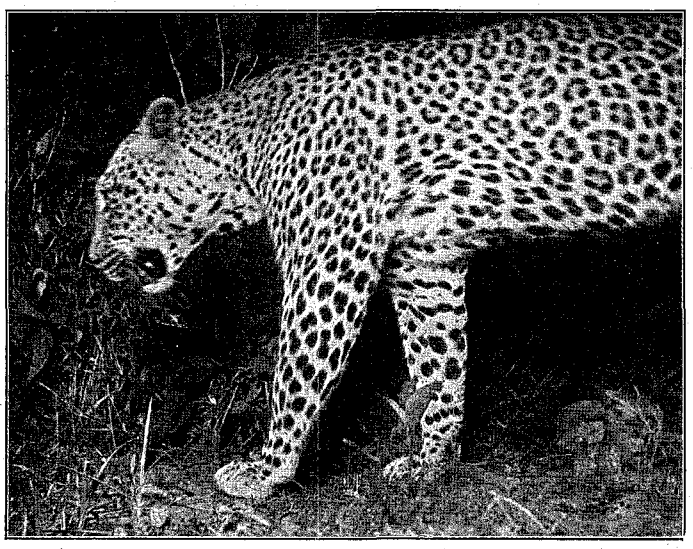
It was well that I had not stayed outside to try to shoot, as the sights were not visible in the darkness, and it is impossible to determine by a lion's grunt from what direction the sound comes.

The lion, now close to the thorns, was joined by two lionesses who, no doubt, had been near when I went outside. The three animals paced around the enclosure, only a few feet away, for the rest of the night. At times, when one came particularly near, I felt so sure of locating him by his growling that I was tempted to shoot, but then the same sound seemed to come from a different quarter. The voice of a lion is always deceptive to locate, sometimes sounding as if it came from all directions at once, and again apparently coming from a quarter where there is no lion. In spite of their proximity and their incessant moans and grunts, I never had a chance to get a shot at any of them.

In the morning I hoped that the lions would remain until there was light enough to see the rifle sights, but they knew enough to trot away before the first pink of dawn. We examined the ground, to learn for the first time what had taken place in the dark, when in the confusion, and the rapidity with which my pursuit and flight had begun and ended, there had been no time for events to be impressed on my memory. The lion had been lying on the dusty ground forty feet from the second camera, and had galloped up to within five feet of the door. That I had covered the distance of twenty feet at top speed was apparent from the depth of my toe-marks in the sand. Just how I found the door in the dark, I do not know.

An unprovoked charge from a lion, like this one, even in the dark, is exceptional; but lions, like people, are not all alike, and it is impossible to lay down sweeping generalizations which will be true of the behavior of every individual.

After a careful inspection of the footprints and the carcass, we collected the cameras and returned to camp, where the Mkamba spent the day entertaining the carriers with an exaggerated account of the night's experiences, emphasizing his excitement by shifting into a falsetto voice, the usual vehicle of expression used by natives for this purpose; especially when he came to the account of the lion's rush. According to his version of the story, the lion had seized me by a fold of my shirt, and would have done for me had it not been for his timely assistance.



Flash-light of a leopard.

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P. D. Q.

By Richard Field Maynard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

UPON arrival, the first sound I noticed was the soothing boom of the ocean, then too dark to see. But another sound broke in insistently, a man's voice calling my college nickname, my unfortunate initials, "P. D. Q., hello! Hello, P. D. Q.!" (Once more I wondered why, with "Peter Dana" a family tradition, my mother should have married a Quincy.) Then came a slap on the back, a hearty handshake, and jovial introductions to nearly every one in the hotel.

In my dazed state, the people seemed like so many imaginary characters just forming into personalities. I looked at them as at a vivid dream of people in a novel—or who soon would be. For already I was beginning to plan a second book as a relief from wondering whether my first would be accepted. Already I picked the handsome Englishman, athletic and reputed wealthy, as an almost "ready-to-wear" hero. He had the charm of the man who seldom talks, and even his commonplaces sounded attractive in his cultured English voice. In time, I observed that he was usually to be found wherever there were parasols and picture hats and slender, pointed slippers. There didn't seem to be any particular picture hat. Earnestly he gazed into eyes of brown or gray or blue until the Rockingchair Fleet began to speculate upon which pair of twin lights would finally bring him into port.

Eventually came the Prettiest Lady of all. She rode down the glow of the sunset in the most luxurious touring-car I ever saw. When she alighted, followed by her mother and little sister, it seemed as though a sudden breeze had animated the whole Rockingchair Fleet as it rode at anchor along the piazza.

As a prospective novelist, I should have observed the Englishman's expression when he saw her for the first time, but, to tell the truth, I forgot all about him until quite a while afterward. When I did notice him, he seemed a changed man. He hardly spoke to any one. He appeared totally blind to every color except a certain delicate shade of orchid. Previously, the fleet had not remarked upon his being particularly literary but now he sat for hours on the piazza holding a book with a cover of pale lavender—sympathetic echo of orchid, perhaps.

The Prettiest Lady apparently knew no one in the hotel. She seemed not even to see any one except her mother and little sister. These three spoke together in soft voices and there was no getting near them. The music of the orchestra, however, attracted them to the ballroom, where the Prettiest Lady, swaying like a flower, and Little Sister, fluffy as thistledown, rose and danced together. . . . I could watch them with a certain detached calm, for life, at the beginning of the long road of literary art, was only a pageant to me. But with the Englishman it was different. He could afford to look on in a personal way and his view seemed neither detached nor calm.

"Beastly shame!" he growled. "She ought to have a man to dance with. Beastly American etiquette! I can't get introduced, you know. If this was in England, now, I'd have known her long ago. I say, I'm going to ask the proprietor for an introduction."

"You couldn't in this kind of a hotel," I objected. "But—but why don't you write her some sort of a letter? Then she could ignore it or answer it conventionally."

He jumped at the idea, then scoffed at it.

"Letter! I say, that's deucedly jolly! But how could I write her a letter! What could I say that wouldn't be rot?"

"I might start you off," I suggested, automatically unlimbering my fountain pen.

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I wondered if some day she might so read a story of mine.—Page 452.

He brought some paper from the desk and I stared at the empty sheet. It was a pretty problem for an untravelled American to compose in Piccadilly English a letter characteristic of "Our Hero." Besides, he spoke so seldom and said so little even then, that I couldn't imagine anything adequate and yet like him. Surely some very great-grandfather of his in ye olden time would have used the King's English more flowingly. Which thought started the pen off by itself spelling strange words:

"*To Ye Faire Ladie Unknown, Greeting*—

"Somewhere in ye wide world, there must be even one mutual friend, but where, by myself alone, I cannot determine. If only, as under ye flag of truce, I might speak with ye faire ladie, in one brief moment ye friend's identity might be disclosed. If contrarywise, alas, ye truce must end, leaving me, as now, to ye ladie, a total stranger. But if, more happily, ye mutual friend be found, with joyfulness would I await ye gentle letter of introduction. Will ye ladie faire graciously so deign to parley with

YE KNIGHT OF YE
GOLD-RIMMED MONOCLE?"

"Thanks awfully," he said and walked off toward the writing-room, reading it over on the way.

I opened my book in the hope of calming my slightly flustered thoughts before going to bed, but just then the Prettiest Lady came in from the piazza and took a chair quite near to me, though partly turned away. Her slender fingers began

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busily knitting while her thoughts seemed caught in the swift current of a book she had spread open before her on her lap. I wondered if some day she might so read a story of mine and never know . . .

Unpublished young novelists may be permitted the abstractly theoretical sentiments pertaining to their art, but in real life they can only trudge along by the roadside weary miles behind heroines of luxurious touring-cars. So it was with a shock of self-distrust and a mental reprimand that I discovered that even I was reading over and over the top lines of my pages.

At the end of her chapter, the Prettiest Lady gathered up her knitting and book, and walked with her peculiarly graceful drift across the office toward the elevator. At the same time from the writing-room sauntered the Englishman. To my utter amazement, he blocked her path and held out a letter. I couldn't see her face, but the back of her head, poised so daintily on her shoulders, seemed particularly erect. So they stood like statues until finally she disengaged one hand from her knitting to take the letter, then passed in silence.

I ran up-stairs to my room without waiting for the elevator. It was hours before I could go to sleep and consequently, the next morning, I came down rather late. I picked up a mooring among the Rockingchair Fleet, and casually learned that the Prettiest Lady had started out early in the touring-car, and that the Englishman had gone to play golf by himself. Not until evening did I see him.

"What happened?" I demanded.

"Oh, it's all right, it's all right; come, I'll introduce you."

"No, thank you!" I answered with emphasis, for I felt that his effrontery in presenting the note himself had destroyed its intended character. I was about to suggest that he might have put it in her letter-box in the office when I actually heard myself being introduced to the Prettiest Lady and Little Sister, who came promenading along the piazza. . . . Indeed, indeed, if ever there was one worthy to be a heroine, it was the Prettiest Lady of All!

With accustomed regard for dramatic values, I should have dropped back as a listener, giving the centre to the hero and heroine, but mysteriously the conversation happened just then to catch fire like a powder train and run in sudden flashes while Little Sister, wide-eyed and silent, and the Englishman, not always on time, hung on the Prettiest One's every word.

When the music sounded from the ballroom, I asked her to dance. Of course she was already engaged for the first with the Englishman and I had to be content with a smile back to me as she drifted off on his arm.

I danced with Little Sister!

The next noon, from the quarter-deck of the piazza, I noticed the Englishman and the Prettiest Lady coming in together from a game of golf. The Prettiest Lady dropped into the nearest chair and looked at me with laughing eyes.

"I know something you don't know I know," she declared. "I was complimenting 'his Lordship'"—that was a play name she had given him almost from the first—"upon his very interesting handwriting, when he confessed that it wasn't his. He said he had started to copy what you had written for him but he hadn't quite finished when he saw me coming toward the elevator, so he just up and handed me the original instead. That's what I call being a man of action!" She bowed her head toward the Englishman, who beamed with delight at what sounded like a compliment. "Do you suppose the letter of introduction could possibly have come yet?" she continued. "We're still only under a flag of truce, you know."

"I'll see," said the Englishman.

"Inquire if there's anything for me too, please," the Prettiest Lady called after him, and I thought how proud she must have made him by giving the authority to ask for her letters.

"Before he comes back," she said, leaning toward me ever so little, as in confidence, "I want to tell you something. When he gave me that quaint little letter, I went into the writing-room to read it. Of course I've been brought up thus and so, and I didn't know what to do. And there wasn't time to think because, almost right away, he came wandering in and picked up a magazine. I pretended to be reading the note but by that time I

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To my utter amazement, he blocked her path and held out a letter.—Page 452.

was so fussed I seemed to see only the handwriting without the meaning of the words. It looked so interesting, so really distinguished, that I heard myself saying before I meant to—'Whom do *you* know?' I expected him to begin with something fantastic like, well—'I know the Man in the Moon.' But instead, he took out a pocket address-book and began solemnly to read the names beginning with A. Then he read through the B's and C's and D's, regardless of where they lived. Finally, way down among the V's, he came upon Sally Van Deusen. And all the while I was wondering how he could be so out of character with the tall b's and l's and t's of the letter. I've read John Rexford's book, you know, 'What Handwriting Indicates,' but I haven't studied it enough to analyze so complex a

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thing as a dual personality. I was so puzzled! And all this morning I was trying to discover in him the playful imaginative quality, the shy fancifulness, that he seemed persistently to hide, until I to read your characters when I get home. And don't forget to put down your addresses so that I can send you what he says." By including me, the offer appeared so general that I doubted if the

He was habitually to be found sitting somewhere near the elevator where he could see her the moment she came down.—Page 455.

found out that it wasn't his handwriting!"

The Englishman returned, handing her several letters, but said that *the* letter had not come; indeed, that it was too soon to expect it.

"We were just speaking of telling character from handwriting," explained the Prettiest Lady. "John Rexford lives just up the street from our house. If you'll each write something, I'll ask him

Englishman realized that she was incidentally opening a way for a correspondence with him, but of course the practice of story-writing had made me habitually on the lookout for motives. The Englishman finally wrote something, folded the paper, and handed it to her with a look full of meaning.

"Now it's your turn."

"But you already have a sample of my handwriting."

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"Oh, no, not exactly yours. You wrote it pretending you were somebody else."

"That's all the life I have, just pretending."

The bitter, unhappy sentence just broke away and said itself.

"I wonder where that ship is sailing to," she said irrelevantly.

Meanwhile, I was trying to write for her a funny little jingle, but somehow it didn't turn out to be so very funny:

"Ye faire ladie doth command
Me to give to her my hand-
Writing for a sage to see,
So to vivisect poor me.

Here I write accordingly
What may strangely seem to be
Lacking, inadvertently,
Any personality.

If ye learned one perceive
Nothing here but make-believe,
Mayhap only dreams are where
Life should be, my ladie faire."

She raised her eyes with misty questioning but only said—"Your address; you forgot that."

As I added it, I reflected how finished she was in every move, not forgetting that she had asked for my address even though she already had his Lordship's safe in her possession.

"Oh, I say, I'm jolly well famished. It must be lunch-time," exclaimed the Englishman, who evidently was fed up on all this letter-writing business.

From the very first the Englishman was serenely unabashed in his open adoration of the Prettiest Lady. Whenever they were not together on the golf course, on the beach, or yachting or dancing, he was habitually to be found sitting somewhere near the elevator where he could see her the moment she came down. In the course of true love there seemed to be only one disturbing factor, and that was the indefatigable persistence of Little Sister. She never would be left behind and always and always tagged along no matter where they went. She seemed a very intelligent child in other ways, and rather unusually observing, but absolutely, opaquely dense to any suspicion that she might be *de trop*. One day I gently hinted that sometimes three is considered a crowd, but without a moment's hesitation she said: "But sister always wants me to come too."

She used to perch on the arm of my chair and tease for stories and more stories, but no matter what thrilling action hung in the balance, the moment the Prettiest Lady and the Englishman came out to go anywhere, she would precipitantly excuse herself and run after them.

One morning of brilliant sunshine that seemed at cross-purposes with a wind that was blowing half a gale, I strolled down to the bathing-beach alone. I had just left the Englishman waiting by the elevator and consequently could hardly believe my eyes when, as I came over the sand-dunes, I saw the Prettiest Lady and Little Sister wading into the surf. She must, she absolutely must, have gone down the back stairs!

I hurried into my bathing-suit, dove through a wave, and swam out to the float. The wind had kicked up such a sea that not many had gone in and no one had ventured out so far except the Prettiest Lady, who was breathing quickly, and Little Sister, whose teeth chattered.

Said the Prettiest Lady—"She swam too far out and swallowed a wave."

Little Sister, shivering and quivering, protested: "I'm g-going to stay here till l-low t-t-tide. Won't go in w-waves again. I'll get *d-drowned!*"

Here was a dramatic situation and "our hero" back in the hotel watching the elevator! How easily he could have taken Little Sister ashore on his athletic shoulders while the crowd would gather to admire!

"Ahoy, cap'n!" I shouted to Little Sister. "Ahoy! I'm a poor sailorman just swimmin' 'round lookin' fer a vacancy. I see you're short-handed, lost yer crew but saved the lady. You'll be recommended fer gallantry, sir. If you'll take me aboard, I'll be yer first mate, second mate, cabin-boy, and cook; stand both watches, bail out the lee scuppers, and holystone the decks."

"W-will you stay with me t-till the t-t-tide goes down?"

"Aye, aye, cap'n, shiver me timbers, I swears to stay with ye."

"W-when will it be l-low tide?"

"In six hours, cap'n."

"W-what'll we do?"

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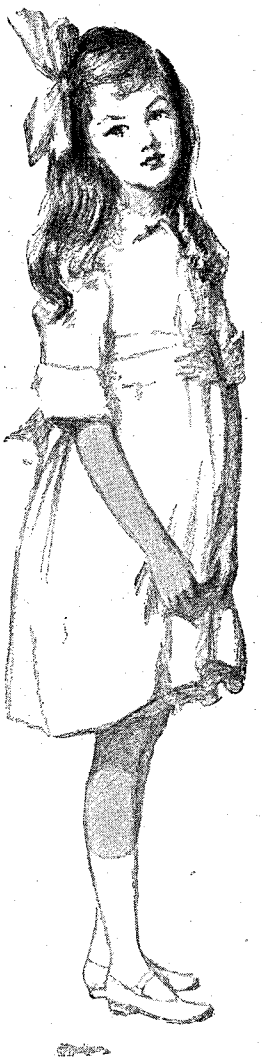
"Well, cap'n, ye might divide yer crew, meanin' me, into port an' starboard watches, wind 'em up, an' order 'em aloft to look out fer a sail. That'd pass the time pleasantly fer six hours, sir."

"But we w-wouldn't have any lunch. I guess I don't w-want to wait for six hours!"

I stood up as best I could while a great wave lifted under the raft. Shading my eyes and staggering about, I gazed off toward the beach. "Land ho!" I cried. "Land ho, two points off to starboard!—I'm only a poor sailorman, cap'n, an' not a brave an' gallant officer like you, sir, but, shiver me timbers, I'll follow wherever ye lead if you'll let me keep close alongside yer so I can grab holt on yer if I feel me courage or any other part o' me sinkin', sir."



"You're not really afraid to swim back, are you?" she asked, half credulous.

"Not if you'll let me keep close to ye, cap'n. I've a great confidence in yer. Ye've swum as fur as that agin a head sea an' it 'ud be easy ridin' in wi' the waves."

She gazed longingly toward the sunlit sand beyond the white water of tumbling breakers and seemed to be measuring the distance. "Well, if you will keep very, very close to me, I guess—I guess I could lead you to shore—my good sailorman. Ready?"

She shivered, shut her teeth, slid off into the water, and struck out in the hollow of a wave. The Prettiest Lady and I dove together and came up on either side of her, and so we swam to shore.

As we separated to go to our bathhouses, the Prettiest Lady said: "If you are ready before we are, won't you wait and walk back to the hotel with us?"

The Prettiest Lady chose the path that follows the shore, which is the "long way 'round," but Little Sister wanted to get her hair dry before lunch, so scampered off the shortest way.

As we watched her fluttering before the wind like a white butterfly over the sand-dunes, I couldn't help saying: "I wish I had a little sister; I never did have."

"And she never had a brother. She thinks real brothers couldn't be so nice because Anna Claire's brother never tells *her* stories. When we are out motoring, 'Little Sister' entertains me with your stories, almost word for word, I guess—I think they're very interesting and often very beautiful, even second-hand."

"She must improve them."

"Oh, no, she couldn't do that— But I wish I were little enough to be told stories to—or big enough."

"How do you mean, 'big enough'?"

"Oh, big enough in understanding—and appreciation—and—and things like that."

A sudden puff of wind blew down the floppy brim of her hat, with its orchid ribbons, till I could see only her mouth and chin—not that this had anything to

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do with the words her lips were shaping, but just that I like to remember the colorful, wind-blown picture of her against the sand and sky.

"I know a little more about you than you think," she continued. "This morning on the way to breakfast, I bought a copy of SCRIBNER'S that had just been put on the news-stand. I found in it a story by *Peter Dana Quincy!*—surely no one else could have a name like that—and I think it's just beautiful—the story, I mean. And now I understand about

> "'If ye learned one perceive
> Nothing here but make-believe.'

You've no idea how curious the Rocking-chair fleet is about you. They've all been guessing what you are. And I am the only one who knows!"

"They may all know by now."

"Not yet. You hadn't told anybody you were an author, so I supposed, maybe, in a place like this, you mightn't want to. There were only a dozen copies on the news-stand and now there aren't any. I bought them all."

"Not really! I wish I knew how to thank you. If every one could understand as you do, there wouldn't be any need of secrets."

"You might tell me some."

"Of course. The principal one is a book I've just finished—that nearly finished me. I had to have a vacation—to go where no one would know that I was interested in this sort of thing. But even here I couldn't stop thinking. I must have been all wound up like those clocks that run a year with only one winding, and I just went on ticking and ticking till your little sister made some kind of magic and took me off to play in fairy-land, the only place there is, I guess, where impractical folks ever have a real vacation."

"But you can be practical, too."

"If only my uncle could hear you say that! He most generously offered to take me into his brokers' office, where I would be expected to make enough to buy a steam-yacht some day. He had been so awfully good to me that I hated to decline to make so much money, particularly as I never could explain, *quite* to his satisfaction, why I preferred imaginary 'shoes and ships and sealing-wax' even to owning a whole fleet. As it is, the one luxury I have is a second-hand typewriter, a bit rackety but a ripping traveller. You just ought to see the miles go clicking off, faster than on any private car of any special train! But sometimes

"Come and be in it, too. You give her such a pleasant expression."—Page 458.

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imagination gets sick for the tonic of a little reality. That's why I am here, though it's much too expensive. Now you know what I meant by

> "'Mayhap only dreams are where
> Life should be, my ladie faire.'"

"I'm so sorry!—But you were practical in choosing a vacation rather than illness and the doctor, and surely the happiness of a profession you like couldn't be bought with money earned in any other."

"If you should ever meet uncle, do please explain it to him."

"Oh, I could do better than that," she said, laughing. "I could prove to him that you are *super*-practical. You choose what you know you want, not what somebody thinks you ought to want. That's where you begin. Then you take the necessary means, no matter how unusual. That's how you arrive. I could illustrate by what you did this morning. If you had been just ordinary-practical, you might have brought Little Sister to shore in a life-boat, but her courage would have been left out on the raft, and goodness knows when she could *ever* have been induced to swim out after it. But being super-practical, you took the necessary unusual means. Oh, I see, now—you couldn't possibly, not possibly be so completely, hard-headedly practical without a perfectly fantastic imagination— Good heavens! Here comes his Lordship!"

He was just turning the corner, his face flushed and accusing. "Oh, I say," he began, but immediately after him ran Little Sister panting into the Prettiest Lady's arms.

The Englishman frowned upon the inevitable, but presently I heard him inviting the Prettiest Lady to go motor-boating in the afternoon. She answered with a sweet humility that she and Little Sister would be happy to accept.

After lunch, the Prettiest Lady, among the flower-beds, was aiming her kodak at Little Sister. Before it clicked, however, she called to me: "Come and be in it, too. You give her such a pleasant expression. And, besides, I—I like to think of you in the same picture at Sandy Point."

"Oh, you gave me such a shock saying it that way—as though Sandy Point was to be only a memory, as though we were not all going to stay just like this forever."

"But—but we're going—we're going home to-morrow."

Clattering down the steps came the Englishman, carrying rubber coats and sweaters. With a look of solemn obedience, the Prettiest Lady met him and together they disappeared down the path toward the boat-landing, Little Sister—as always and always—tagging serenely behind.

I went to walk alone.

As the Prettiest Lady took pictures only on sunny days, so will I, in this *post facto* diary, omit to record some shadowy thoughts, and most especially the mental cyclone of that afternoon. But I must put down the consequent curiously interlocking chain of decisions, else, some time, I may forget how I ever could have arrived at so odd a final conclusion.

The first, in sequence, was the old one, many times decided but always recurring, that I was completely tied, hand, foot, and tongue, with the strings of my empty purse. Being so tied, obviously I could make no move for myself, nor speak for myself, honorably, nor even hope anything for myself without a miracle. Thus personally eliminated, my love alone sought expression through some indirect gift of service. Desperately I wanted to contribute something, anything, to the Prettiest Lady's happiness. This want was practical, or rather, super-practical—according to her definition—only if it might be attained by the "necessary means however unusual." In this connection I remembered a *motif* running through my novel (a truth captured but still untamed), that "He who loves *enough* will find a way to serve." A singularly important corollary appeared to be that the least little opportunity must be improved or the bigger ones will never come.

There was one opportunity, glaringly obvious, but so humble, even humiliating, that my spirit rebelled against it. Little Sister might possibly, by a supreme effort, be so tenaciously entertained that the lovers might have their last evening together alone. To do this implied completely playing into the hands of the Eng-

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lishman. To refuse to do it would be to admit that my jealousy of him was stronger than my love for the Prettiest Lady. And so inevitably I arrived at the final conclusion to try to serve the Prettiest Lady in this littlest thing, which might loom large and critically at some

I would tell that child a THRILLER!

easily to be imagined psychological moment.

I would tell that child a THRILLER!

In the evening after the dancing was over, while the four of us were still sitting together in the ballroom, the time came.

"A story, please, Mr. P. D. Q., a happy-ever-after one to tell to sister on the road to-morrow," that was the special demand. But she was not to have anything so tame as that to drop and pick up at her convenience. She was to have the THRILLER. And so I began.

Little Sister's eyes grew big and bigger. Presently I no longer heard the voices of the Prettiest Lady and his Lordship. They had stolen away together out on the piazza, into the moonlight—into the future— But I must not stop a second. I must go on talking, talking to Little Sister, fast and faster, not to let her attention wander, not to break the spell of the story, not to let her run after them to spoil the supreme moment of their lives. But after them had run my truant thoughts. The story faltered just an instant, just a little instant, when a lovely voice demanded, "And then? And then? What happened then?" and I turned to see the Prettiest Lady and the Englishman both leaning forward listening to the THRILLER.

Automatically I continued to the grand climax and ended abruptly.

Not only Little Sister's eyes but her

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mouth was open as well, yet the Englishman was the first to speak.

"I say, if North Dakota is anything like *that*, I'm going out to see it."

"I want to go too," piped up Little Sister, at which his Lordship glowered.

"It isn't at all like that," declared the Prettiest Lady, "but I'm sure Mr. P. D. Q.'s *North Dakota* might easily be the hit of the season in melodrama and a great scenario besides."

"But I only made it up this afternoon for Little Sister!" I gasped, staggered by a possibility I then recognized but had not thought of in my preoccupation.

"And isn't it wonderful," continued the Prettiest Lady, "to think that Mr. P. D. Q. can play with an idea like that just as a relaxation from his seriously beautiful work, and incidentally receive for it in royalties thousands and thousands of dollars!"

That put my thoughts in a whirl but I clung to a restraining idea in a kind of rhythm:

> "Mayhap life is only where
> Dreams come true, my ladie faire."

The Prettiest Lady calmly turned to the Englishman, and asked him if he would be so good as to try to find their chauffeur, as her mother wished to speak to him. He went off with his usual proud air of one intrusted with an intimate mission. From following his retreating figure, I turned quickly and I thought I saw the Prettiest Lady nod to Little Sister. Anyway, Little Sister ran off to get a drink of water.

Then the Prettiest Lady said: "I just don't know how to say 'Good-by.' It ought to be—now—because to-morrow, early in the morning, you know, and only half awake maybe— But to-night, I'm all dressed up in the dress you liked. I put it on just because I wanted you to remember me the way you said I looked the first time we danced together. You see, I think that friendship should have its ritual just as much as—as anything."

She rose, swaying like a flower, and stood, very beautiful, extending her hand to me.

I took it in both of mine but couldn't say anything at all. Little Sister came skipping back, and somehow we all three arrived at the elevator.

"Good-by, Mr. P. D. Q.," said Little Sister, making a child's formal courtesy. "Good-by."

They entered the elevator. But Little Sister looked back and suddenly fluttered out to me. Catching my coat lapels with both hands, she pulled my face down to hers. After that pretty moment, as I looked above her curls, I saw the Prettiest Lady smiling—smiling yet somehow wistful. It was almost as though—But I couldn't allow myself to think that! And yet, just as the elevator door was closing—she stooped and kissed Little Sister.

In the writing-room my pen began spelling strange words:

"*To ye Faire Ladie, in all ye Lande ye Dearest, Greeting*—

"Mayhap ye things shall e'en come true whereon ye spoke but now. Then from ye fountain pen may flow real shoes and ships and sealing-wax—ye shoes of velvet for a ladie's feete, ye ships of sturdy steele to sail ye ocean blue, ye sealing-wax to seal ye promise of True Love. So with ye morrow's sun I go full-armored in thy faith to fight for Fortune. And if, by superpractice, getting down to tacks of brass and goodlie worke, ye magic may take shape in assets tangible, anon I will return to lay my love before my Ladie. Prithee, Ladie deare, vouchsafe, ye while, some little gage, a knot of orchid, haply, to

YE KNIGHT
OF YE OLDEN TYPEWRITER."

A bell-boy with the letter vanished up the stairs, and presently to my room was brought a note tied fast with orchid ribbon:

"Peter, dear: Mother says won't you ride back to town with us to-morrow? We'll go by the shore road—'the long way 'round'—that is, if you will come. Little Sister, inquisitive, peeked into your knightly letter. She couldn't understand it, declared it didn't make any sense. I said it made me very happy. She said, 'Then *why* are you crying?'"

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FREDERICK LOCKER LAMPSON*

WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED SKETCHES AND POEMS

By His Son, Oliver Locker Lampson.
Commander R. N. V. R.; C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PORTRAITS, DRAWINGS, ETC., IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY

FREDERICK LOCKER (LAMPSON), poet and collector, was born in 1821 at Greenwich, and came of a stock which was notable in its simple, sturdy way. One grandfather, Captain Locker, commanded the *Lowestoft* when a certain middy, Horatio Nelson, first joined, and years later this middy—now the greatest of Englishmen—was to write to his elderly shipmate: "My dear friend, After 27 years acquaintance, you know that nothing can alter my attachment and gratitude to you. I have been your scholar. It is you who taught me to board a Frenchman by your conduct when in the 'Experiment'! It is you who always said, 'Lay a Frenchman close and you will beat him,' and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar." The other grandfather was Jonathan Boucher, well known in local State history as a loyalist parson of Virginia and Maryland, who took for pupil by chance one day the stepson of a neighboring squire, George Washington, and who subsequently preached his last sermon in America with pistols on the pulpit-cushion and these words by way of peroration: "As long as I live, yea, while I have my being, will I proclaim, 'God save the King.'"

Frederick Locker, three years old.

Antecedents so combative do not usually usher in a man of letters. And indeed they might not have done so on this occasion had they not been judiciously diluted by the infusion of an ancestor of the most pacific habits possible—one John Locker, a scrivener, a man of so bookish a turn that he drew the attention of the mighty lord of letters himself, Samuel Johnson, who goes out of his way to speak of him as "Eminent for curiosity and literature," epithets (it may be noted) which might as justly have been selected to describe his great-grandson, of whom here we treat.

Frederick Locker's father was a civil commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, and the son has written feelingly of his attachment to the colonnaded façade upon the Thames, and the faint visitings of nostalgia when he thought of his home there. He seems to have been an attractive child if the dusky silhouette of him aged three speaks true; and fond friends maintained that he said funny, freakish things with eager glances. He was rather afraid of his rather rigid father, and scuttled away on this parent's approach lest he be sent to find something and return empty-handed. When he became a father himself he does not appear to have excited similar apprehension in his offspring; for after describing his own tremors he adds this characteristic comment: "Now and then I propose to send my children on an errand, and apologize for doing so. They accept the apology, but they do not go."

But he was to experience worse tremors at school. First under Miss Griffin, "who had all the qualities of a kitchen poker except its occasional warmth"; next under old Barnett, who beat him with the buckle-end of his own braces, and

*A biography of Frederick Locker Lampson by the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, entitled "Frederick Locker Lampson, a Character Sketch," was published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920.

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then under Mrs. Wight, of whom he only remembers "that she was remote from beautiful, and not quite aware of the distance." Later he reached a bullying-school kept by Burney, the grandson of Doctor Johnson's friend, where it is interesting to remark that the only thing he did pretty well was poetry. But the credit tends to evaporate when we learn that "a subject was given us, and by a certain day we produced a poem. My mother wrote most of mine!"

In fact, school life did not wholly prosper, and in some despair he was sent at the age of seventeen to a colonial broker's, where, on his own admission, he paid less attention to the counting-house than to the cut of his trousers, and where he developed a turn for humor dangerous to business solidarity. "I was pensively sarcastic," he records, "but my wit was empty—a sneeze of the mind."

Business having proved not much more successful than school, Frederick Locker now secured, through the influence of friends, a clerkship in Somerset House, and thence he was soon transferred to the Admiralty, a fitting theatre for one so nautically descended. Here he was placed as a junior in Lord Haddington's private office. Nor does his humor appear to have deserted him even in these arid surroundings, for he is ere long found inditing an appeal to his chief in poetry, the first stanza of which ran thus:

To the Earl of Haddington, K.T., etc., etc.

"I humbly beg but once again, Right Honorable Lord,
To crave your grace, and place my case before you and the Board
Your Lordship knows I've written prose, but here's a rhyming fit,
And though it is a verse to you, don't be averse to it."

It was the first sign of that subtle marriage of a sense of rhyme with a sense of the ridiculous which was to make a certain slender volume of verse famous in its small way ere long. But it cannot candidly have promoted official relations; and, while he did his duty trimly enough, these days looked rather lackadaisical in retrospect, full of a "halcyon impecuniosity," of practical jokes, and stirrings and strivings remote from the allotted task. The hidden fermentation went on, and was suddenly stimulated, as so often happens, by the yeast of ill health. The demon of dyspepsia, which had been the rage of Coleridge and the curse of Carlyle, descended upon him, and his one solace became poetry and its inspiration. He hugged this comfort to him even as he settled down into the condition of a "shivery animal," and became more or less of a valetudinarian through life. He was forced to take long leave of absence, and fled to Paris for change, little dreaming what change awaited him. For there he met Lady Charlotte Bruce, to whom he became engaged, and whom he married in the following year. This is how he proposed:

"We had seated ourselves on a bench, and neither spoke. I took her hand.

"'This is the prettiest hand in all the world,' said I.

"'I happen to know of one that's quite as pretty,' said she. Another silence. Perhaps I was incredulous, but when she put the other pretty hand into mine I knew that we both were very happy."

He was now freed from official fetters, and planted in soil more congenial than the Admiralty for the nurture of tender poetic bulbs. There was Praed as chief exemplar in the pantheon of light verse, and he was himself now a unit of the society in whose honor there had arisen those *vers de société* which he aimed at writing. He persisted in production, he toiled at revision, and then, one day in 1857, almost by accident, there came into being a book, his solitary work in rhyme, "London Lyrics," which peeped shyly forth from a few kindly shop-windows and counters. "A thin volume," he calls it, containing "certain sparrow flights of song," and to the end he spoke deprecatingly of his "small faculty" and "the narrowness of scope of his little pipe."

Witness this stanza:

"Oh, for the Poet-Voice that swells
To lofty truths, or noble curses—
I only wear the cap and bells,
And yet some tears are in my verses.
I softly trill my sparrow reed,
Pleased if but one should like the twitter:
Humbly I lay it down to heed
A music or a minstrel fitter."

But even if the songs were sparrow flights, "better a live sparrow than a

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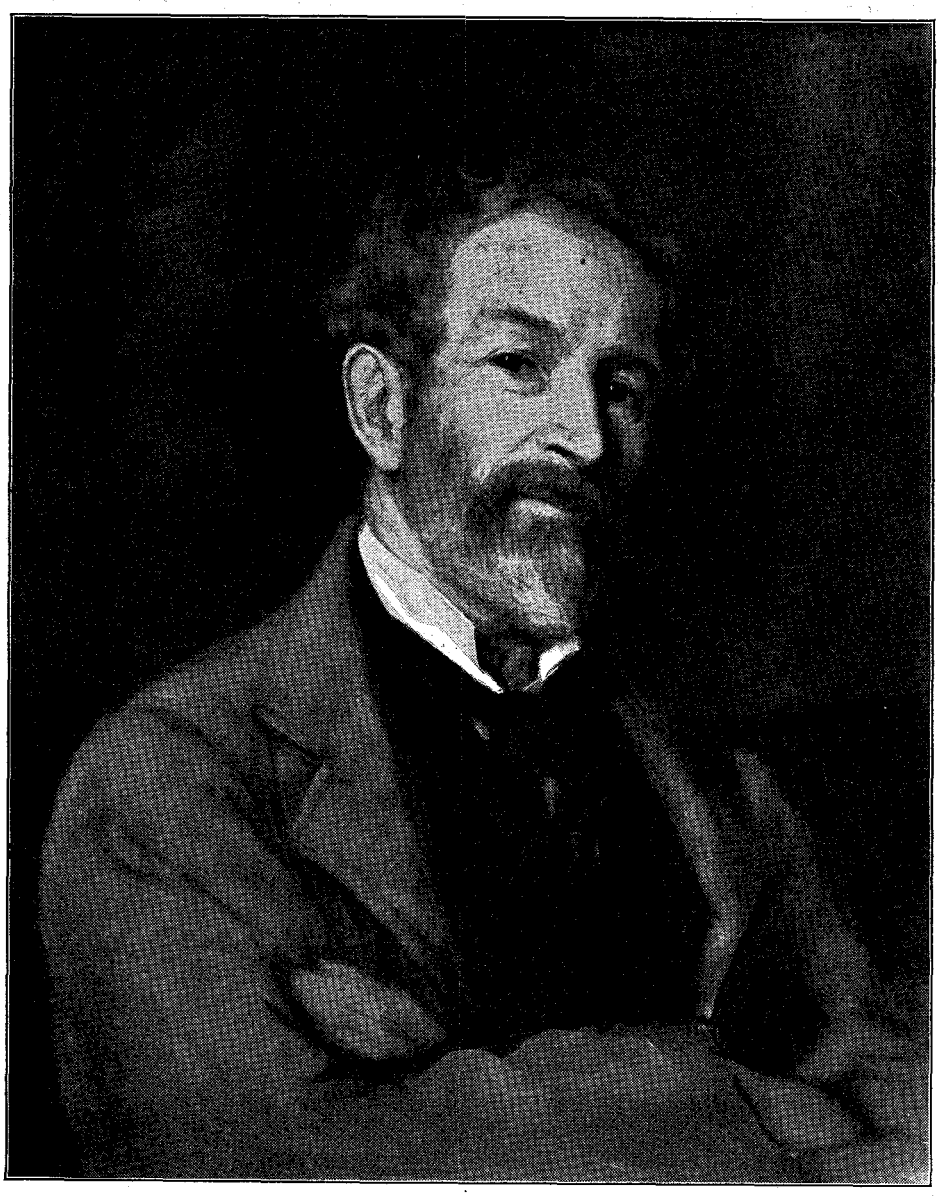

Frederick Locker Lampson.
From the painting by S. Olivier.

stuffed eagle," as Fitzgerald reminds us, and the reception of the book made the reality of his gift undoubted. It ran through countless editions, each of which was an advance in polish upon the past, and to each of which my father added slightly; and, from the first days of publication, passages were in constant use by the cultured circles to which they were addressed; while to this day, and (please God) for many a day more, there will be found in most lettered communities a few to whose smiling lips some quaint conceit from "London Lyrics," or rueful-sweet stanza of rhymed wisdom, will upon occasion involuntarily rise.

Lovers will quote:

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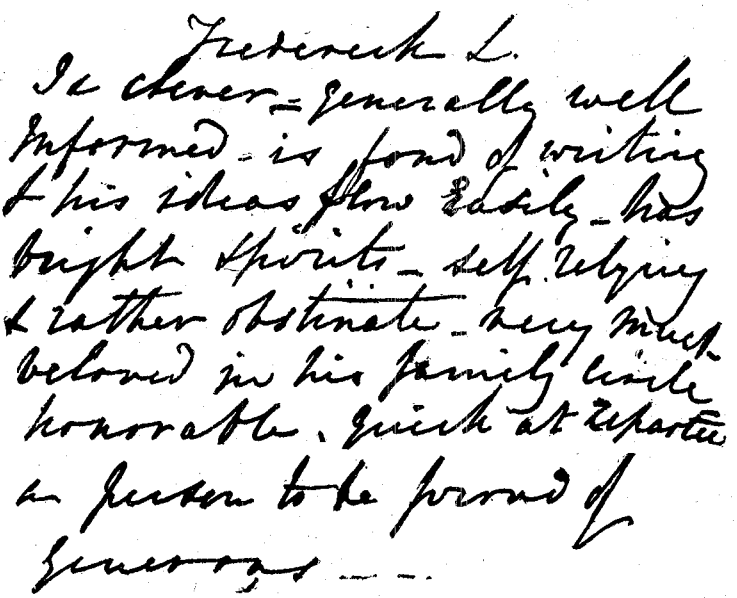
"Beneath a Summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm:
Her ringlets are in taste:
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!"

The worldly will remember:

"They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,—
They go to church on Sunday:
And many are afraid of God—
And more of Mrs. Grundy."

The success of the poems helped to improve his health, and he wandered fitfully through the society which had made them so welcome. He became acquainted with and then the friend of Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, until he knew everybody, which, as he says, only meant that he was acquainted with those whom everybody desired to know. But general society, which was always an effort, soon became an ordeal,


Frederick L.
Is clever — generally well
informed — is fond of writing
& his ideas flow Easily — has
bright Spirits — self Relying
& rather obstinate — very much
beloved in his family circle
honorable. Quick at Repartee
a person to be proud of
Generous — —

A description of Frederick Locker as a young boy.

The raconteur will recall:

"He cannot be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone,—
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone."

The disillusioned will ask:

"But where is now the courtly troop
That once rode laughing by?
I miss the curls of Cantelupe,
The laugh of Lady Di:
They all could laugh from night to morn,
And time has laughed them all to scorn."

The pious will pray:

"That like yon clock, when twelve shall sound
To call our souls away,
Together may our hands be found
An earnest that we pray."

and "nature not having bestowed upon him a sufficiently flexible spine," he came with regrets to compare the opulence of their opportunities with the penury of their ideas. This is perhaps why he made friends so easily in out-of-the-way walks of life, and could count as comrades creatures as dissimilar as Tom Sayers, the mighty bruiser, or Gibbs, the antique-dealer.

As for dealers, many were his cronies from among the tribe. For after poetry his passion was the pursuit of the rare, and he became the slave of shelf and stall from the days when he saved pennies for prints until the hour when he could afford a Shakespeare folio. Having married and got a roof over his head, he confesses that

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collecting became his amiable madness and curio-hunting a craze. And he justifies the insanity in his own whimsical way. "It is not a misfortune to be born with a feeling for association. I seem nearer to Shakespeare when I have his volume of 'Sonnets' (edition 1609) open before me. This enjoyment is not given to everybody. Tennyson would not give a dam (a very small Indian copper coin) for a letter in Adam's handwriting, except from curiosity to know in what characters Adam had expressed himself. The influence of the associating principle is exemplified in the constant Penelope, when she shed tears over the bow of Ulysses. Believe me, there is exhilaration in collecting. I would call it a perennial joy, if it were not so often pierced with despair." From bric-à-brac, gimcracks, furniture, and china he drifted inevitably and conclusively to books. The call could not be gainsaid, and there is no knowing into what labyrinths he might not have been lured. But the growing greed of long-pursed rivals made the conflict uneven, and he was forced to specialize, turning at the last to old books of one period—little volumes of poetry and the drama from about 1590 to 1610.

A rough drawing of Frederick Locker.

Listen to the bookman himself and the tale of far-flung adventures on that lorelorn quest:

"I haunted the second-hand bookshops in many a by-street of London, and studied the catalogues, giving out my

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heart in usury to such pastime. I was often unsuccessful: at other times my success was qualified, for I had to pay ruinous prices. But sometimes I have been lucky, and these shabby-looking little fellows now form a limited but curiously rare and highly interesting library of imaginative literature—a dukedom large enough for poor me."

Then Lady Charlotte died in 1872, and his only child Eleanor became the wife of Tennyson's second son, Lionel, and the fate of the books hung doubtful, in the absence of a home. But two years later Frederick Locker married again. His second wife was Jane Lampson, daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, a native of Vermont and the first American to receive a title in England. His first marriage had brought him friends, his second gave him wealth; and upon Sir Curtis's death he and his wife inherited the Lampson house and estate of Rowfant, in pursuance of which they must add the name Lampson to Locker. To Rowfant then the drawings, etchings, porcelain, and, lastly, the books were brought, and there grew to be a "Strong Room," where the priceless quartos might dwell secure; and thus it was that the "Rowfant Library" came by its name. Thus, too, it is that a certain select coterie of cultivated Ohio citizens chose to christen their meeting-place in Cleveland "the Rowfant Club." And, indeed, as the library of an author and connoisseur, this collection of war-worn quartos was unique. They were diminutive darlings for the most part, trimly coated in russia or morocco, and so rare that to see them was to wonder whether any human could have assembled them; whether indeed they were not self-selected, and had each picked the other for fellow so as to form a fraternity apart from every-day volumes of the world. At least one who knew once proclaimed them the "rarest library in existence"; and have not poets —Lord Crewe, Austin Dobson, and Andrew Lang—sung enchantingly their charms?

"The Rowfant books, how fair they show,
The Quarto quaint, the Aldine tall,
Print, autograph, portfolio!
Back from the outer air they call
The athletes from the Tennis ball,
This Rhymer from his rod and hooks;
Would I could sing them one and all,
The Rowfant books!

The Rowfant books! In sun and snow
They're dear, but most when tempests fall:
The folio towers above the row
As once o'er minor prophets—Saul!
What jolly jest books and what small
'Dear Dumpy Twelves' to fill the nooks!
You do not find on every stall
The Rowfant books."

The rest of Frederick Locker Lampson's life slipped by very discreetly, very urbanely, at Rowfant among these treasures. The pangs of poetry were over, and there remained but to enjoy the company of talking friends and that of the dear dumb ones in the Strong Room. Every day he spent hours in mute conclave with the books: measuring them, cataloguing, dusting; but he always emerged the same courtly, considerate, humorous man of the world and father. There was a deftness about his little secret acts of kindness and generosity which reconciled them to the proudest recipient, and there was a whimsical sadness in his sympathy which reached the heart's core.

In conversation he did not argue or exhort, he indicated; and there was a turn to his fancy which even stupid people found arch and individual. For his humor was ever with him. It had never been the robust, side-splitting sort; he did not smack people upon the back either in fact or metaphor. He amused by suggestion, in hints; and over all lay the finest varnish of humane common sense.

In the preliminary chapter to his "My Confidences" he says that he is ashamed to think how much nonsense he talked in his day, but "I hope," says he, "that I have not thought nonsensically—that 'I wear not motley in my brain.'"

That, indeed, he had not thought nonsensically this volume of reminiscences—"My Confidences"—assuredly proves. It was written during the last few years of his life, but was not published until after his death, and it contains his recollections, his fancies, his philosophy of life. "This is a volume," he explains, "which it will be found exceedingly easy to leave alone: an old book-collector like myself thinks none the less of a volume on that account. But as a book-collector I am able clearly

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Designed and etched by George Cruikshank, 1868.

Fairy Connoisseurs Inspecting Mr. Frederick Locker's Collection of Drawings &c &c &c

"That Virtuoso Whim
Which consecrates our dim
Long-ago."

— Locker's London Lyrics —

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to perceive that my best chance of accomplishing my purpose is to bury my treasure in print. A well-bound book mocks at time." Many may have left and many no doubt will leave this book alone; but here is an autobiography, too honest, too profound, and too self-revealing for any generation wholly to ignore. It is a sad book. It reflects ill health and age. The sense of tears in mortal things and of the transitory nature of everything had taken hold of him early, and a resigned melancholy breathes from the pages.

"I do not know," he declares, "that there is a great deal to be said for this world, or our sojourn here upon it; but it has pleased God so to place us, and it must please me also. I ask you, what is human life? Is it not a maimed happiness—care and weariness, weariness and care, with the baseless expectation, the strange cozenage of a brighter to-morrow?"

This is the language of low spirits, and the best comment upon it must be the fact that he lived very happily at Rowfant, and died there very peacefully in May, 1894, surrounded by loving relatives and beloved books. His "My Confidences" was published within a year of his death. It was not possible at the time to produce the work complete. Confidences must be respected and the feelings of the living considered; and so a few chapters were held back, of which the following articles and poems form the most notable part.

It seems but fit and right that they should first see the light in the United States, where his slender volume of verse was made so welcome, where his memory as collector is held so dear, and whither the library he loved has now emigrated into honorable keeping. Indeed, if the spirits of the dear departed do visit this earth, then I fancy it must be in America that my father's gentle ghost now wanders, haunting the shelves where the famed quartos now lie and making certain that all is well.

UNPUBLISHED SKETCHES AND POEMS

By Frederick Locker Lampson

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

I used to wonder what it was that late in life made Sir Edwin Landseer so peculiar; I think it must have been a certain crackiness, said to be the result of a serious railway accident. My unimaginative friend D—— says he once met him in St. John's Wood, dressed entirely in green. He had green shoe-strings. This seems hardly credible, but who can say that Landseer was never so equipped, and who can disprove it?* He had always had a very susceptible nervous system, and often suffered from depressing gloom, but before he became more seriously disordered, he was exceedingly agreeable. A finished mimic, he could imitate the voices of certain beasts—a cat's dialogue, in feline tones.

"Naomi! won't you come over the wall? No, I can't—
Why not, Naomi?—Because of the broken bottles," etc.

He could roar like a lion, and look the animal as he roared. His impersonation of the Duke of Wellington, Bulwer, and d'Orsay, all *lions* in their way, and of others, were very clever, and his anecdotes also were amusing, in spite of rather an affected and mincing manner.

Landseer was a rapid worker, but he had a curious dislike to letting anybody with only two legs into his studio, especially while he was at work; Sir Francis Grant, the president R. A., told me that during all the years of their intimacy and propinquity, he was only twice or thrice admitted, whereas Landseer continually, and at all hours, dropped in on Grant. It no longer exists, but I remember there

* I have somewhere read of an afflicted gentleman, not in his right mind, who, dining with some people, returned to the footman the plate of meat to which he had just been helped. "Take this mutton," said he, "to the hungry old man at the back door." On which one who had charge of him exclaimed: "Now, you know, perfectly well, that there is no old man at the back door." On this the lunatic retorted: "How *can* you possibly tell that there is no hungry old man at the back door?" There was no reply to this remark; it did not appear to admit of any; and for the same reason I did not venture to question what D—— had said about Landseer.

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used to be a very clever life-sized black chalk sketch of a young hound, by Landseer, on the plaster wall of Grant's studio. Dogs were the only privileged intruders; they were always free of Landseer's atelier, but then he painted dogs better than human beings. Perhaps if he had painted men and women as skilfully as he painted dogs he would have been more accessible.

Once on a time there was an artist who greatly admired poultry, and who was painting them, but he did it so indifferently that he forbade his servant to allow any real cocks and hens to enter his premises. Here is food for reflection.

MR. SWINBURNE

Did you ever see the high-bred-looking, the gifted, the irreproachable Duke of Argyll? Swinburne in a way is like him, but he is smaller; and there is a slightly sinister expression about the lower part of his poet-face; however, the likeness and unlikeness justify Stirling of Keir's comical remark: "Swinburne looks as if the devil had lately entered into the duke."

They have, or perhaps they had, much the same colored hair, and in the same abundance. It is well known that a lock of MacCullum More's is much prized by the angler—it makes a very deadly salmon fly. MacCullum More will pardon me for saying this.

I first knew Swinburne when I had an apartment in 91, Victoria Street. He lived near Henley-on-Thames, with his father, Admiral Swinburne, and occasionally did me the honor of coming to my house; it seems to me that there was a gleam of friendship in our cordial acquaintance.

He read poetry to us, his own as well as that of other people; and he wrote his name in some of his books and gave them to us. He was very amiable. However, as time ran on, the association, though I hope and believe not the kind feeling, gradually died out. At long intervals I still ask him to come and see me, and at still longer intervals he appears. I am sure the reluctance, if it amounts to reluctance, is more on his side than on mine.

I have always felt drawn to Swinburne, and have appreciated his conversation; indeed, when at his best he is singularly pleasing. At such times he gives me the impression of being a man of more urbanity than any of our foremost poets; but he is so exaggerated in his likes, and so vehement in his dislikes, so capricious withal—and so carried away by passion, that, unlike his poems, I do not think his judgments, either personal or literary, are of sterling value.

For this reason, therefore, notwithstanding his genius and remarkable power as a prose-writer, I am surprised that he was invited to write the biographies of Gray, Collins, and others, for the Encyclopædia Britannica. One would have supposed that a more judicial, a more temperate, spirit, with more self-control, would have been better fitted for such work.

Two or three years ago Swinburne came to see Janie. Godfrey, a round-faced little urchin, was with her. Swinburne made himself exceedingly agreeable; he spoke with a gentle gravity of his peculiar feeling for children, that he always esteemed that day a good one when he spent a portion of it with a child, but that it was his fate to be "a barren bough"—Janie was quite won by this view of things.

Swinburne is a *pussophilist*, he has a passion for cats. He says he appreciates their nature, and that they understand him; also that he is certain that in some former state of existence he himself was a cat, and that hereafter he will probably return to his cat condition.*

Swinburne has a passionate regard for literature; the work of his life, therefore, has been the expression of his love.

I have said nothing of his poetry; surely the sweetness of its musical cadences is unsurpassed by that of any of his contemporaries, though still there are paradoxical people who assert that Swinburne's worst poetry is his best, and that he rises highest when he sinks lowest.

* I have heard the distinguished Mr. *Blank* talk in much the same strain; but his conjecture about himself was a more ambitious one. He had been a tiger! I never heard of anybody who was eager to resemble that ubiquitous animal the *bore*, but Sir ———— had this quadruped for his armorial, and set up two huge boars on his park gates, which inspired my friend Admiral John Elphinstone Erskine with the following:

"Our noble host,
More kind than most,
Our gratitude must win;
He puts his bores
Outside his doors
And keeps his wits within."

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I have nothing further to tell you about this distinguished man; though all that I could say would be agreeable to him.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

Randolph Caldecott must have a leaf to himself, and of sad necessity it must be a serious one. I saw him for the first time in 1877, at 46, Great Russell Street; he was lying on a sofa, pale and thin, and looking so delicate that it struck me forcibly I might never see him a second time. I had much the same feeling about him during the whole of the far too brief years of our acquaintance and friendship. I never bade him "good-by" without fearing I was doing so for the last time.

Frederick Locker's book-plate.

Caldecott was very good-looking and very attractive—there was a peculiar consistency and harmony about him. His self-possessed manners, his graceful carriage, his reposeful voice—his costume, so *soigné* and yet so simple, and his rare artistic gift—all were in harmony. He was not a man of much conversational power, but a thread of pleasant humor brightened his discourse.

In our social relations he always met me half-way, seemed to be pleased to be asked to my house and satisfied to come. Society is no comfort to one not sociable, but Caldecott was very companionable; he even recognized his responsibilities as regards those *morning calls* which most of us have either to make or to endure. My poor friend was a very gentle being, and had an amiable consideration for the feelings of others.

If you had not been aware of Caldecott's constitutional delicacy you might have judged from his conversation that he was a man of action, for he delighted in hounds and horses—such were his natural surroundings until increasing bad health obliged him to forego them, but even then he would sometimes forget himself. One day, at Rowfant, he insisted on mounting a tricycle, which he had never before attempted, and which was evidently too great an exertion for him. He would also play with my children with an energy and enjoyment that filled us with apprehension.

I am sure that Caldecott's artistic powers were affected by his feeble health. He was incapable, especially during the last year or two of his life, of any persistent artistic effort. He had no jealousies, and was destitute of vanity; he rarely talked of himself. I never heard him say an unkind word of anybody. Indeed, my poor friend was an essentially kind and honorable man.

Caldecott was a keen critic, but a generous. His praise was always tempered by sound judgment and good sense, and it seems to me that his own gift was of a quality and scope that is rarely met with. It was as racy and genial as it was refined and delicate, and no doubt the life which he so graphically delineated came direct from his recollections of the picturesque old town where he was born and the rural scenes among which he had grown up. His work had delightful characteristics. *It had charm*, and I dare to think that Goldsmith and Caldecott, between them, equally divide the honors of the immortal "elegy on a mad dog."

Marriages, when the married are really united, often seem monotonous to an outside world, and this may or may not have seemed the case as regards that of Mr. and Mrs. Caldecott's. Janie and I have a sincere regard for the lady who made her husband so happy.

Caldecott made several drawings for my "London Lyrics." Some have been engraved and privately printed, but none

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have been published. He flattered me by being anxious to illustrate my "Pilgrims of Pall Mall." He told me that it would be very difficult, that he had more than once attempted it and failed, "but," said he, "I mean to do it"—however, it was never done.

I never see him now, but I know that he is good as he is gifted, and that he has a wife well worthy of him.

BOHEMIA—THE SAVAGES—MR. HENRY LEIGH

On a day in 1870 I was walking through Leicester Square and met Mr. Henry Byron, the dramatist, the comedian, and the wit.*

"I wonder," says he, "whether you would like to dine with the Savages, to meet Mr. Gladstone?" "Indeed I should," said I with alacrity, so *that* was settled. If I remember aright, though the banquet was held in Willis's Rooms, the *habitat* of the club was in the Adelphi—it used to be in the Strand. Once upon a time it was in Covent Garden.

Head of Frederick Locker by Du Maurier.

These Savages, a thirsty people, have always favored the neighborhood of our dimpling and gas-lit Thames, and have specially affected the hunting-grounds of *Bohemia*. *Bohemia!* that enchanted country canopied by a perpetual tobacco cloud, and traversed by the fervid wheels of precipitate hansoms. *Bohemia!* the land of *pick-me-ups* and oysters—latch-keys, billiards, and song—the land of pecuniary embarrassment and animal spirits; the region where the literary drudge becomes a dithyrambic in praise of sunny pastures and the less stuffy valleys of Hæmus; the territory of which Leicester Square may be called the heart, and the Strand the principal artery.

But to return to my gentle and hospitable entertainers. Lord Dunraven took the chair, and both he and Mr. Gladstone made excellent speeches. Lord Dunraven's was not the worst. Indeed, the only very dull speech was Byron's own, and, he being a professional wit, there was something comic in that. I sat between Byron and Frith (the Academician); Got, of the *Français*, was close to the chairman. The entertainment was most agreeably diversified by music, declamation, etc.—I thoroughly enjoyed it.

I forget the names of most of the performers, but Hilary Joynes was facetious, and then there was a Mr. Montgomery tall and elderly—a lean and long-haired jester, a *Jingle*, a transpontine Irving, who went through a painfully exaggerated piece of mouthing and buffoonery—clever but none the better, infinitely the worse, on that account: a mountebank ought to make one laugh, *mais toujours vieux singe est desplaisant.* The impersonation conveyed the infatuated performer to the extreme verge of histrionic degradation, at least so it seemed to me.*

However, he got his meed of applause; *pour les mauvais acteurs Dieu crea les faux gouts et les sots spectateurs.*

* Henry Byron suffered from poor health and low spirits. He was advised to try horse exercise, and did so, but his horse was a burden to him, and like himself it always had something the matter with it. One day his groom wrote from the country that the unfortunate beast was ill, and he wound up the letter with—"Shall I give him a ball?" On this the much-bored and melancholy farce-writer took up his pen in despair—"Do anything you like with him, give him a ball if you like, but do not ask too many people."

* I was told that this artist at one time had a reputation as a ballad-singer, that he had an enchanting baritone, and that his beginnings were humble; his name had been Mummery; he had been a *crow-boy*, and some lady, chancing to hear him hallooing rooks out of a field, was so pleased with his voice that she put him into the church choir; from thence he went on the stage, where at one time he had made £10 a week.

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I mention Mr. Montgomery because I was amused with Got's inscrutable countenance and rapt attention; he sat and watched him with a keen and serious interest; he looked as Darwin might have looked when studying the contortions of a newly discovered reptile. He never took his eyes off Mr. Montgomery till that gentleman had quite finished, and then, when the applause came, he started, pulled himself together on his chair, and clapped his hands very softly together, some four or five times. It was possible that he saw merit which was beyond me—difficulties overcome that I could not appreciate.

After this dinner the Savages most courteously invited me, through that friendly Mr. E. J. Goodman, permanently to throw in my lot with them and join their unsophisticated orgies, and I would gladly have done so if health and advancing years had not stood warningly in my path.

While I am in *Bohemia* I must not forget my old acquaintance Henry Leigh, the poet. He lived in one of the smaller inns of court, those localities which, with their pauper vegetation and smoky sparrow-folk, seem the hiding-places of melancholy. Yet, as I have just said, it is in these regions that the *Bohemian* becomes articulate.

The festive Leigh and I were always cordial. I christened two of his volumes for him, for I admired many of his carols, and so did Eleanor. I believe, in her heart, she prefers Leigh's urban pipe to either Gilbert or Calverly; if this is so it must be a foible of her fancy. Her "because I do" justification of her preference is unanswerable. Some people said that Leigh's cockney harmonies and music-hall gusto were displeasing; perhaps so, but they did not annoy me. We are many singers, we are very small fry and the world is wide—so there is room and to spare for all of us. Why should not each Paris have its own poet, always provided the poet has a genuine twitter? Leigh's *genre* was not great, but he was distinguished in his *genre*. His verses were witty and humorous and whimsical; some of them were excellent. He was very rarely pathetic; the suggestion might be there, but was almost never expressed; however, when he did strike those chords, they did not jar.

Your soaring bards may for a while mystify the public with their highly pitched *falutin*, but humor is a serious thing, so let them beware. Leigh was not an assuming minstrel, but his flowers were indigenous to the soil; he was a child of Bohemia, and his verse was racy of the gas and the *green room*. All his poems are not equal in merit—whose are? The strength of a chain is determined by its weakest link, but that of the poet by his strongest poem—the offspring of his happiest hour. I hope Leigh's boon companions still remember him in their songs and wine.

I followed Leigh to his grave in Brompton Cemetery; his career was another instance of the painful struggle of the poetic temperament with the every-day difficulties of nineteenth-century existence.

Who knows? Perhaps at this moment he is making pleasant music—perhaps the song is "Nelly Moore." Let me hope, poor sprite, *sit anima tua cum Helena Moore*.

TO MRS. LANGTRY

When Youth, and Wit, and Beauty call,
I never walk away;
When Mrs. Langtry leaves the ball,
I do not care to stay.

I cannot sketch like Francis Miles,
Or play like Mr. Hare,
Or sing how Mrs. Langtry smiles,
Or how she wore her hair.

And yet I wish to play my part
Like any other swain;
To fracture Mrs. Langtry's heart,
And patch it up again.

TO EDMUND GOSSE

(*With a volume of "London Lyrics"*)

Our Poets, write they ill or well,
Complain their poems do not sell;
And yet how often are we told
The poet does not rhyme for gold.
I'm satisfied that gold is dross,
And so I *give* my rhymes to Gosse.

THE TWINS* TO MRS. —— IN THANKS FOR HER PRESENT

The twins in borrowed lispings crave
To thank you for the mugs you gave,

* Frederick Locker's youngest children were twins, and he sent this poem to the godmother who had presented them with a mug each.

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And now, on nurse's lap,
Ol says for Maud, as she for him,
"We'll fill our beakers to the brim
And drink your health in pap."

In payment for your goodly boon
We hope to give you very soon
A pair of hearty hugs:
And yet we fear that wags will vow
That Mama's twins had not till now
A handsome pair of mugs.

TO LORD ROSSLYN

(With a Book)

I'm fond of Francis, this is why
He thinks and sees and feels as I.
Has Francis Faults? Thank goodness, yes!
And I esteem him none the less.
And so the flower of all my fancies,
Collected here, I give to Francis.

UNDER A PICTURE

A soft shy glance, the sweetest in the land,
A gathered rose, the burthen of an air,
A soul that tells us of the soul that's there,
A fan that seems a sceptre in her hand,
A beauty half entreaty,—half command,
On these we live, all thankful for our share
And tho' the fare we've got is frugal fare.

BY MAIL

By Viola I. Paradise
Author of "Trailing Statistics on an American Frontier," "Matches," etc.

THE tiny Western town which flashed a short Main Street of one and two story frame buildings at the daily railroad train surprised me by having a shoe-shining parlor. Still more surprising was the thirteen-year-old bootblack. He had much conversation, but answered questions with caution. He would not say what he wanted to be when he grew up, because then it might not happen. A teacher back East had said that if any one had told her she would be a teacher—well! "Still, there she was, so I'm not talkin'. Teachers have a hard time. Us kids give 'em plenty to do. That teacher used to say she wished we was in her place for ten minutes, and then we'd know what she had to go through. *I* know, because I tried to show a friend of mine how to play the violin. No, I can't play, not real playing, that is; but I learned a lot out of the Sears Roebuck book about playing. And that boy, that friend of mine, he went and did just the opposite of what I told him. . . ."

I lost the technical details which followed in wonder at this new rôle for the mail-order catalogue. That one could buy ploughs and primers and plumbing and organs and ear-spoons and cod-liver oil and bird-gravel and ammunition, as well as more commonly desired articles, I had known; but that along with a violin one could buy instruction was a further enlightenment, even though I had just come from homesteading plains, where the mail-order catalogue was called the "homesteader's Bible," and where it served not only as store and salesman but provided reading matter for the entire family, and served many other purposes. Some months later, down in the Georgia mountains, a mother explained that she had found the rather fanciful name of her young son from a mail-order catalogue. In another community a school-teacher told of an emergency, when the text-books did not come in time, in which she used the catalogues, teaching reading, arithmetic—the children were asked to make out orders, adding the items, etc.—drawing, and even geography—the last from the postal-zone maps which serve as guides to customers in computing postage. These incidents, together with what I had seen of the im-

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portance to the rural family of the catalogue, suggested that perhaps these catalogues should be classed with good roads, the telephone, the rural mail-routes, the cheap automobile, the magazine, and the movie, as a factor in broadening country life. Certain it is that our rural population is much better equipped than it ever has been, and that not the least important agent of equipment is the mail-order catalogue. Time was when we expected the farmer to look the "hayseed," and his wife to be an outlandish figure in grotesque, years-out-of-date clothes. That time has passed. To be sure there are remote corners of the country where new styles have not penetrated. Indeed, one mail-order house recently received the following letter:

"I enclose a sample of a black dress which was bought of you thirty years ago. It is a beautiful dress, and my wife likes it very much, but after thirty years wearing I think she ought to have another one, as it is geting worn, so please duplicate the enclosed sample, telling me present price. Maybe it has gone up since I bought it."

Such instances, however, are unusual. More common is the demand for "the very latest thing." Silk underwear is one of the best sellers. The farmer, like the city-dweller, can now find cheap as well as expensive clothing in the style of the day. Even out in new homesteading country, where a family may live over a hundred miles from a railroad or a telephone, and beyond the range of vision of its nearest neighbor, the women and children wear much the same kind of clothes as are worn in the cities. Many women who do not buy their clothing from the catalogue, but who do their own sewing, use the catalogue illustrations as models. Indeed, the mail-order houses receive quantities of letters asking advice in regard to fashions. Are dresses to be worn long or short, narrow or wide, next season? How can a seven-gored skirt be made over into one of the latest models? And even "How are young girls wearing their hair in cities now?" Sometimes such an inquiry is accompanied by a photograph, and asks advice as to which current city fashion would be most becoming. This eagerness on the part of the rural population to be well dressed means, to be sure, a real loss to the funny-paper artists—or would if they did not have the privilege of falling back on tradition, instead of drawing from life.

New Yorkers, when the whim strikes them, go shopping or window-wishing along Fifth Avenue. The mail-order catalogue is to the country-dweller his Fifth Avenue, as well as his bargain-counter. When he wants to play the age-old "if-I-were-rich" game, he has only to sit by the fire and turn pages. Man, woman, and child can find rich food for wishing—the coveted rifle, the speedometer, the fur coat, the phonograph, the doll or mechanical toy—hundreds of things, ranging from desires just out of reach to those quite out of reach and only just within range of a good husky wish. Imagination must supply color and texture and third dimension. Yet not always color and texture, for many of the plates are colored, and the effect of texture is often so cunningly conveyed that one is impelled to run one's finger over the printed sample to assure oneself that it is not cloth pasted on. The imagination is assisted, too, by the descriptions—descriptions which aim not only to entice but to make the customer visualize with a maximum of accuracy the article for sale. Articles must be described faithfully and briefly. Not only must the customer be persuaded, he must be satisfied, whether his purchase is a book or a barn, shoes or sheep-dip, or any one of the quarter-million articles set forth in the catalogue. The policy of the big mail-order houses is to let the customer know exactly what he is getting. Instead of describing an article as "woollen," it will be noted "twenty per cent wool," or "seventy per cent wool," or "all wool," as the case may be. Montgomery Ward, Sears Roebuck, the National Cloak and Suit Co.—a mail-order house which confines its business almost entirely to wearing apparel—maintain service departments and laboratories, in which materials are tested before they are included in the catalogues—a service which protects the company as well as the customer, for all goods are guaranteed, and can be returned at the company's expense if they are unsatisfactory.

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(Other companies may also maintain such departments.) "The mail-order business is a faith business," said the advertising manager of one of the large firms, "built and depending entirely upon the customer's faith in us. The book is our store, and we ask the customer not only to buy, 'sight unseen,' but to be his own clerk and bookkeeper, to make out the bill, and to send his money to us before he gets his goods. Often he sends us a signed blank check, asking us to fill in the amount. (We get hundreds of such checks a year.) On the other hand, there is our faith in the customer. We take personal checks, many of them written in pencil, and send the goods out immediately upon their receipt, without waiting to see if the checks are all right. When a customer complains that he has not received the goods, or that they were received in bad condition, we duplicate his order. And our losses from dishonesty of customers are so small they can hardly be figured." Both the general mail-order houses spoke of the insignificance of their losses from fraudulent customers, and emphasized the honesty of the American public. There are, to be sure, individuals who attempt to get duplicate orders, or who ask for their money back on some order which they claim not to have received, and the houses have a special technic for detecting such impostors. But, as has been said, they are few and far between.

"Anything you need from the cradle to the grave" was once the slogan of a mail-order house which sold baby ribbons, wedding-rings, tombstones, and nearly everything in-between. Coffins, however, are not available: the bereft cannot wait for a shipment from Chicago. A special baby catalogue sets forth nearly all the material wants of infants; a special tombstone catalogue provides not only pictures and descriptions of tombstones but a page of sentiments, ranging from the simple and comparatively inexpensive "Gone to be an angel" to costly and elaborate rhymed stanzas, which I refrain from quoting.

But there are wants, besides coffins, not to be satisfied by mail. The occasional demand from a remote mountain district for a spinning-wheel cannot be met. The unfortunate customer who adds to his order for linoleum and an alarm-clock a request for a combination knife and fork for a one-armed man must be disappointed. The hundreds of letters asking for stills—"and literally hundreds and hundreds of these have poured in since prohibition," said the head of the correspondence department of one of the houses—must be refused. (One customer writes asking how he can get the steam food-cooker which was seized at the freight-office by an alert if too suspicious sheriff!) Less heart-wrung refusals can be sent to the wicked would-be customer who asks in an illiterate scrawl for the price of counterfeiting tools and a "complete book of crooks' work"; to the shady sinner who wants to buy "brass knucks"; to the unfortunate dope victim begging for morphine; to the many afflicted who want sure-cure patent medicines. (Time was when patent medicines were listed in the catalogue, "but we got religion and now handle only reputable drugs.")

Requests are not always for material things. There is a heavy demand for advice and counsel and general information. "Can you give me the name of some good squire or lawyer who would be hostile to the —— company? I sent them $87.50 and they are trying to beat me out of it." "You is my merchant," writes a woman from the West, "and I want you to help me sue the government. They put me off my claim." "We want you to send some one out to expert our county records. We had some one to do it, but we lost his address." "Do you know of any babies to adopt?" "I want a good hired girl." Letters inquiring about the reliability of other mail-order houses and of other business firms are common. "Is Wanamaker's a reliable place?" "Is it safe to send money with an order to Marshall Field's?" Another type of letter asks, "How can I make my chickens lay more eggs?" and gives the company an opportunity to point out the virtue inherent in its chicken-feed.

Then, too, there are many pathetic letters. "I want you to help me find a boy who left home two years ago," and, after a detailed description of the boy, "if he orders anything from you, you must have his address. I will pay what-

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ever you think is right." Again a letter will urge the mail-order house to refuse to sell a revolver or poison to a certain person. Sometimes advice as to the handling of an unruly boy, a headstrong girl, as to how to keep a husband's love, is besought. Sometimes a woman complains of her husband. Thus:

"I got your samples, also book, and am SO pleased. But if one has a husband as stingy and close as the bark on a hickory tree, what can one do? I thought sure I would get a new suit from you if Harding was elected, but I see no signs of prosperity rolling my way.

"My husband has no excuse, for he collects in rents the amount of $275 or $300 every month. It is only stingyness. As I said, I will try and get a cloak and suit out of him, but if everyone is like me they would rather do without.

"I send you this letter to explain why I have never sent after getting the catalogue and samples and perhaps there are a thousand women in the same fix."

Then there are frequent letters asking nothing at all, but pouring forth a tale of distress, evidently for the sheer relief of expression.

Sometimes a man will write his opinion of a political candidate, or, in a conversational tone, will ask: "How long do you think these high prices will last?" Sometimes a disappointed author will send a manuscript, saying that it has been refused by every magazine to which it had been sent, and offering it, free of charge, for publication in the catalogue, for the gratification, as one man put it, of seeing his work in "cold type."

A type of inquiry not uncommon is for a "hidden-treasure rod, to discover hidden treasures." Such letters are usually written in a laborious hand, and may possibly come from children. The request for a divining branch for locating water is also frequent, especially from dry, treeless areas in the West.

The demand for assistance in matrimonial ventures is heavy—several hundred letters a year, one house reports. They vary from such vague and general requests as "Can you recommend me one of the young ladies in your employ?" to the specific picking out of "the girl wearing hat number — on page 153 of your catalogue" (a real tribute to the art department!). "I want you to help me get a wife," writes a blacksmith. "I'm thirty four years old, and have inherited money. She must be good-looking and good-natured, I don't care about her reputation." Another man states specifically the number of his pigs, cows, and chickens.

The writer of the following letter specifies size and style, as if he were ordering a suit of clothes:

"Please send me a good wife. She must be a good housekeeper and able to do all household duty. She must be 5 feet 6 inches in height. Weight 150 lbs. Black hair and brown eyes, either fair or dark.

"I am 45 years old, six feet, am considered a good looking man. I have black hair and blue eyes. I own quite a lot of stock and land. I am tired of living a bachelor life and wish to lead a better life and more favorable.

"Please write and let me know what you can do for me."

The reply of the house was as follows:

"We have your letter of March 29th in which you ask us to send you a good wife. Good wives are scarce, but we do not believe that even if there were a good selection available you would be wise in choosing one by mail.

"The writer of this letter was in Oregon about two years ago and believes that if you took a trip to either Spokane, Seattle or Tacoma, you would probably be able to get some introductions to suitable ladies and could pick out your own wife. In fact, we think that is about the only satisfactory method.

"After you get the wife and you find that she needs some wearing apparel or household goods, we feel sure we could serve both you and her to good advantage.

"With best wishes.

—— ——"

Usually the requests for a mate are from the men, but occasionally a woman is willing to risk ordering a husband by mail. Thus: "This is Angeline ——. Is you white or is you colored and send your pitcher." Sometimes an attempt is made to locate an old flame. "The girl on page 89 looks like Mamie ——. Does she work for you, or do you know her address?"

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On the other hand, a letter like the following tells a gloomy tale:

"I want you to take back a ring, I aint got no more use for it than a rabbit, because I bought this here ring for an engagement ring and I was drafted and went to France and when I come back my girl she had went and married a no count guy what didn't have guts enuf to go nowheres, much less war. I always did hate the guy and thats what I get for fighten for my country. To hell with war is what I says."

The above letter, however, is less common than a lyric in praise of a new suit which brought the lady round, even though a regrettable coolness had existed prior to the donning of the new raiment.

Customers frequently ask if they may pay in produce instead of in cash, and, indeed, often offer to sell to the mail-order houses butter, eggs, second-hand furniture and farm implements, and even live stock. "I have a fine dappled grey horse for sale. Will you send some one down to look him over?" writes one customer. And another: "I stand to buy four or five looms. Would you buy eight or ten pieces of fabric a week from me? I am an old customer. I still owe 22¢ but will pay it with my next order."

Men wanting to go into business often write for equipment. Thus one man asks for an electric shoe-repairing machine; another for a pop-corn machine; another, whose enterprise is less obvious, and whose request should possibly have been mentioned with the requests for stills, wants a 500-gallon iron tank. A man who says he wants to go into the undertaking business asks for coffin-handles and "plush cornerings."

To the small-town dweller, and to the more isolated farmer, the mail-order house is often not realized as an enormous impersonal institution. Even the huge size of the general catalogue, from which they order, the fact that most of their neighbors receive these catalogues, indeed even the advertised fact (of one house) that catalogues are sent to more than 8,000,000 families, do not prevent large numbers of customers from thinking of the mail-order house much as he thinks of his local merchant. "Does it sometimes happen," I asked, "that customers coming to the city for the first time stop to call?" and was told that from 250 to 300 visiting customers a day was the average. It is, of course, the policy of the mail-order houses to preserve as far as possible a personal tone in dealing with their clientèle. When a man writes: "I suppose you wonder why we haven't ordered anything from you since the fall. Well, the cow kicked my arm and broke it, and besides my wife was sick, and there was the doctor bill. But now, thank God, that is paid, and we are all well again, and we have a fine new baby boy, and please send plush bonnet number 29d8077 . . ."—when a man writes such a letter, not only is the plush bonnet sent to him, but every point in his letter is answered. The reply states that the company deeply regrets his accident, is glad to hear of his recovery, trusts his wife is quite well, congratulates him on his new son, and hopes the boy will thrive. The letter might also call attention to the anti-cow-kicker shown in the catalogue. This personal tone in the correspondence is all the more remarkable in view of the huge bulk of mail received. Sears Roebuck receives from 90,000 to 190,000 letters a day. These letters are opened by a machine, which at the same time stamps them with the date and hour of receipt, at the rate of from 4 to 600 letters per minute. In a single year (1919) 436,000,000 stamps—over $7,000,000 worth—were used, to send out letters, catalogues, and parcel-post packages. (The greater bulk of merchandise is shipped by freight and express.) In order to minimize the postage cost of distributing the big catalogues, they are sent by freight to distributing warehouses, and mailed from these.

The mailing-list is, of course, the foundation of the mail-order business. In the early days, the building up of these lists was one of the most important phases of the enterprise. Names were purchased from tax-collectors, county clerks, granges; and later from persons and companies making a business of collecting and selling names. Some years ago it was not unusual to see in a farm journal an advertisement reading "Lots of mail for ten cents." Evidently, enough

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persons eager to get mail of any sort answered such advertisements to make the collecting of names a profitable business. This was in the days before the extensive use of the rural telephone, when, especially during the long and lonely winter months, any contact with the outside world, even an advertisement, was welcomed as something upon which to focus attention and interest. Even now in the country where the home library is narrowly limited, and where what books there are have been read and reread, advertisements are not dropped carelessly into the waste-basket, but are first treated as reading matter—a courtesy not so often accorded them in city homes. "I don't buy much from the catalogue," said one woman on a lonely Western homestead, "but I don't know what we'd do without it. Hardly an evening goes by in winter that some of us don't look it over. And what the children would do for paper dolls without it, I don't know. I try to keep one catalogue whole till another comes along, but as long as there's a pair of scissors in the house, it isn't safe. The girls cut out dolls and children and clothing. There are long arguments and sometimes fights as to which side of a page should be chosen for cutting. Any little girl can have an attractive and extensive paper family, an almost unlimited wardrobe, not to mention house-furnishings. The boys cut out the pictures of saddles and guns and toy airships and engines, but somehow they don't seem to get the same satisfaction from the cut-outs that the girls get. Back in the city none of us would have paid any attention to an advertisement."

Though the mailing-list business is still a thriving business in itself, the big mail-order houses have become such national institutions, and their catalogues are in such demand, that, except when they wish to "open up new territory," or to take advantage of a sudden boom in some community, they do not buy names. Indeed, in their advertising they do not urge people to send for their catalogues. The policy is rather to advertise one or two items, illustrated, described, and priced, and to state that these are samples of values which the buyer can obtain. The people who, in answer to such an advertisement, write for catalogues are people with some intent to buy. In this way much waste is avoided. The big catalogues cost the houses from sixty cents to a dollar apiece, the cost of distribution is considerable, and although any one who asks for a catalogue can obtain it, they are not scattered about recklessly. Time was when the customer was charged for the catalogues from fifteen to fifty cents. This charge, however, has long since been done away with. Sears Roebuck twice a year distributes its large catalogues to over six million families, Montgomery Ward to about three and a half million, the National Cloak and Suit Co. to three million, not to mention the large number of families receiving special catalogues. Sears Roebuck maintains its own printing-plant, with a press-room that can turn out 8,000,000 catalogue pages an hour, and which uses three and a half tons of ink and over five car-loads of paper every working day.

It is sometimes thought that only the struggling farmer, middling poor and not provided with an automobile to take him to a large shopping centre, buys by mail. By no means. To be sure, the middle-class farmer is more dependent upon the catalogue than his better-to-do neighbor; but it is not the poor man who buys by mail a ready-built house, automobile accessories, individual electric-lighting plants, grand pianos, modern plumbing. In view of the fact that nearly half the population of the United States—48.1 per cent—live in communities of 2,500 or less, it is to be expected that the mail-order houses should draw their customers from every class of rural-dweller. The most thriving small-town store—in towns much larger than 2,500!—cannot carry a wide enough assortment of styles to satisfy the present-day rural demands. "We handle many things which you would not find even in the average city grocery," said the representative of one of the houses, and, by way of example, showed shelves of cans of imported caviare and truffles.

Recently city people have begun in large numbers to buy from the mail-order houses. The richest man in America, several university presidents, the president of a large railroad, are among the

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customers. New York City buys great quantities of goods by mail from Chicago.

Montgomery Ward & Co. and the National Cloak and Suit Co. maintain export departments. Among the patrons of Montgomery Ward & Co. are members of a number of royal families. The private secretary to His Highness the Shaik Saheb of Mangrol, Kathiawar, India, transmits for His Highness, on crested stationary, an order for various tools, aluminum ware, grist-mills, anvils, a hoof-trimmer, and some teapots. The secretary of Her Highness Fatima Siddika, Begum (Ruler) Saheba, Mandavar State, orders for Her Highness a mantel clock for $13, an eight-day clock for $6.25, and four curtains for $9. The secretary, in sending this order, adds: "I must not omit to mention that Her Highness Fatima Siddika is a daughter of your usual customer H. H. Shaik Saheb of Mangrol, and it is at his recommendation that Her Highness has been pleased to order the things from you."

A very different type of letter is the following, from the west coast of Africa!

"My dear Sirs:

"Oh! good morning. Will you please kindly four this six folding camp cots with my goods and send it urgent. I am very sorry to say that it is third I registered that first I see this again your catalogue; please you will find 10/. as postage please record his amount to first. I shall be expecting the goods already; send to me about the Motor and gun as soon; because I want it please I want to be as your agent here expect for discount 1/ on £1.

"I am sorry to say that I have close that first before I see this mantle; And I wish you to put it in the case for me; please send the goods already urgent;

"I remain,

Yours truly,

—— ——, Esq."

This letter, which appears to the uninitiate good cause for the calling in of Sherlock Holmes is entirely clear to the export department, after long years of experience in serving natives of the west coast of Africa.

Still another type of order came from a British chargé d'affaires, and included, among other things, white shoe-paste, two dozen pairs of white tennis shoe-laces, a polo coat, bath salts, etc., suggesting with some vividness the pleasures of foreign diplomacy. Many members of the consular and diplomatic corps are among the customers of Montgomery Ward.

A lively demand for goods from America has, of course, followed in the wake of the missionaries. From the Belgian Congo comes the order for cotton cloth to cover previously naked natives. There is a heavy traffic in Bibles. The export department tells the tale of one Bible, shipped to a man in West Africa, which started its journey on the first boat torpedoed during the war. It was picked up many weeks afterward, on the west coast of Ireland, badly soaked, but with the name "Montgomery Ward" just barely decipherable, and it is now cherished as a souvenir by this firm.

Church-bells, too, are in demand. One church-bell, going to northern India, travelled by boat to Bombay, then many miles by train, and finally by carriers to its destination. There, just as it was being hoisted to the steeple, the structure collapsed, the bell cracked, and a new bell had to be started on the same long journey.

Much of the goods going to the interior of China, India, and Africa, and indeed to many other countries, has to be specially packed for the journey. The backs of natives are almost as important a factor in transportation as steamers and trains; therefore goods going off the beaten track must be packed in crates to weigh not more than 100 pounds. Customers often request that rope handles be attached to the cases to facilitate carrying. The climate, too, must be taken into consideration. A large proportion of the cereals sent abroad are put up in one-pound tin boxes—the tin to exclude insects and moisture, the small size to prevent the goods from spoiling after the containers have been opened, and before the contents have been used up. The cost of packing such orders usually amounts to twenty per cent of the value of the goods. Of course the metric system is used in these foreign shipments. Some of the goods is sent by mail, and

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some countries have even a C. O. D. service.

The bulk of Montgomery Ward's annual three-million-dollar export business is in the more ordinary articles—groceries, house-furnishings, clothing, machinery, automobile tires, etc.—and the bulk of the customers are probably American and British citizens who depend upon the mail-order house to supply them with the things they are accustomed to using at home; their neighbors, who are stimulated to buy by the purchases of the foreigners among them, and native merchants, who patronize Montgomery Ward's wholesale branch. (One merchant buys about $25,000 worth of goods a year.) A wholesale catalogue is issued in English with Spanish and French supplements for the merchants and jobbing trade in foreign countries.

It is of interest to know that more business comes from China than from any other country. The next countries in order are: the Philippines, Mexico, Cuba, Peru, and Japan. Further, in regard to China, every order must be carefully censored to see that no goods shipped were manufactured in Japan. The Chinese are now boycotting Japanese goods, and apparently the foreigners living in China sympathize with the boycott.

To an American it seems strange that any one in China should order from America a cut-glass fruit-bowl, a gold-band dinner-set, and a crumb-tray. The order for an egg-beater and a waffle-iron, on the other hand, is quite comprehensible, and conjures up a pleasant picture of the deep content of the first Sunday-morning breakfast after the shipment arrives. An order for many pounds of goose-feathers piques the curiosity, and makes one wonder that any land could lack these impudent fowl. That some one in Japan should send to an American mail-order house for monogrammed bed-linen is also of interest, considering the high esteem in which we are accustomed to hold Japanese embroidery.

In view of the fickleness of foreign exchange, I inquired about the difficulties entailed in the money side of foreign transactions. These difficulties, it appears, are negligible. Gold drafts are customarily sent. The business in Africa was adversely affected by the fall of the British exchange rate, but the difficulty did not lie in the transmission of money. Very little business, at present, comes from Central Europe, although there are a number of active customers in Switzerland.

Thus, it is not only in America, but abroad, that the mail-order house has a firm foothold. Small-town merchants may feel aggrieved at being compelled to compete with the prices which three firms who sold $45,000,000, $100,000,000, and $259,000,000 worth of goods in 1919, respectively, can afford to offer; small-town youths may argue in high-school debating societies on the ethics of buying away from the home town (and the negative will always win); but mail-order buying has become a national habit, an American institution; so much so that a country Sunday-school teacher was amused but hardly surprised when, in answer to the question "Where did Moses get the Ten Commandments?" a youngster raised his hand and said brightly: "From Sears Roebuck."

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THE FIXED IDEA

By Roy Irving Murray

Illustrations by Howard V. Brown

AGATHA inclines to blame Fred Allen for everything, because it was Fred who first brought Reggie to the house to call. That was toward the end of June. Fred's introduction was perfectly good, naturally—I have known Fred Allen since he was in knickers, and Agatha has known him—well, not quite so long. Agatha is my sister.

Reggie, of course, took the lad's eye; he did that with everybody at first—witness even Agatha! The fact is, you couldn't see much else with Reggie in the offing. Within limits, no man can help his looks, and if Reggie's awareness of his profile had been a shade greater—or less—it would have ceased to be amusing. Besides, apart from his astonishing good looks, there was a spaciousness about him which charmed, an abandon in the drawing of his longest bows, a splendor of invention in the saga of his cosmopolitan adventures which made disbelief almost a crime in the face of such consummate art.

Of course it palled—more especially must it have palled on Agatha, to whom a good deal of it very soon came to be addressed. "That man," she brought out crisply, as the front door closed on Reggie's second call, "that man has too much ego in his cosmos." After which citation from her favorite *raconteur*, Agatha lapsed into weeks of puzzling silences.

What happened was mathematically inevitable—in a small society like ours, Reggie was bound to be conspicuous—the more so as an apparently complete lack of anything to do made him so socially available. Most of us in Woodhill—the men, at least—are busy; even I keep office hours of sorts, in town. But Reggie was that bonanza of suburban hostesses—a presentable youth detached. The result was that he cropped up continually. Wherever dinners were, or bridge, there was Reggie—a perfectly gotten-up certainty, animated by phonographic records of his own thrilling experiences. Nobody went behind his sudden appearance at Mrs. Mac's wholly respectable boarding-house in Olive Street; apparently nobody cared. He was, socially, a gift horse—nobody save, perhaps, for æsthetic reasons, examined his very even teeth.

Of course, eventually, there was talk; even Fred Allen began to sheer off finally. More than that, there came to be, in purely masculine society at any rate, a curious flattening away from the subject whenever Reggie Blaine's name rose to the surface of a conversation—I got to watching for that to happen in the smoker of the afternoon train out from town.

Whatever Agatha may have thought, at that period anyhow, she kept discreetly to herself. Meantime, even after it became apparent that she was being quite openly discussed, she continued more or less consistently at home to Reggie's thickening visitations. I began to fancy that there was something a shade personal in these conversational gaps in the smoking-car of the five-ten. Ed Jenkins, whom among others, I imagine, Agatha had refused the year before, even went so far as to hint, a trifle clumsily, that Reggie's background was, perhaps, just a thought vague.

"You know, Jim," he floundered—we were sitting in the club living-room late one Saturday afternoon—"he *is* coming it a bit strong. Of course, Agatha——"

"Yes," I cut in—it was pitiful to watch old Ed struggling—"of course."

Still, I worried. Anybody would, especially as the least discussion, apart from one of Agatha's introduction, might well have ended fatally. And Agatha consistently introduced nothing of the sort. Agatha has what Aunt Eunice, with the complacency of one similarly endowed, calls "the Russell hair." Neither of these ladies can wear pink. I have wished, occasionally, so far at least as Agatha is

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concerned, that it might have been otherwise. As it was, I was left to guess in silence at the significance of Agatha's oddly spaced reserves.

Meantime, Aunt Eunice, coming out from town to open "Ashcroft" for her regular Christmas house-party, was instantly submerged in waves of gossip.

"I'll have that man to dinner," she elected briskly—I was making my duty call on the afternoon of her arrival. "That's the first thing—you and Agatha and Mary Westerveldt and this—this latest indiscretion. Then we'll know better how we stand. You really ought to have written me, Jim. Yes,"—she snapped the clasp of her engagement book together—"on the 21st. Before my party comes. Eight o'clock—you tell Agatha. I'll ask Ed Jenkins, too—Ed's sensible. It can't be any of the Hartly Blaines," she ruminated, "can't be Addie's youngster—he's in college. Besides, none of 'em are blond"—whence I guessed at the particularity of her information.

It was during dinner that evening, as I was in the act of passing Aunt Eunice's invitation on to Agatha, that the floodgates lifted at last on Agatha's reserve. Even then, elevated as she became—it was an apotheosis of "the hair"—Agatha vouchsafed no information. Other than that, she made herself wholly clear—so much so that, later in the evening, I gave Aunt Eunice to understand privately, by telephone, that the dinner of the 21st would be purely a waste of food. It was too late; the invitations were already in the mail—promptness being a characteristic of my paternal aunt. "Besides," she said, "it will be interesting."

It was—at least, in retrospect.

That was the day—the 21st—that Chet, my seventeen-year-old brother, came home from boarding-school—furious at not being met. The fact is, we had forgotten Chester—ours is a casual *ménage*—I, quite frankly, and Agatha under a vague notion that Chet was to spend the holidays with the youngest Davenport in Boston. It developed that, on the contrary, the youngest Davenport was to spend the holidays with us; indeed he turned up informally at tea time, having lingered in the city to replenish an already extensive wardrobe.

The two of them dined that evening in the kitchen, Aunt Eunice manifesting no invitatory enthusiasm when informed of their arrival, and Agatha's new cook finding it a convenient arrangement. The cook's suitor dined there also—a circumstance which transpired during revelations next day at breakfast.

"Wouldn't have missed it for anything," the youngest Davenport commented pleasantly. "Name of Flynn"—with a retrospective chuckle—"a policeman."

"Flynn!" Agatha instantly gave tongue—"a *policeman?*"

"Don't howl," Chet brought out inelegantly, "he didn't eat much. There wasn't much." As a matter of fact, Agatha had forgotten to order dinner. "Besides, he's head and shoulders over that yellow wop of yours, Agatha." Chet, it seems, had assisted at Agatha's departure dinnerward. "That white hat he had on—zowie!—and with evening clothes! And, anyhow," Chet manœuvred brilliantly, "you ought to be glad to have a cop friendly in the kitchen—this town's a crooks' paradise. Why, it's even in the New England papers"—this obviously by way of diverting Agatha from cook's illicit hospitality—"all about old lady Hamilton's diamond cross. It's put this town on the map—four hauls last month, Flynn told us—it's a scandal." Evidently, in the stimulating society of the youngest son of the house, cook's friend had talked. "Why don't you guys shake a leg?"—this last to my address.

Oddly enough, Reggie had made a similar suggestion at Aunt Eunice's. The thing *was* making talk, as Chet intimated. Reggie's idea had involved a sort of volunteer patrol, the details of which he elaborated characteristically. It was indeed Reggie at his highest best.

Dinner that night threatened to be tempestuous. I had just finished dressing when Chet fumed into my room in a fog of incoherent rage. The boys had spent the morning skating; the only definite statement that Walter Davenport could ever be got to make was to the effect that they had lunched, somewhere, in a dog wagon. Afterward, they went to the club for billiards. There they encoun-

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The two of them dined that evening in the kitchen. . . . The cook's suitor dined there also.—Page 482.

tered Reggie. I gathered that the afternoon furnished a convincing enough commentary on whatever Chet may have heard at the rink. As I said before, Agatha *was* being discussed.

"Look here, Jim," he flung at me, "are you going to let Agatha pin a simp like that to the family tree?" Obviously, it had been a poor day's sport; there were actually tears in the boy's eyes—a tragedy at seventeen. "You ought to have heard the stuff he tried to pull this afternoon—just ask Walter!" It occurred to me suddenly that Chet was growing up; I remember presenting him with my best razor when I had finished what I had to say.

"Anyhow," he threw back from the doorway when it was over, "I'm going to spike that lizzie, you see if I don't!"

It was only when Reggie walked into the drawing-room shortly after dinner, that I remembered that Wednesday was one of his nights to call. Otherwise Chet would have been at the theatre, at my expense, and in the company of the youngest Davenport.

There was a slight tightness about Chet's mouth as Reggie came down the room; the youngest Davenport modulated deftly into the dominant and got up from the piano; the telephone was ringing—Agatha went into the hall to answer it. After all, the Realists are right—things happen so. It was the expression on Agatha's face, when she came back a

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little later, which supplied the note of artistic contrast.

"Aunt Eunice—" she began jerkily.

"What!" Chet exploded—Chet is not popular at Ashcroft—"is she *here?*"

"No." Agatha had lapsed into a chair. "She just telephoned. It's grandmother's pearls!"

"Grandmother's cat's pants!"—Chet's self-control had been oozing visibly. "Well," after a second's pause, "tell us—*tell* us!" he demanded.

"Why"—Agatha laughed, a little hysterically—"they're—they're gone, that's all. She can't find them."

"Gone!" echoed Reggie. "You don't mean to say they're——"

"Yes," she said weakly, "stolen."

"Why, last night——"

"Yes, I know," Agatha interrupted. "She says she put them away herself—after we left."

"*Some* haul!" gasped Chet, "some hau——"

"Enough to make it worth while, I imagine," Reggie cut in. "You don't see many finer strings. By George, Miss Agatha"—he sat down on the couch beside Walter Davenport—"that's coming pretty near home—what? It's just as I said last night—we've simply got to make a move, Russell."

"I suppose you mean"—Chet's voice was coldly polite—"I suppose you mean what Jim was telling us about this morning?"

"I do think"—Agatha had caught up her work-bag from the table and was knitting spasmodically—"that it's about time you men here in Woodhill did *something*."

"Because if it *is*," Chet vaulted determinedly over Agatha's remark, "you're likely to get the buttons stolen off your clothes looking for the man bright enough to crook anything off Aunt Eunice."

Personal antagonisms are curiously subtile. Reggie's eyes narrowed for a second. "Possibly"—the word labored with condescension. I could see Chet's jaw set; I caught myself wondering what would happen if the boy's restraint slipped another quarter-inch. The half-smile still lingered on Reggie's face, mocking, contemptuous. There was an oddly disconcerting pause.

"I should think," Walter Davenport leaned forward and picked up Agatha's ball of yarn—"I mean," he fumbled, turning toward Reggie, "like that story, you know. About the French doctor—the one you were telling at the club this afternoon."

It was as though he had moved a stalled engine from the dead centre; the conversation started instantly ahead.

"What story?" Agatha questioned. "Thanks, Walter—I'm always dropping it."

Reggie took a cigarette from the box Agatha was holding out. "May I? Why," he went on, "it wasn't much of a story. I wrote it up afterward, I remember, for one of the Paris scientific journals. The case was rather similar, only it was bank-notes that disappeared. In one of the smaller provincial towns. I was visiting an old friend of my father's—a doctor. Rather a clever fellow, too—a good deal interested in hypnotic suggestion—a good deal of a pioneer that way, in fact. There really isn't any story. Only"—he paused to drop the ash from his cigarette into a brass bowl on the table behind the couch—"it turned out that I had a little ability along that line. Never suspected it before, I must say! Between us, though, we caught the gentleman."

Agatha leaned forward curiously. "Yes," she said, "but how?"

"Why—well, it's a little complicated. You see," he went on, "under certain conditions, a person in hypnosis becomes—what is the word—clairvoyant. Not always, of course," he put in hastily; "in fact, I believe it's rather rare. We happened to work together, that's all. My friend acted as the subject."

"I always thought," Chet interposed smoothly, "that all that stuff was fake."

"Fake!" the youngest Davenport flung back at him. "Why, don't you remember old Horse Edmunds lecturing about it, last term, in psychology?"

"*That* boob!" spat Chet. "You'd soak up anything, Walter!"

"I read the whole thing up afterward," Walter went on calmly, "in encyclopædias and things—there's one of 'em up in my trunk now. I've got it all down pat: Threshold of Consciousness, Subliminal

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Self"—he ticked them off on his fingertips—"Fixed Idea. You plant it and it grows—like farming. Focus of Apperception—Motor Force of an Idea, tending to ultimate realization in unconscious functioning of the Personality, apart from Superliminal Direction——"

"Rave on, rave on!" jeered Chet. "Why don't you hire a hall?"

"All the same," Reggie's confident accents rounded Agatha's titter of amusement, "your friend, at least, seems to have some intelligent ideas."

"Meaning—?" Chet started nastily.

"Of course, Chet," Agatha hastened to cut in, "everybody knows that it *can* be done."

"Sure!" Chet agreed spitefully, "sure it can—they pay these hicks you see in vaudeville to come up on the stage and fake it. You're easy, Agatha!"

"One book said," it was the credulous Davenport again, "that a red circle came out on a man's arm three days afterward."

"Oh, yes," said Reggie easily, "a very common demonstration. Fixed Idea, it's called—you tell your subject to do a given thing at a given time—impress it on his subconscious mind, you see—and, when the time comes, he does it."

"Not knowing?" Agatha had put her knitting down.

"Not knowing consciously," Reggie amended.

"Just what I said—'apart from Superliminal Direction,'" Walter reiterated glibly.

"*All* right!" Chet's voice purred with satisfaction. "You'll have to do more than just talk about it, though, before *I* suck up any tosh like that." He stood up. "I'm from Missouri, I am—you'll have to show me!"

"Show you?" Reggie brought out lazily; it was the indulgent grown-up, humoring an interesting child.

"Yes—sure! You did it that time in France, you said"—there was just a tip of accent on the word. "Well, do it again, right here in the good old United States—do it to me. I'd like to *see* you, that's all—or anybody else."

"Well, of course—" Reggie deprecated.

"I thought so," Chet flung out, triumphantly—"nobody home but the baker, and he's loafing." He sat down, resignedly. "It's like these ghost-stories people tell; it's always an intimate friend who sees the headless lady, I notice!"

"What I started to say, if you'll allow me"—Reggie bowed ironically in the boy's direction—"was, that as a subject, you'd hardly do—at least, not in your present frame of mind."

"You mean," put in Walter Davenport, "he's out of sympathy—not receptive?"

"Receptive!" echoed Chet. "You're off your base there—I'm as receptive as a rent collector. You just try me."

"You're certainly rude enough, Chet." Agatha held her knitting to the light critically.

"Oh, come," laughed Reggie. "Look here, I'm perfectly willing to take you on, Chet. Only," he went on, "you'll have to promise me a square deal."

"I'll eat out of your hand if that's part of it. But don't horse me, will you—these are my Sunday clothes."

Reggie was dragging an armchair closer into the circle of lamplight. "There," he said, "sit down. No, don't cross your legs. Relax. Put your head back."

There was a gleam in Chet's eyes which seemed to belie his sudden blandness; the experiment was going to be interesting, obviously.

"The light hurts my eyes," he objected.

"Exactly—that's part of it. Look right at it. I'll have to take my coat off"—Reggie glanced inquiringly at Agatha; folded the coat across an arm of the couch. "Keep your eyes on that light—don't wink. Now then!"

I was conscious, for a moment, of wondering how best to put an end to the thing. The room went suddenly quiet, as though a noise had stopped; there was not even the click of Agatha's needles, her hands were folded over them in her lap; she was watching Reggie motionless behind the boy's chair. In a second the whole atmosphere—it happens so sometimes—had fused into unexpected seriousness. Reggie's long fingers moved twice across the boy's forehead; then they moved again. That was all. There was a flicker of the eyelashes—I could see

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quite plainly in the strong light—then, slowly, they fell. The thing was done perfectly. Reggie stepped back, looking at Agatha; Walter Davenport leaned forward, curiously.

"Be-*au*-ti-ful corpse, ain't he!" he whispered unctuously.

Not a quiver of the lips; the boy's straight features in the glare of the shaded lamp were absolutely expressionless—it was a marvel of self-control.

"Jingo!" Walter brought out, "I'd have sworn that he was faking it!"

I fancied, for a second, that I had caught, on Reggie's face, an expression of complete surprise. It faded instantly.

"Chet!"—it was Agatha. "Chet!" she called again peremptorily.

"No good"—Reggie was putting on his coat. "Complete hypnosis—never saw a better subject. He'll stay like that."

"Didn't he hear me—at all?" Agatha questioned wonderingly.

"No." Then: "Watch. Chet!" he said sharply. "Fold your arms! Now—you can't open them. Try!"

I could see the muscles lift under the jacket sleeves.

"Right!"

"Oh—I don't like it!" Agatha said nervously.

"Shall I waken him?" Reggie stepped back in front of the boy's chair.

"Oh—*yes!*" Agatha's hand went out protectingly, touched Chet's knee. "It's—it's too awful!"

"Could Chet do it now—I mean like the French doctor?"

The man shot a quick glance in Walter Davenport's direction at the question. "I don't know," he said, after just a perceptible hesitation. "Likely not—as I said, it's rare."

"You mean—about Aunt Eunice?" Agatha's voice lifted into sudden eagerness. Something in Reggie Blaine's face seemed to crystallize into resolution. He sat down on the wide arm of the chair.

"It won't hurt him?" Agatha asked anxiously.

Apparently he had not heard her; he was staring at the boy's shut eyes. "Chet!" The head turned a fraction toward him. "Tell me"—he spoke the words slowly, firmly—"tell me—what is it—the word in my mind? Say it!"

There was a second's pause; instinctively the three of us drew closer about the table. I felt Agatha's start of surprise as the set lips parted stiffly.

"Ashtree." There was a puzzled contraction of the brows, as of effort.

"Once more. Try!" Reggie said soothingly. The cleft in the boy's forehead deepened.

"Ashtree," he said again. Then suddenly: "Ashcroft!" An expression of pleased eagerness—of relief—seemed to flit across the face. "Round things," he brought out jerkily—"on a string. Beads!" It was uncanny. Agatha's fingers shut about the paper-cutter she was fingering, white at the knuckles; the air of the room seemed to snap with strained attention. "There's some one—with a white skating-cap——"

The man made a quick movement; there was a sharp exclamation—a book fell noisily to the floor as Walter Davenport's elbow jerked across the table. There was a sense of returning to the normal, a consciousness of relief.

Reggie laughed nervously. "I thought so!" He set the book back on the table.

"Faking?" It was Walter who put the question.

"Exactly." Reggie had gone back to the couch; he was fumbling for his handkerchief.

"You're sure?" Agatha brought out incredulously.

"Absolutely." He had the handkerchief and was wiping his forehead as he said the word. "What I meant was that Chinese jar"—he pointed to the corner where the thing stood. "Chet, of course, took a chance. Then I knew; I simply led him on afterward to see what— It *was* clever, though—the first part."

"Still," Agatha began, "you stopped him. I wish— Are you sure?" She seemed curiously insistent. "I mean to say, couldn't it have been something"—she searched for the word—"something, well, behind—deeper, if that means anything—something back—in your real mind—couldn't he have jumped, perhaps, to that? Besides," she went on, "he's still—still that same way. He hasn't—well, look at him!"

"Naturally!" Reggie's smile seemed a trifle strained. "I dare say he's wonder-

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ing now how to save his face. I'll show you."

He had half risen from his seat.

"No, wait, please." Agatha laid a hand on his coat sleeve. "Don't go to him."

The smile on the man's face went out; there was an odd expression in the narrowed eyes.

"Well?"

"You see," Agatha went on, almost argumentatively, "it was your stopping him just when—well, just at the point, you might say."

"You still think, then, it's genuine—I mean, that he's not shamming?" There was something obnoxious in the way he put the question.

"I'm sorry," Agatha said, "but I don't—know. You see—well—you *did* stop him."

"Of course, Chet'll deny everything," said Walter.

"Yes, Walter, that's just it—exactly!"

It occurred to me that Agatha was pushing it too far. Then suddenly it was as though, by some miracle of gesture, the fragments of the jig-saw puzzle there on the table had been clicked together into one coherent picture. Agatha had been quicker. I saw, now, what was in her mind. Across the table, under the lamplight, the boy's face, with its shut eyes, still held the mask of an utter impassivity. Suppose, after all, it *was* genuine unconsciousness—that the boy, by some weird clarity of vision, actually had looked into that other mind—the *real* mind, as Agatha had put it? Such things happened. Suppose the story of the French doctor was something other than a mere romance—that the man actually had been jeered into an awkwardly successful demonstration? Or, granting that the boy were shamming—why, then, as Agatha insisted, had he stopped him?

"Well?" with a keen glance at Agatha, oddly at variance with the bored politeness of the monosyllable.

"Of course, as it stands, there's just one way to put the kibosh on him now——"

"I know," Reggie rapped out sharply. "I thought of that."

"What do you mean, Walter?" Agatha's tone was steadily serious.

"Why," the boy explained, eagerly, "it's this way—isn't it? Either he *is* faking or—he isn't. If he is, he'll lie about it. *I* would—anybody would." He grinned reminiscently. "Go ahead and call his bluff, that's all you've got to do. Some of that posthypnotic stuff, you know"—he turned to Reggie—"pull some of that on him—something he wouldn't dare fake. You'll have to mix it pretty strong, though, or he'll bluff it through, somehow—I know Chet!"

"Yes," Agatha admitted. "That would settle it, I suppose; yes, I see that."

At that the man was on his feet; a new look of determination had wiped anything of tolerant amusement from his face. "I think"—there was an unpleasant edge in the level voice—"I think we can mix it strong enough, as you say—even for Miss Agatha." He was standing in front of Chet's chair. "Suppose," he went on, "we stick to the Ashcroft episode. That's uppermost, I fancy." He bent over the table for a moment; wrote something on a sheet of monogrammed paper that lay there. I knew, from Agatha's quick breath, that the shot had told. "Perhaps, then," he went on, "we can drop it." Then, suddenly, "Chet!" It was a command. The boy's eyelids quivered slightly; there was again that scarcely perceptible shifting of the head. The man glanced quickly at the clock on the mantel-shelf; turned again to the limp figure in the armchair, the folded paper in his hand. He looked intently into the white face.

"Chet." There was a deliberate distinctness in the slow words. "Listen! At ten o'clock, exactly, you will go to Hoyt's drug store." Then, after a second's pause: "There is a folded paper in the left-hand pocket of your coat. Hand that to a policeman—the first one you see."

Agatha's fingers shut convulsively into mine.

"Hoyt's corner," the incisive words came again. "Start at ten, exactly."

He spread the paper, open, on the table; it held a single neatly written line.

"Oh, no!" gasped Agatha. "You *can't*——"

Quick as light the man whirled. "Right!" he said sharply—"right, Chet—right!"

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The boy's eyes blinked for a second; he stood up stiffly. "Well," he brought out sheepishly, "it's on me, all right, I guess. What happened? Did I— What! twenty-five minutes past *nine?*" He stared incredulously at the clock.

"You needn't strain yourself," sneered Reggie; "the show's over."

Suddenly, somewhere in the distance, a door slammed. Then, from the hallway: "It's all right, Mary!"—it was Ed Jenkins's voice—"it's all right—they're still up! We dropped in," he explained—"that is, we *will* drop in, as soon as Mary Westerveldt finishes powdering her nose—for a hand-out. *She* suggested it. Nice little party!" as the two came down the room—"even Reggie Blaine. Even Chet. Hello, Chet! school's out, eh, and teacher's dead?" Ed's big laugh rolled out infectiously.

"You don't mean to say," Mary exclaimed, "that the party's over! Look, Ed—they've even let the fire go out! Chet"—she beckoned—"come here; I want to whisper."

There were the usual banalities of greeting; a shifting readjustment of chairs; Walter Davenport laid a log across the embers—fanned it into flame with a newspaper; Chet and Mary Westerveldt tittered for a moment over their whispered consultation—it was as though nothing unusual had been happening; the conversation sprang up instantly. I caught my name at the end of another burst of Ed Jenkins's laughter.

"—Tough luck, though, Jim, about your aunt," he was saying. "You heard, I suppose, Reggie? What's she done about it—anything?"

"Oh, yes, I heard." Reggie looked across at Agatha. "We've been discussing it."

"They were yours, weren't they, Agatha—the pearls? Or would have been" —Mary drew her chair nearer the fire— "at least, I understood that. I do wish Chet would hurry!" she ended inconsequently.

"Hurry?" echoed Agatha—"Chet? Hurry *where?*"

"Why back, my dear, back! I sent him to raid the ice-box."

"Jingo! You don't suppose—" Walter Davenport left the sentence dangling.

"I said"—it was Reggie, instantly aware of what lay behind the question—"at ten o'clock."

"I wouldn't mind your all going suddenly insane," observed Mary primly, "if I had food before me. As it is——"

"That clock," cut in Agatha, "is twenty-five minutes slow."

"I thought they looked queer when we came in, Mary," Ed brought out in a loud aside. "As a matter of fact, though, Agatha, you're perfectly correct about that clock." Ed's watch snapped shut. "It's just ten-eight."

"When in doubt about the time, telephone," Mary rattled glibly. "Sounds like the three thousand thistles in Theophilus's thumb, doesn't it?" Then—"*I'm* going after Chet."

There was a stir of movement in the doorway. It all happened quickly—a start of confused surprise—the sound of a chair overturned. Something died out of the face I had been watching.

"Now, then"—it was Chet's voice; some one followed closely behind him into the lamp-lit circle—a tall man in a patrolman's uniform—"I'll take that paper you mentioned, Mr. Blaine. You see," he went on quietly, "it seems you forgot to put it in my pocket, after all."

For a moment no one stirred. The color was coming back into Reggie Blaine's face. He stepped forward suddenly; laid something white on the table. He was smiling.

"Is that it, Agatha?" Chet asked abruptly. "Read what it says."

Agatha reached out; picked up the folded paper. Then, in a wooden voice, she read slowly: "'The person who robbed Ashcroft last night is Reginald Oakes Blaine.'"

"Remember, young fellow"—it was the officer—"anything you say may be used against you."

Reggie smiled again brilliantly. "In that case," he bowed ironically to Agatha, "I think I'll just say—good night."

"Of course"—we were talking it over afterward—"when I found Flynn in the kitchen I knew I could get away with it. You see," Chet explained to Mary Westerveldt, "*I* didn't know what was on the paper."

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"What gets me"—it was Ed Jenkins—"is his writing it at all."

"Why, it was simply to convince Agatha. He didn't know, even then, whether I was faking. You see, if I wasn't"—Chet's grammar yielded to his excitement—"nothing would have come of it—even if I *had* gone to Hoyt's afterward. He'd kept the paper, you see. And if I was faking—why, he'd banked on my not having nerve enough to flash the paper anyhow—granting he'd been caught juggling it and been obliged to put it in my pocket after all."

Agatha . . . picked up the folded paper. Then . . . she read slowly: "'The person who robbed Ashcroft last night is . . . .'"—Page 488.

"He certainly was quick," said Agatha.

"Yes," Ed said; "they have to be!"

"Besides," Chet went on, "Agatha had him nailed anyhow—and he knew it. If he'd only let me burble on about Ashcroft—but *he* thought, the conceited idiot, that he actually had put me to sleep, or whatever you call it."

"I see, of course," Mary put in, "that he had to do *something*. But why"—she laid a finger on the paper—"why *that* exactly?"

"Listen," Walter Davenport called out excitedly, "here it is!" He brought the book he had been fumbling closer to the light. "Listen," he said again. "I told you I had it up in my trunk. Here: 'The dominating or fixed idea tends therefore'—no, wait a second—yes, it's here—'the dominating or fixed idea tends, there-

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fore, to determine the functioning of the personality as a whole, especially'— just listen to this—'especially in moments of emotional or moral crisis. This holds true even in contradiction to the strongest instincts, as, for example, that of self-preservation.' There you are—that's it—fixed idea. Like a man jumping off something high, it goes on to say—he can't help it. There's a lot more about criminal detection. You see, we'd been talking about the Ashcroft business; it was in his mind all the time anyhow, of course—'guilt-consciousness' the book calls it. That's what spilled him, really, when you come to look into it. I told you"—he shut the book—"I told you I was educated. The thing that *does* stick me, though, is why Chet didn't laugh!"

A GREEK SONG

By Clinton Scollard

WHEN Spring sweeps over Zante
In such enchanting wise,
And o'er the Ægean the empyrean
Is blue as Daphne's eyes,
When nightingales their pæan
Lift in the ilex groves,
In their green alleys my footstep dallies,
For there sweet Daphne roves!

When Summer broods o'er Zante,
And all the waters wear,
When twilight's falling, a hue enthralling
As dusk as Daphne's hair,
When boatmen cease their calling
Across the drowsing tides,
No oars lifting, I dream a-drifting,
For there sweet Daphne bides!

When Autumn throws o'er Zante
Its rose-and-gold eclipse,
And the round pomegranate, if you but scan it,
Is red as Daphne's lips,
When clear the noon-day planet
Beams on ripe vineyard ways,
I pluck the lustre of the plump cluster,
For there sweet Daphne strays!

When Winter over Zante
Swirls with its icy dart,
And fagots glowing, though blasts be blowing,
Are warm as Daphne's heart,
When, to the zither flowing,
The low hearth song beguiles,
Content I hearken till daylight darken,
For there sweet Daphne smiles!

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PLAY-ACTING

By Annette Esty

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

THE two stood on the uneven bricks of the herring-boned walk, looking up at the sagging lines of the gray-weathered cottage. The quaintness of the little dwelling had tucked itself into the teacher's heart. Never had lover more eagerly desired his bride than she this particular small shelter where, she felt, æsthetic longings and a State pension could live reconciled.

"There isn't the least chance in the world that she'll sell, is there?" she asked the real-estate agent.

A cynical gleam flickered across the shrewd eyes of the old man.

"Not if she can help it," he answered with a shrug of his bent shoulders; "and not without lashin' herself up first into one o' her furies, 's if she was deedin' away her grandmother."

"Aurelia Burdett," repeated the teacher softly, "I'd like to see you, I wish you'd show yourself."

"Old man's name was Burdett," interpolated the agent; "she's been married twice; she's Mrs. Aurelia B. Crance."

"Old, you say, and lived here all her life—then there's really no hope that I can get the place?"

"Mortgaged to the limit . . . she's awful put to it to pay her bills. Leave it to me, marm; if anybody can push the deal through, guess I can, though Aurely's one woman to handle."

For three days the teacher had yearned impatiently, forced to wait before seeing the inside of the cottage. Her first glimpse of the exterior had been coincident with the death of its owner, old Mr. Burdett.

The funeral was held on the previous day and this morning the land agent and, I might say, verbal historian of the village had, with great difficulty, persuaded Burdett's daughter to let him show the inside of the house and its furnishings with view to a possible sale. One reservation had been emphatic: he was told to understand fully that Mrs. Crance, in the retirement of deep sorrow, would on no account suffer intrusion or be interviewed. The hall chamber, over the front door, was reserved for her occupancy during their inspection of the rest of the house. The agent was to be the sole means of communication between the two women; nothing was left to the discretion of fine feeling; barriers to intercourse were sufficiently obtruded to kindle curiosity.

From top to bottom the old cottage was fascinatingly unspoiled. No bath-tub, no telephone! In the ground-floor rooms, stiff furniture of former days was set out with charm in its placing, touches of a deft hand showed in the light on a picture or a brightly colored bowl; but in the corners and around the edges of the rooms lay disorder. Prettily arranged pewter and china were covered with dust, cupboards bulged with unsightly accumulations. Up the steep stairway, curving before the massive central chimney, were slim, carved columns of beds and mirrors looking down in amazed precision on ill-smoothed covers and littered dresser-tops. The teacher's neat fingers itched to restore their heritage of primness; also she felt an increasing interest in their eccentric possessor.

"The old lady can't be deeply crushed by her father's death—you say he was over ninety," she said to the agent as, their inspection finished, they stepped onto the brick walk while he shut the heavy front door behind them.

"Crushed?" he sneered, looking up at the closed and curtained dormer-window directly over their heads. "Aurely's about as much crushed as a stone-crusher'd be if you threw a pebble at it. She's just up thar havin' an orgy o' feelin's, Aurely is. Been her life's di-version. . . . Never had no feelin's, but playin' they're

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hurtin' her 's kep' her pretty busy . . . like gittin' drunk on milk."

"I don't care, it'll certainly be hard on Mrs. Crance if she has to sell her home." True sympathy sounded in the teacher's voice.

"Wouldn't have to if she'd taken the least bit of care. Old Burdett had enough—she's run through it like a sow suckin' swill."

"Didn't her husband leave her anything?"

"Leave?" retorted the agent, raising his voice so imprudently that his companion glanced uneasily toward the closed window above them where it almost seemed as if the curtains stirred.

"Leave!" he repeated, unheeding a gesture of warning. "He left her . . . her . . . Aurely . . . got out . . . departed . . . three months after the weddin'. Jim Crance was awful set but he warn't no fool. Aurely's father was plain as a pie, a sensible man . . . guess her mother was some different . . . he got her out from the city 'fore I can remember. Never heard much about her . . . she had black eyes, hard black eyes. She died producin' Aurely . . . accomplished a heap o' uncomfortableness by that! Aurely with her flashy looks and her God Almighty grand ways! I never had much trouble seein' through her. An artistic temperament! All right in a zoo, but it don't settle down well fer a domestic pet.

"'What's the use o' puttin' your finger in front o' the buzz-saw?' I use to say to Jim. 'Keep away from Aurely!'

"The Crances was always straight-minded people, stupid in everything but business. Jim never seemed to see round Aurely's curves . . . so dazzled by the light she kep' flashin' in his eyes he didn't feel the burn . . . said he never had and never would look at another woman. Jim was a good fella and, knowin' the Crance tribe like I do, I shouldn't wonder, if he's alive to-day, if he's keepin' his vow to the grave."

"Mr. Crance still alive!" exclaimed the teacher.

"Don't nobody round here really know. The very day after they was married they came back to this house. Aurely's goin' had left old Burdett alone. Any one, blind in the front of his head as in his back hair, could of seen trouble risin' from the soft pussiness Aurely was ladlin' out at that time to her pa; refused a weddin' trip in order not to leave him more'n one night alone. She advertised the matter so well I felt suspicious soon's I heard the syrupy stuff she was smearin' round, but I didn't see clean through her game till three months later . . . and Jim, poor Jim, you couldn't make clear Aurely's ways to him with the goodness and wisdom o' heaven unrolled!

"Old Burdett warn't more'n fifty when Jim married his daughter . . . had a slight shock . . . knocked him out o' business . . . sorta shaken and simple.

"Aurely didn't need her father to support her now she was married. Her fastidious tastes was continually ground upon by the old man. He couldn't do much but set round the house chewin', and scratchin'. Aurely was finicky; she hadn't an inch o' conscience or affection fer her pa . . . thought out her little play-game, clever as Mr. Shakespeare, only not quite so smart at controllin' the endin'. She built her stage on sweetiness over givin' up the honeymoon to care fer father. At first Jim thought the handsomeness o' his wife was only veneer over the loveliness bustin' within.

"She got her scene laid, like a thee-ater . . . waited till about three months after the weddin' when one day Jim, feelin' good and not overtried at the moment by the lady of his choice, turned some little innocent joke on his new father-in-law while they was at dinner. Aurely heard her cue and rose, pale with fury (only person I ever see could go white when she wanted to 'thout usin' cornstarch).

"'Begone!' she yelled at Jim, settin' with his mouth open fer the next forkful, 'go from this house! My father is my first care, even my husband shall not come between me and my duty!' . . . then a whole lot more o' flimsy stuff Jim repeated to me afterward in my office.

"Jim, old blunderer, literal to the limit, a little frayed by this time with the jerkiness of Aurely's ways, got up from table, his face flushed purple, but more grieved than angry, an innocent heart misunderstood. Right out o' this house he walked then and thar.

"Aurely had her wind knocked out . . .

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Drawn by W. M. Berger.

"Mortgaged to the limit . . . she's awful put to it to pay her bills."—Page 491.

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he failed to play up to his part. Expected him to rush in rage from the front door all right, but thought he'd have sense enough to sneak in by the back door when his anger'd cooled.

"Well, Jim didn't . . . no, marm, he didn't! Terribly shaken . . . couldn't understand the game. Natural he should come to me fer sympathy . . . and he got it!

"'What shall I do now?' he asked. 'Does my wife really want me to go?' His bewilderment over Aurely's ways was pitiful.

"You bet I didn't urge him none to stay after I heard his story. In fact (it's never galled my conscience neither) I speeded him on his way. 'Jim,' I says, 'leave and leave quick. That's what Aurely wants . . . no other road open to ye!' He put his business affairs in my hands . . . they was in the absolutest order . . . said he was leavin' town.

"The truth? I kep' it from him as you'd hide the revolver your closest friend was tryin' to commit suicide with. Aurely was in love with Jim all right, only she was a heap more in love with Aurely and in gittin' her own way. I see her little game plain enough even if I didn't think best to try and disclose it to Jim. She was tired o' keepin' house fer her old pa, wanted to live with Jim alone. Nicer and easier to leave a dependent parent because your husband forces you to, than to just plain desert him through selfishness. She planned to give out her husband and father couldn't get on together, then she and Jim could move to a new home and hire a caretaker fer the old man. You see, what Aurely wanted wasn't so bad, but she went about gittin' it crookeder than a cat walks through a door.

"I didn't pause to do none o' this explaining o' Aurely to Jim, just urged him to make his getaway. Never even hinted Aurely'd been in my office only the day before askin' when one o' those new flats in the Brink Building'd be ready fer occupancy. Took fer granted he'd have to go and stay . . . that was what Aurely'd want of him. Course I was young . . . can't say I'd have the courage now to take another man's happiness in my hands as I did then, but I can't say I've ever regretted so doin'. After all, it wouldn't of done any good to of tried to explain things to a Crance. Might as well of put an old rubber boot before his eyes and told him to see through it clear and rosy as a church window.

"Jim Crance took my advice . . . went out o' town that day . . . never been seen here since. He made me promise to telegraph him if old Burdett died, said he'd come back then and see if Aurelia wanted him. He and everybody else thought Burdett warn't long fer this world. That was forty-five years ago. The old man was buried yesterday. I telegraphed Jim, not knowin' whether he's alive or dead, haven't had no answer. If Aurely'd found out I had his address all these years, she'd never left me quiet s'long's a minute. It ain't likely . . . but if he's livin' now, I guess Jim Crance, havin' fer forty-odd years enjoyed the peace I helped him secure, ain't cravin' Aurely's cantankerousness at the grave's edge."

"She's lived here with only her uncouth father all these years?" questioned the teacher.

"Had to . . . no other explanation to give out fer Jim's going off but he and her father couldn't git along. After statin' she was a martyr, torn between 'em, she couldn't very well go away and leave her old pa and hope to save her face. Had to keep right on playin' her part o' tender and outraged child, like the heroine of a play if the hero skipped from the wing and never answered his cue. She's been pretty busy tryin' to deceive everybody includin' herself. Probably she's expected Jim back each hour for forty-five years. Perhaps the suspense has been wearin'. Guess the lifelong job o' carin' fer her dirty old pa's borne pretty heavy on the lady. But she's had a great time pityin' herself, and the old man, lucky, was too simple to realize that this house warn't no bower o' bliss. But I'll tell ye, marm, I can't help continually wondering if old Jim's had a peaceful life."

"In spite of what you say, I am afraid Mrs. Crance will refuse to sell her home. Old people hate to move, even from uncomfortable memories," said his listener. "The house must be stacked with

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"'Begone!' she yelled at Jim, settin' with his mouth open."—Page 492.

old yearnings and broken desires . . . haunted with regrets." Her eyes strayed to where above the carved, ancient doorway two crimson ramblers met. "Yes," she continued, "all you need is to be told the place is haunted to find it irresistible!"

"Haunted!" echoed a deep, grating voice from over their heads, while as if to a magic opening word the small casement windows of the central dormer sprang apart. Dark curtains were drawn slowly aside and the head and shoulders of an old woman thrust themselves into view, scarcely ten feet above where the agent and his client were standing.

The school-teacher retreated a quick step, aghast. One word of the conversation so easily overheard! Oh, dear! Then the window, left slightly ajar, must have admitted the entire tale of the garrulous old man to Aurelia's listening ears. From her sedulously guarded privacy she had witnessed the unfolding of her own soul like soiled linen in the front yard.

Aurelia leaned her head and the upper part of her body far out of the window, as a minister looks down on a startled congregation, above her snowy and abundant hair her shrivelled arms upraised like Barbara Frietchie. From out her white face, sharp black eyes glowed under heavy brows. The selfish droop of puffy lids and deep lines of unhappiness scarred the handsome old face. A knitted red jacket pulled tightly across the sagging of her unused breasts.

"Haunted?" she screamed like a fanatic whose explosive temper suddenly ignites. "Haunted . . . by murdered soul. No drip of blood . . . no drip of

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blood, but the seeping away of love, has left the stain! Not groans from an insensible body . . . the tortures of a dying spirit, the tortures of a dying spirit, shall wail eternally through these rooms!"

With this Aurelia lowered her arms and drew in her head. The woman standing below watched the slowly closing casements, fascinated, hypnotized, her nerves, always good emotional conductors, vibrating with feeling, tingling to the call of that dramatic voice.

The banging to of the sashes, like the orchestra's crash at the end of a well-acted tragedy, cut sharply through the thread of her finely aroused emotions. She turned to the old land agent. His eyes were fixed shamefacedly upon the ground, yet his dejection seemed not so much from disgrace at being caught loosening his gossip in too public a place as from masculine objection to witnessing prodigality of emotion.

"She's a hot cup o' tea!" he muttered, turning without raising his eyes and shuffling away.

His progress was interrupted by a large limousine which stopped, at that moment, by the gate at the end of the short brick walk. The chauffeur jumped down, opened the door, and helped out an elderly gentleman who was alone inside. The man's brisk step showed him little in need of aid. Erect, handsomely dressed, he bowed slightly as he passed the two, without looking at them. His face, round, healthy, unimaginative, expressed a character that fulfilled its destiny calmly, finding life neither difficult nor obscure.

He went up to the cottage, entered immediately after knocking, and abruptly closed behind him the squeaking old green door.

At sight of this man the agent's face, above his short grizzled beard, flushed crimson; his bent legs quivered in their unpressed pants.

"Jim!" he whispered; "Jim Crance, if I'm still breathin'!"

The teacher started inquiringly toward the liveried chauffeur who strolled up and down before the car, but her unspoken question was quietly answered by the monogram, "J. C.," that gleamed within a small gold circle on the shiny dark-blue paint of the automobile door.

"Will it mean . . . will it mean I can buy the cottage?" she asked the agent excitedly, after he had pulled himself from his surprise and was walking away by her side.

"Jim!" he was chuckling with every sucking in or hissing out of his astonished breath; "Jim, Jim Crance . . . pust-up quite a bit after all these years, but cool and happy-lookin'!" Then. . . . "Yes marm, yes marm," he replied to the teacher's impatience. "Don't look like there was an atom o' chance Jim Crance 'll want the place. And Aurely. . . . Lord, I know Aurely! . . . she'll be willin' to sell even her stage-settin's for a chance to ride off in that parlor car drove by that costumed monkey! I'll be helpin' you move in to-morrow, marm."

"I hope so. . . . Oh! I hope so!" exclaimed his companion. Then she paused, unwilling to let the old interloper take hold too officiously upon *her* plans. "You're always so sure just how Mrs. Crance will feel," she said. "Are you really so intimate with her that you can always guess exactly what she'll do?"

"Intimate?" he said, ignoring the sarcasm. "Well, yes, you might say I was intimate enough with her once to know her tastes pretty well. You see, marm," said the land agent, turning to the teacher, "I was Aurely's husband for a year or so, 'fore she divorced me to marry Jim Crance."

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THACKERAY AND THE THEATRE

By Brander Matthews

IN the never-ending comparisons and contrasts between Thackeray and Dickens—which show no sign of abating even now when the younger of the two has been dead for half a century—one striking difference between them has often been dwelt upon—Dickens was incessantly theatrical, in his dress, in his novels, in his readings, whereas Thackeray shrank from all theatricality, in his own apparel, in his fiction, and in his lecturing. Dickens delighted in reading the most dramatic passages from his novels, actually impersonating the characters, and adjusting the lighting of his reading-desk so as to enable his hearers to see his swiftly changing expression. Thackeray's lectures were narratives enhanced in interest by anecdote and by criticism; he read them simply, seeking no surcharged effects; and he disliked his task. As he wrote to an American friend: "I shall go on my way like an old mountebank; I get more and more ashamed of my nostrums daily."

The author of "Vanity Fair" might in his preface feign that he was only a showman in a booth, and he might talk of "putting the puppets away"; but as Austin Dobson phrased it aptly in his centenary tribute:

> "These are no puppets, smartly dresst,
> But jerked by strings too manifest;
> No dummies wearing surface skin
> Without organic frame within;
> Nor do they deal in words and looks
> Found only in the story-books.
> No! For these beings use their brains,
> Have pulse and vigor in their veins;
> They move, they act, they take and give
> E'en as the master wills; they *live*—
> Live to the limit of their scope,
> Their anger, pleasure, terror, hope."

His stories are never puppet-plays and they never have the concentrated color which the theatre demands. This was not because he was not a constant playgoer, enjoying the drama in all its manifestations. Although he had no close intimacy with actor folk, such as Dickens had with Macready and later with Fechter, he was for years meeting at the weekly *Punch* dinners, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, and Tom Taylor, all of them playwrights by profession.

Nor were his novels influenced in any marked degree by the dramatists, since it was not the plays of Cervantes and Fielding and Balzac that attracted him, but their richer and more varied works of fiction. On the other hand, the novels of Dickens reveal the impress made upon him by the melodramas and by the farces which had a fleeting vogue in his early manhood; he relished the boldly melodramatic and he revelled in the broadly farcical. More especially was Dickens under the domination of Ben Jonson, whose plays were still occasionally seen on the stage when Dickens was young and impressionable. It might almost be said that Dickens transferred the method of the Comedy of Humors from the play to the novel; and it is significant that when he made his first appearance as an amateur it was to assume the superbly caricatural character of Captain Bobadil. It is perhaps because of Dickens's theatricality that he exerted a deep and wide influence upon the British playwrights from 1840 to 1870, whereas it was not until Robertson began in 1865 to deal more simply with life than any British playwright allowed himself to do, that the English writers of comedy began to profit by Thackeray's less highly colored portrayals of men and manners.

Yet Thackeray's enjoyment of the theatre was not less than Dickens's. His biographer, Mr. Lewis Melville, has recorded that Thackeray once asked a friend if he loved "the play," and when he received the qualified answer, "Ye-es, I like a good play," he retorted, "Oh, get out! You don't even understand what I mean!" Almost his first published effort as a draftsman is a series of sketches of a ballet, "Flore et Zéphire"; and toward the end of his life in 1858, he presided at the annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund.

In his days of arduous hack-work he

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wrote half a dozen papers on the French stage. One of these essays was entitled "Dickens in France"; and in this he described with abundant gusto the gross absurdities of a Parisian perversion of "Nicholas Nickleby," produced at the Ambigu. Another is called "English History and Character on the French Stage"; and in this he has an easy task to show up the wilful disregard of veracity which taints the ingenious "Verre d'Eau" of Scribe. This essay is an admirable example of honest dramatic criticism, searching, even scorching, but not unfair and not unkind. He put his finger on the fact, pointing out that Scribe, unexcelled as a weaver of pretty little plots, lacked the sincerity and the amplitude which the loftier kind of comedy demands.

A third paper is devoted to "French Dramas and Melodramas"; and in this he begins by an unfortunate prediction, that French tragedy, the classic plays of Corneille and Racine, "in which half a dozen characters appear and spout sonorous alexandrines," was dead or dying, and that Rachel was trying in vain to revive tragedy and "to untomb Racine; but do not be alarmed, Racine will never come to life again, and cause audiences to weep as of yore. Madam Rachel can only galvanize the corpse, not revivify it. Ancient French tragedy, red-heeled, patched and beperiwigged, lies in its grave; and it is only the ghost of it that we see, which the fair Jewess has raised." Here Thackeray revealed his insularity, his inability to "penetrate French literature by an interior line." Red-heeled, patched and beperiwigged as French tragedy may be, and as it undoubtedly is in some of its aspects, it is not dead even now, more than three-quarters of a century since Thackeray preached this funeral sermon, nor is it dying. After the fiery fervor of the Romanticist revolt it may have needed the genius of Rachel to bring it back to favor; but to-day it is kept alive by the more modest talent of Bartet.

II

Before he was of age Dickens had thought seriously of becoming an actor; and he even went so far as to apply to a manager for an engagement. Not long after he wrote a farce or two; and he was responsible for the book of a little ballad-opera. Late in his career he collaborated with Wilkie Collins in writing "No Thoroughfare," an effective melodrama, compounded specifically for Charles Fechter, who acted it successfully, first in London in English and then in Paris in French (under the title of "L'Abime"). In Dickens's letters we are told of the trouble he took in getting all the details of stage-management arranged to his satisfaction. From this correspondence it is evident enough that he found these labors most congenial and that he did not doubt his possession of the intuitive qualities of the play-producer, so distinct from those of the artist in pure narrative.

Thackeray also made one or two juvenile attempts at the dramatic form. Perhaps it is safer to say that these early efforts were dramatic only in form, in their being wholly in dialogue; and there is little reason to suppose that he endeavored to have them acted. In 1840, the year in which the "Paris Sketch Book" was published, there was produced in Paris a melodrama called "L'Abbaye de Penmarque" and founded upon Southey's "Mary, the Maid of the Inn." Its authors were announced as MM. Tournemine and Thackeray; and an American translator fearlessly ascribed it to the author of the "Paris Sketch Book," finding possible justification in the catalogue of the British Museum and in the early edition of Shepard's bibliography. The ascription was erroneous; and the "nautical melodrama" (as the translator termed it) seems to have been written by a distant kinsman of the novelist otherwise unknown to fame. The explanation recalls that given by an Irish critic, who solved his doubts as to another case of disputed authorship by the opinion that "Shakspere's plays were not written by Shakspere himself, but by another man of the same name."

Once and once only did Thackeray make a serious effort to appear before the public as a playwright. In 1854, after he had established his fame by "Vanity Fair" and consolidated it by "Pendennis" and the "Newcomes," he composed a comedy in two acts, "The Wolves and the Lamb." He proffered the play to two managers in turn, Buckstone of the Hay-

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market Theatre, and then to Alfred Wigan of the Olympic. They declined it, one after the other; and apparently Thackeray made no further effort to have it produced. In 1860 he utilized the plot of his play in a story "Lovel the Widower," which was never one of his attractive novels, perhaps because it was more or less deprived of spontaneity by its enforced reliance upon a plot put together for another purpose.

When he moved into his own home in Kensington in 1862, only a few months before his untimely death, he arranged an amateur performance of "The Wolves and the Lamb" as a special attraction for his housewarming. He did not undertake any part in his own play; but he appeared in the character of Bonnington just before the final fall of the curtain, and spoke a rhymed epilogue, by way of salutation to his guests:

"Our drama ends;
Our Landlord gives a greeting to his friends;
Some rich, some poor, some doubtful, some sincere,
Some tried and loved for many a faithful year.
He looks around and bids all welcome here.
And as we players unanimously say
A little speech should end a little play;
Through me he tells the friendliest of pits
He built this story with his little wits;
These built the house from garret down to hall;
These paid the bills,—at least, paid nearly all.
. . . . . .
And though it seems quite large enough already,
I here declare the Landlord's purpose steady
Before the novel-writing days are o'er
To raise in this very house one or two stories more."

As we recall the pitiful penury of the English drama in the mid-years of the nineteenth century, when the stage relied largely upon misleading adaptations of French plays, we may wonder why Buckstone and Wigan were inhospitable to "The Wolves and the Lamb." It is true that Thackeray's little piece was slight in story, devoid of novel situations, obvious in its humor, simple in its character delineation, and traditional in its methods. But both Buckstone and Wigan were willing enough at that time to risk their money on mounting other plays by authors of less authority, plays which were quite as superficial and as artificial as this. Perhaps the two managers were moved to decline it, partly because they were disappointed in that it had none of the captivating characteristics of Thackeray's major fictions. So few of these qualities did the play possess that if it had been published anonymously it might have been attributed to some unknown imitator of Thackeray, never to Thackeray himself. It revealed more of his mannerisms than of his merits.

Obviously he did not take his little comedy very seriously; he did not put his back into his work; he was content to write no better than his contemporary competitors in comedy and without their experience and their knack. It is difficult to deny that in the "Wolves and the Lamb" most of the characters are only puppets; and that therefore Thackeray was for once well advised to put them away. The real hero of the play, it may be amusing to remark, is John, the butler, who has a soul above his station and who is a sketchy anticipation of Barrie's Admirable Crichton.

Setting aside this single attempt at play making and attempting to estimate Thackeray's potentiality as a playwright, we cannot help feeling that he lacks the swift concision, the immitigable compression, imposed on the dramatist by the limitation of the traffic of the stage to two hours. Also he rarely reveals his possession of the architectonic quality, the logical and inevitable structure, which is requisite in the compacting of a plot and in the co-ordination of effective incidents. Not often in his novels does he rise to the handling of the great passionate crises of existence, which, so Stevenson tells us, are the stuff out of which the serious drama is made. He is so little theatrical that he is only infrequently dramatic, in the ordinary sense of the word. He prefers the sympathetic portrayal of our common humanity in its moments of leisurely self-revelation.

Finally, if Thackeray had made himself a dramatist, by dint of determination, he would have lost as an artist more than he gained, since he would have had perforce to forego the interpretative comment in which his narrative is perpetually bathed. In his unfolding of plot and his presentation of character, Thackeray could act as his own chorus, his own expositor, his own *raisonneur* (to borrow the

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French term for the character introduced into a play not for its own sake but to serve as the mouthpiece of its author). "Thackeray," so Mr. Brownell has asserted in his sympathetic study, "enwraps and embroiders his story with his personal philosophy, charges it with his personal feeling, draws out with inexhaustible personal zest its typical suggestiveness, and deals with his material directly instead of dispassionately and disinterestedly." This is a privilege implacably denied to the playwright—even if he has abundant compensation in other ways. As Mr. Brownell also reminds us, the novel is "a picture of life, but a picture that not only portrays but shows the significance of its subject; its form is particularly, uniquely elastic, and it possesses epic advantages which it would fruitlessly forego in conforming itself to purely dramatic canons."

III

DICKENS'S novels were both theatrical and dramatic; they were influenced by the melodramas and farces of his youth, as has already been noted; and it was natural that they should tempt adapters to dramatize them. They abounded in robustly drawn characters, often verging into caricatures; and therefore they appealed to the actor. They had episodes of violence certain to prove attractive to the public which liked to be powerfully moved and which had little delicacy as to the passions portrayed. Dickens's sprawling serials were too straggling in story ever to make it possible to compress them into a solidly built framework of plot; but it was not difficult to disentangle a succession of situations sufficient to make an effective panorama of action, peopled with familiar figures. And of these there have been an unnumbered host.

If Thackeray's novels lend themselves less temptingly to this paste-and-scissors method of the dramatizer, they had an immediate vogue and an enduring reputation, which have allured a heterogeny of dramatizers, most of whom have confined their exertion to the singling out of a salient character and to the presentation in a play of the more important situations in which this captivating personality is involved, utilizing the other figures and the other episodes only in so far as these might be necessary to set off the chosen hero or heroine. Naturally enough it is upon "Vanity Fair" that they have laid hands most assiduously. The final monthly part of the original publication had scarcely been issued when John Brougham ventured upon a stage version of it, which he produced at Burton's Theatre in New York in 1849.

This was an attempt to dramatize the novel as a whole, although necessarily Becky Sharp held the centre of the stage. There was a revival of Brougham's adaptation a few years later; there was another attempt by George Fawcett Rowe; and then in 1893 Sir James Barrie made a one-act playlet out of the last glimpse of Becky that Thackeray affords us, when she and Jos. Sedley, Amelia and Dobbin find themselves together in the little German watering-place and when Amelia learns the truth about her dead husband's advances to Becky. Sir James has kindly informed me that he thinks that every word spoken in his little piece was Thackeray's—"but some of them were probably taken from different chapters."

A few years later two other Becky Sharp pieces were produced, one on either side of the Atlantic. The American play was adroitly prepared by Mr. Langdon Mitchell; it was called "Becky Sharp"; it was produced in 1899 and it has been revived at least once since; Mrs. Fiske was the Becky. The British play was by Messrs. Robert Hichens and Cosmo Gordon Lennox; it was originally performed in London, with Miss Marie Tempest as Becky; and she came over to the United States to present it a few times at the New Theatre in New York in 1910.

A similar method—the method of focussing the attention of the audience on a single dominating personality and of excluding all the episodes in which this personality was not supreme—was followed in more recent plays cut out of the "Newcomes" and "Pendennis." No doubt this was the only possible way of dramatizing novels of such complexity of episode. Mr. Brownell declares that the range of the "Newcomes" is extraordinary for the thread of a single story to follow. "Yet all its parts are as interdependent as they are numerous and varied. It is Thackeray's largest canvas, and it is

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filled with the greatest ease and to the borders. . . . It illustrates manners with an unexampled crowd of characters, the handling of which, without repetition or confusion, without digression or discord, exhibits the control of the artist equally with the imaginative and creative faculty of the poet." A story as vast as the "Newcomes" simply defies the dramatizer; and all he can do is to build his play about a single group, or better still around a single character, relentlessly excluding all the other allied groups of personages, not less interesting in themselves. This has been the method, it may be recorded, chosen by the several French playwrights who have been moved to make dramas out of one or another of the almost equally complex novels of Balzac.

So it was that Mr. Michael Morton made a "Colonel Newcome" piece for Sir Beerbohm Tree in 1906 and Mr. Langdon Mitchell made a "Major Pendennis" piece for Mr. John Drew in 1916. So it was that Sir Francis Burnand made a "Jeames" piece for Edward Terry in 1878 out of the "Diary of C. Jeames de la Pluche." Although Edward Terry was an amusing Jeames and although Nelly Farren was an amusing Mary Ann Hoggins, the "new and original comedy" (as its adapter styled it) did not strike me as amusing in itself; it was three-quarters Burnand and barely one-quarter Thackeray—and the blending was not to my taste. As I sat through the performance patiently I came to understand the provocation which had led a gallery boy to shout down to Burnand as he took the author's curtain-call on the first night: "I say, Frank, it's a good thing Thackeray is dead, isn't it?"

As the author had provided the "History of Henry Esmond" with a unifying figure, the dramatizers have only too abundant material for a chronicle-play showing him at different periods in his long and honorable career. To make a compact play, a true drama, out of the protracted story, would be plainly impossible, yet it might not be so difficult to select salient episodes which would serve as a succinct summary of the story. But although the attempt has been made several times—once for Henry Irving—no one of the versions has ever been put up for a run in any of the principal playhouses of either New York or London. In any dramatization one scene would impose itself, the scene in which Esmond breaks his sword before the prince whom he has loyally served, the scene in which Thackeray is most truly dramatic in the noblest sense of the word. If this had been put on the stage it would have been only a rendering unto the theatre of a thing that belonged to the theatre, since Thackeray probably had it suggested to him by the corresponding scene in the opera of "La Favorite"—although the suggestion may also have come from the "Vicomte de Bragelonne" or from the later play which Dumas made out of his own story.

There remains to be mentioned only one other dramatization, that of the "Rose and the Ring," made by Mr. H. Savile Clark in 1890. From all accounts the performance of this little play, with its music by Mr. Walter Slaughter, provided a charming spectacle for children—one to which we may be sure that Thackeray would have had no objection and which indeed might have delighted his heart. Although the play was successful in London and although it has been revived there more than once, it has never been performed in New York, by some unaccountable oversight on the part of American managers.

IV

It is testimony to Thackeray's own liking for the theatre that he is continually telling us that this or that character went to the play. He also informs us that Henry Esmond was the author of "The Faithful Fool," a comedy performed by Her Majesty's Servants and published anonymously, attaining a sale of nine copies, whereupon Esmond had the whole impression destroyed. And the first of the George Warringtons wrote two plays, "Carpezan" and "Pocahontas," both of them tragedies, the first of which caught the public taste whereas the second failed to prove attractive. We are all aware that Becky Sharp took part in the private theatricals at Gaunt House, making a most impressive Clytemnestra; but we are less likely to recall the hesitating suggestion that she may have been the Madame Rebecque who failed to please when

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she appeared in the "Dame Blanche" at Strasburg in 1830. It was natural enough that Becky should go on the stage, since her mother had been a ballet dancer.

Although neither Thackeray nor Dickens ever attempted to write a novel of theatrical life, each of them gave us an inside view of a provincial stock company in the earlier years of the nineteenth century. In "Nicholas Nickleby" we are introduced to the actors and actresses under the management of Mr. Crummles; and in "Pendennis" we have a less elaborate study of the actors and actresses under the management of Mr. Bingley. The group that Dickens portrays is more boldly drawn and more richly colored than the group that Thackeray sketches in with a few illuminating strokes. "What a light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon and all those poor theatrical people in that charming book," said Thackeray in his lecture on "Charity and Humor." "What a humor! And what a good humor!"

Although in these episodes neither Dickens nor Thackeray aimed at the penetrating inquisition into the histrionic temperament that we find in Henry James's "Tragic Muse" and in Howells's "Story of a Play," there is both validity and originality in Thackeray's portrait of Miss Fotheringay. In all the dozens and scores of theatrical novels that I have read, I do not recall any other attempt to show the actress who is only an instrument in the hands of a superior intelligence, a woman who has the divine gift yet who can display it only when she is taught, perhaps by one himself deficient in the mimetic faculty but possessed of interpretative imagination. Possibly Thackeray bestows overmuch stupidity on the Fotheringay; but she was not too stupid to profit by the instruction of the devoted Bows. She had beauty, voice, manner, the command of emotion, without which the tragic actor is naught; and all she lacked was the intelligence which would enable her to make the most of her native endowment.

Except when she was on the stage Mrs. Siddons was an eminently uninspired woman; and not a little of her inspiration in the theatre has been credited to the superior intellect of her brother, John Philip Kemble. Rachel was intelligent, so intelligent that she was always eager to be aided by the intelligence of others. Legouvé records that if he gave her a suggestion, she seized on it and transmuted his copper into silver. She used to confess the immensity of her debt to Samson, a little, dried-up actor of "old men"; and she said once that she did not play a part half as well as she could play it, unless she had had the counsel of Samson. Even if she was a genius she was rather a marvellous executant than a great composer; and there has been many another actress, even in our own time, who has owed a large part of her talent to the unsuspected guidance given by some one unknown to the public which pressed to applaud her.

Miss Fotheringay was not intelligent like Rachel and she was far duller than Mrs. Siddons, but she had in her the essential quality. She was teachable and Little Bows taught her. "He shrieked out in his cracked voice the parts, and his pupil learned them from him by rote. He indicated the attitudes, and set and moved those beautiful arias of hers. . . . With what indomitable patience and dulness she followed him! She knew that he made her; and she let herself be made. . . . She was not grateful, or ungrateful, or unkind, or ill-humored." She might not be grateful, but she knew very well who had made her; she said so simply enough, explaining why she had not earlier played the more important parts: "I didn't take the leading business then; I wasn't fit for it till Bows taught me."

So it was that Adrienne Lecouvreur, in the play which Scribe and Legouvé wrote for Rachel, thanked the little old prompter, Michonnet, who had taught her: "I was ungrateful in saying I had never had a teacher. There is a kind-hearted man, a sincere friend, whose counsels have always sustained me." And Legouvé tells us that at one of the rehearsals Rachel suddenly turned from Regnier, who was the Michonnet, and knelt before Samson, who was the Duc de Bouillon, and addressed this speech directly to him.

It would be interesting to know whether Thackeray ever saw "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which was produced in Paris in April, 1849, six months before "Pendennis" began to appear in monthly parts.

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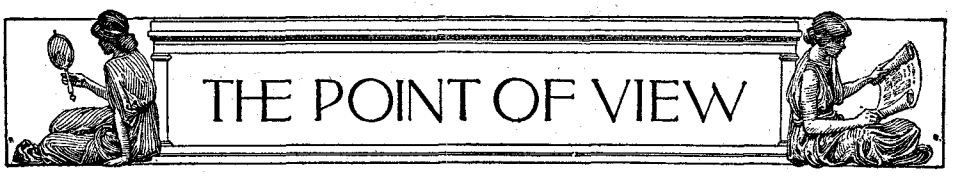

I LOVE those old New England houses that have been allowed to mellow undisturbed through several cultured generations, and have thus been given atmosphere and personality and the air of tranquil ease. Their mahogany secretaries, their thousand-legged tables, and their sleepy-hollow chairs have a kind of general fitness, a way of being taken for granted that comes only through years of placid association. Families who have clung to one house long enough to grow white lilacs and build bookshelves to fit their books, who have inherited the acceptance of their neighbors and so need never push nor crowd nor offer explanations, leave their unmistakable impress on their furniture. Only steadfast years and family unity can make even ugly chairs and tables seem to *belong*. I regard such houses with the attentive admiration we bestow upon the unattainable. I am not at all sure that I covet them, because I would not pay the price of freedom and adventure they entail; but I look wistfully upon their polished loveliness.

The Delight of Throwing Things Away

My ain folk come of peripatetic stock. I learned when very young to bear my part in the periodic family arguments as to whether we moved to Kansas City in ninety-six or ninety-seven, and whether our house in Council Bluffs faced east or west, and I can even remember joining valiantly in a dispute between my father and mother as to whether I was born in Toledo, Ohio, or Decatur, Illinois.

Naturally, such rolling stones gathered neither white lilac bushes nor atmosphere, nor did our habits breed reverence in the hearts of the younger members of the family for their elders' choice of household furniture and decoration. Instead of tending old mahogany and patiently darning lovely hand-made bedspreads, I learned to thrill and pant and tremble with the ever-new delight of throwing things away. Every time we moved, we got rid of something. Interested always in the new and darkly suspicious of the old, I came to love those times of change and upheaval and of casting aside.

Perhaps the stimulus of conflict added zest to these occasions, for it was not without giving battle that we rid ourselves of such cherished family treasures as the clove-apple and the wax cross, the Rogers's group, the marble-topped table, the chromo of Landseer's "Can't You Talk?" and the old, comfortable, red-plush sofa. Our family was disrupted and formed into two hostile camps when we young radicals essayed to take down and carry to the attic "Christian's Vision" and "Mercy's Dream," which, framed in funereal walnut, had graced our parlors in six or seven States. They hung at opposite ends of the square piano at which I used to sit, picking out Clementi's finger exercises with my little starfishes of hands, and I used to make up stories about them while I practised. I was really fond of them, and yet I felt undeniable satisfaction when they were taken down and carried off. It is true that an Alma-Tadema, which at that time expressed my sisters' artistic leanings, came to hang over the piano instead, and I had no more predilection for Alma-Tadema then than I have now, but he could not totally obscure the sense of pleasant vacancy that "Mercy's Dream" and "Christian's Vision" left behind.

It is this consciousness of space, this delight in breathing spells and margins that makes me enjoy getting rid of things. I love the semiyearly orgy of house cleaning, with its charming possibilities of elimination. There is the cracked teapot, last summer's parasol and hats, last year's magazines, the stamp box and cut-glass mucilage bottle that have graced my desk since Christmas, never used and now joyfully discarded; there are the gift books I cannot read, the work-bags I cannot carry, all the things that cry, "Come and use me," "Come and dust me," when I am most desirous of being left alone. I give them to the fat, black wash-lady, who receives them with effusion, and I look with vast contentment at the space they leave.

I am not maintaining that there is any consistency nor any very deep philosophy about this, and certainly there is no asceti-

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cism. I am capable of sensuous delight in the things I choose to keep; but I adore the brief freedom that follows voluntary relinquishment. Diogenes throwing away his cup after he had seen a child drink from its hands, Thoreau refusing the offer of a door-mat because he felt that it was "best to avoid the beginnings of evil," these I feel kinship with and understand. I have scribbled opposite the door-mat episode in my "Walden" a legend of St. Francis: "Once a novice begged permission of St. Francis to own a psalter and teased him, but Francis answered: 'After you have a psalter, you will covet and long for a breviary, and when you have a breviary you will sit on a chair like a great prelate and say to your brother, "Fetch me my breviary." ' "

I once carried my passion for elimination so far as to throw away most of the appurtenances of conventional living and, with two others of like mind, set off on foot across the country. For a year our only home was a wagon and a seven-by-nine tent. Given even this mode of life, possessions tyrannized, and here, as never before, I experienced the deliciousness of casting things aside. When we started, among our concessions to the universal impulse to hoard were a Bible and three large packages of dog food. To these incongruities we clung for several months, packing and repacking them feverishly every time we made or broke camp. We were united as to their usefulness; for, being vegetarians, we were obviously required to provide refection for the hypothetical dog we fully expected to annex, and, knowing that no place is so fertile in argument as a camp and that most arguments sooner or later lead to the Bible, we felt that, if homicide was to be avoided on our trip, we must have at hand a copy of Holy Writ by which one antagonist or the other might prove his contentions. Eventually, we grew tired of packing even these essentials, and I remember the glorious sense of relief with which I contemplated the lovely open space in the wagon after we mailed the Bible back to Kansas City and gave the dog food to a Mennonite farmer, who, like ourselves, possessed no dog.

Not only in material ways does elimination offer satisfaction to the soul. I can still recall the terrified delight with which, at seventeen, I threw overboard the theory of creation to which I had been bred. The space thus left unoccupied was soon filled by an extraordinary mixture of Haeckel, Kant, the nebular hypothesis, and Elbert Hubbard, but still, for a brief period, I knew the exciting emptiness of complete agnosticism.

There is pain in some of this relinquishment, of course. I suffered at the first realization that Stevenson's philosophy was narrow, and though, thank heaven, Robert Louis has withstood all my intellectual reddings up, I have had to forego some of my belief in the finality of his perfection. I felt the ground rocking under me the other day when, rereading "The Egoist," for probably the seventh time, I found that, instead of the unalloyed delight it used to be, it seemed only the dreariest pretense, and I finished it almost with relief. If Meredith will not endure, in the name of eternal actuality what will?

Yet there is exhilaration about an earthquake. The shattering of old ideas always means the birth of new, and a new idea is a better thing to have than five figures in a bank-book. Possibly there is something essentially light-minded in a too facile setting aside of the time-honored, the predetermined, and the aged; but, on a whirling globe, among an impermanent people, in times that are tremendously changing, with political creeds and theories of government dying violently and giving tragic birth to new, rock-bound conservatism has no power of inspiration. The desire to stand still—to sit still, rather—and solemnly hoard the ancient, the moth-eaten, the still good enough does not harmonize with my state of mind. I find it salutary and stimulating to throw away the old and give the untried new its chance. I may be wrong, of course, but—suppose we had *never* got rid of the wax crosses and the Rogers's groups; would not our houses be even more atrocious than they are to-day?

Stomachal Gymnastics

IN the second part of Walton's "Complete Angler" Viator says to Piscator (Walton): "What will you have for breakfast?" Piscator replies: "For breakfast I never eat any . . . but, if you please to call for a glass of ale, I am for you." Viator, too, seems indifferent to breakfast other than ale. "My people know my diet," he says, "which is always a glass of ale and as soon as I am dressed."

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Those who have not properly trained their digestive organ would hesitate to trail Walton when he did breakfast. In the first part of the "Angler" Piscator says: "My honest scholar, it is now five of the clock, we will fish till nine, and then go to breakfast . . . about that time we will make a breakfast with a piece of powdered beef, and a radish or two I have in my fish-basket, we shall, I warrent you, make a good, honest, wholesome hungry breakfast." Radishes for breakfast, and four hours of fishing before taking anything!

An excellent digestion Walton surely had, and I am so bold as to use the Dean of All Angling as an example of what proper stomachal exercises, such as strong ale and radishes for breakfast, will do in bringing longevity, as well as strength in old age. Walton died upward of ninety. He was eighty-six when he made a journey all the way from London to Wales to fish with his friend Cotton, and travel in those days was not lightly undertaken, even by men in their prime. Truly, a stout fender-off of infirmities was Walton, and death must have been puzzled how to aim his arrow.

In "How to Get Strong" Blakie gives us all kinds of home gymnastics, with the exception of what I myself consider by far the most important. For the human is always as strong as the stomach, and never any stronger. Many a possible victory has been a defeat, many a possible masterpiece has been only a "pot boiler," many a peak has not been scaled, many Poles—if there could be many Poles—would not be chopped down, as it were, if the internal machine has dropped a bolt. Napoleon said: "An army marches on its stomach." He might have added: "Victories are only a proof of good digestion."

We acknowledge all this. We know the folly of trusting an important undertaking to a dispeptic or the irascibility of a stomachache. If you knew that the engineman of the fast express you were travelling on was taking a swig of Jamaica ginger for an acute colic, you would be wise if you got off at the first stop. And how uncomfortable you would be as a passenger in an aeroplane if the driver were doubled up with a cramp! We all acknowledge that the stomach is the human dynamo, but very few of us—I am one of the few—understand that the human dynamo needs exercise, lots of what we call gymnastics, when we refer to the outward portions of the body.

Anatomists tell us that if we never use the left hand that the muscles of the left hand atrophy and the hand becomes unable of movement. Very little movement is almost as bad as no movement at all. So it is with every portion of the outward body. With all seriousness I ask you, why should not this be true of the stomach? I answer my own question. It is true.

Pamper a stomach, fail to give it proper gymnastics, give it no exercise but milk and toast and such silly stunts, and that stomach will rebel when you ask it to perform on such things as pork and beans. Never give a stomach reasonable exercise, and that stomach will soon be incapable of, say, a breakfast of ale and radishes, or a simple lunch of *pâté de foies gras* and Camembert cheese.

The early Yankees knew a lot about stomachal gymnastics. They discovered that cold apple pie at breakfast was one of the most efficient of internal parallel bars. Those early dwellers in New England had their faults, but no one can reproach them with weak stomachs or with stomachs that were not given abundant exercise.

So, again, with the big men and the beautiful women of Kentucky! And where can you find stronger men and more beautiful women? And hot bread and three times a day! And hot bread—beaten biscuit, soft hot muffins, corn pone—are among the most valuable of gastronomic "chinnings." So, too, is a Welsh rarebit, eaten just before bedtime, and a broiled lobster is almost as good—I mean good in the sense of gastric gymnastics.

Of course, as is the same with any other kind of exercise, you must not attempt too much at the start. The sprinter lengthens his sprint, the leaper lengthens his leap, and the weight lifter increases the weight he lifts. So if you are one of those who need, and most do need, gastric parallel bars, begin with, say, a single Napoleon for a dessert at lunch.

I hope you know what a Napoleon is; they can be bought at any pastry shop, and are simply invaluable as a simple easy stomach stunt. If you are ignorant, let me say that a Napoleon is a kind of loosely bound book of pastry, the leaves of rich flakiness, with an unctuous filling between,

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rather cloying for the unpractised in below-diaphragm exercises. The roof, or cover, of a Napoleon is enamelled with either chocolate or vanilla frosting. There is nothing better to begin with for internal weight-lifting than a Napoleon.

When you find that two Napoleons daily are easily mastered, you are gaining rapidly. Next I suggest at breakfast plenty of real German coffee-cake, with no bread or toast, of course. As yet you should not attempt pie with that meal; this can come later. But daily keep up your Napoleon exercises, varied with a dessert at lunch-time of two of those pastries known as "Swedish."

If you continue your practice, soon you can master with ease a full meal of corned beef and cabbage, topped off with coffee and a hot baked-apple dumpling.

You should be persistent in your exercises. I knew a cashier of a bank who for lunch always ate "health foods"—absurd entitlement—and a glass of milk. I explained to him how I had myself acquired my own gastronomic abilities, and he became greatly interested. Under my tutorage he began, but the important thing is that he continued, a course in midday stomachal weight-liftings. He reported to me that for a time he suffered some discomfort, but he persisted. The last time I took lunch with him he "blew me off," as he put it, at the pastry counter of the Rotunda of the ancient Astor House, no better place ever known for stomachal stunts. As my memory serves me, we ate one dollar and seventy-five cents' worth—old style of exchange value of coins—of varied pastry products, beginning with éclairs and ending with jelly-rolls. We "chinned" our digestions on nothing but pastry.

It is my regret that this apt pupil died some years ago. The nature of his death precluded the longevity we both hoped for; he was killed in a railroad accident. If he could have been spared, I feel certain that no stomach balking could have killed him.

The variety of food is so great that here I can only give hints as to the proper menu for digestive gymnastics. The important thing is to select those articles that we have been taught are particularly unwholesome. And one should also constantly vary full meals, such as the conventional rare beef and baked potatoes, with full-meal exercises such as baked meat pies, fried bananas, and a rich pudding. Occasionally roast goose and apple sauce, topped with mince pie, with, of course, cheese, is an excellent full-meal series of handsprings.

If you practise constantly, the time will come when you will simply laugh when somebody suggests the unwholesomeness of certain things. And when I see a scrawny tinkerer at food munching health husks and washing down the husks with a vapid drink, I find it difficult not to order for the atrophied stomach near me some of the exercisers I have mentioned. But I dare not. A stomach is so personal an affair with its owner that only the owner's doctor is generally allowed handling it, as it were.

In closing these remarks as to a Happy Stomach and How to Get It, I wish to say that I have myself profited immeasurably by the gymnastics here suggested. And I had a grandfather who lived longer than did Walton, and who at seventy climbed Mount Washington on foot. He died of pneumonia; stomachal sprintings, gastric parallel bars, and internal weight-liftings all his lifetime would have prevented stomach balkings had he lived to one hundred and ninety-two.

In memory I behold my grandfather at one of his favorite gastronomic exercises—boiled blackberry dumplings with an abundance of sauce, both brown-sugar hard sauce and liquid syrup sauce. And my earliest remembrances of the old gentleman are of his persistent stomachal gymnastics, which, as I look back upon them, were certain to develop strength below the diaphragm unusual even among his race of stomachal gymnasts, New Englanders, and in his generation, the Early Kerosene Period. As he used to say, "The proof of a pudding is chewing even the string," and I end with him, as I began with Walton, as an example of what proper and long-continued mastery of stomachal stunts will do for any man who owns a stomach.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE WEST IN AMERICAN PRINTS

By F. Weitenkampf
Author of "How to Appreciate Prints"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PRINTS IN THE COLLECTION OF H. T. PETERS, ESQ., AND THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE very name "The West" brings to mind a picturesque conglomeration of Indians, plainsmen, trappers, scouts, emigrants, gold-seekers, pony riders, "road agents," with the wide-stretching prairies and the towering Rockies as a setting, and buffalo herds, prairie-dogs, coyotes, "prairie-schooners," log cabins as part of the properties of this great national show.

There are pictures to help the memory, pictures scattered and often snapped up as they appear for sale, and yet available to him who is interested and will take a little trouble to find them. They range from the views and natural-history plates in the government reports on surveys (1853–56) for a railroad to the Pacific to the melodramatic illustrations drawn by George G. White and others for Beadle's "Half-Dime Library."

Book illustrations are numerous, for the literature of the subject is extensive. You can revel in the pictures adorning early books such as Kendall's "Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition" (1846), Josiah Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies, or The Journal of a Santa Fé Trader" (1851), J. L. McConnel's "Western Characters" (1853), illustrated by Darley, Randolph B. Marcy's "Prairie Traveler," or later ones such as Henry Inman's "Old Santa Fé Trail" (1897), illustrated by Remington, Randall Parrish's "The Great Plains" (1907), G. B. Grinnell's "Beyond the Old Prairie" (1913) and "Trail of the Pathfinders" (1911). And there is the contemporary illustrated press, with wood-engravings after Darley, W. M. Cary, Frenzeny, and others, and the work of the artist-correspondents of the *Illustrated London News*, who sent home some interesting sketches in the eighteen fifties and sixties.

Separate prints, while not so ready at hand, are to be found: steel-engravings that have strayed perchance from the books which they once graced, large plates after

Attack on Emigrant Train. Darley.
Continental Bank Note Company, New York.

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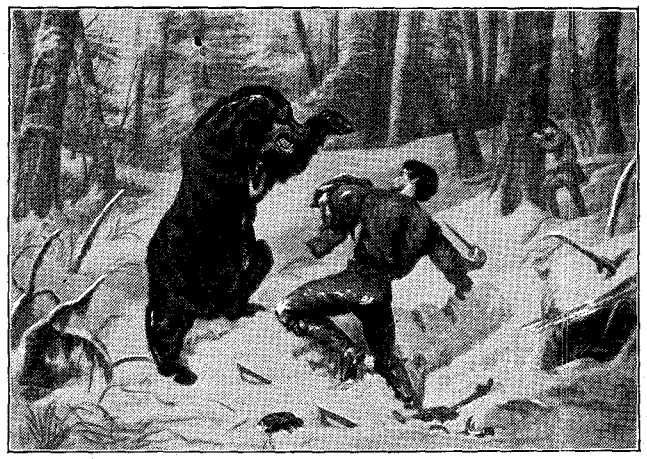

The Life of a Hunter: A Tight Fix.
A lithograph by Currier & Ives, from a painting by A. F. Tait.

paintings, colored lithographs from the establishment of Currier & Ives, those indefatigable purveyors of pictorial pleasures to fit all needs and illustrate all subjects. Even theatrical posters. For there was once a melodramatic exploitation of frontier life, and old theatregoers may still recall "Davy Crockett," with Frank Mayo as the star. In that play Crockett, in a log cabin, saves a fair one from the wolves outside by thrusting his good right arm through the staples of the door in place of the missing bolt. That was illustrated in a poster by Matt Morgan, which the collector may conceivably wish to find. Or he may covet the mezzotint after J. G. Chapman's portrait of the real Crockett.

Western scenery, in the Rockies and the Yellowstone and the Yosemite regions, was painted by Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Hill, and Thomas Moran. And there were lithographs, bright in color if not too true to nature, such as F. F. Palmer's "The Mountain Pass Sierra Nevada" and "Yosemite Valley, the Bridal Veil Fall." The sameness of the boundless prairie did not noticeably attract our painters, but the thrilling suggestiveness of fire sweeping over it occupied the imagination. A. Fisher's painting "Prairie Fire" was reproduced in a little steel-engraving. Any attempt to picture the tragic occurrence in the entirety of its possible details of a frenzied animal world was pretty sure to fail. But one phase was nicely held in a colored Currier & Ives lithograph (1862), "Life on the Prairie. The Trapper's Defence, 'Fire Fight Fire.'" The plunging horses, the trappers burning out a space around them, the herd of bison fleeing in the distance, all this is described without melodramatics by the painter, A. F. Tait.

Colonel Crockett.
Engraved by C. Stuart, from the original portrait by J. G. Chapman.

The bison attracted more than one artist. Especially was the hunt pictured; for instance, by Karl Bodmer, the Swiss, who travelled here in 1832–34 with Prince Maximilian of Wied.

In a Currier & Ives print, "Life on the Prairie: The Buffalo Hunt" (1862), by A. F. Tait, two men in buckskin, red shirt, and fur cap are shooting buffalo with rifles. In the old days, when the number of bisons seemed inexhaustible, there was unrestrained killing. In

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1867, it appears, Colonel W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") made a contract with the Kansas Pacific Railroad to keep its workmen supplied with buffalo meat. He killed 4,280 head. In the winter of 1871–72 Grand Duke Alexis took part in a grand buffalo chase, in charge of Buffalo Bill and Generals Sheridan and Custer. The merry slaughter went on through the years. To-day the vast herds have shrunk to a few hundred specimens in zoological gardens and reservations, and the buffalo-robe is no longer a thing that no gentleman's sleigh should be without. There was antelope hunting, as Catlin showed us, and bears were pictured in desperate battles with trappers, by Bodmer, Catlin, Darley (bank-note vignette), and particularly again by Tait, in a large Currier & Ives lithograph: "The Life of a Hunter: A Tight Fix" (1861).

Life on the Prairie. The Trapper's Defence, "Fire Fight Fire."
A lithograph by Currier & Ives, from a painting by A. F. Tait.

The wild horse of the plains is seen in lithographs by Catlin ("Wild Horses at Play") and by M. E. D. Brown; and in our day C. M. Russell, in illustration, and Solon Borglum, in sculpture, have shown the cowboy lassoing the animal. The tamed equine naturally played an important rôle in the opening of the West. Notably in the great overland mail stage line (which began about 1850 and was forced out by the Pacific Railroad) and the pony express. The drivers of these stages included Hank Monk, immortalized by Horace Greeley, Buffalo Bill, and other noted handlers of the ribbons. Most famous, perhaps, of the vehicles was the old "Deadwood coach," which in later years graced Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. The stage, we are told, reduced the months required by ox-teams to twenty-five days. The pony express, started in 1860, took letters from St. Joseph, Mo., to Sacramento, Cal., in ten days or less. With stations nine to fifteen miles apart, each rider covering three stations, an average of two hundred miles was made each day, with a charge of ten to fifteen dollars a letter. "Pony Bob" (Robert Haslam) and Buffalo Bill live in the annals of the daring souls who sped on these solitary rides. Hostile Indians and "road agents" saw to it that the route for stage and riders was full of sudden dangers, as Remington and other artists have pictured them.

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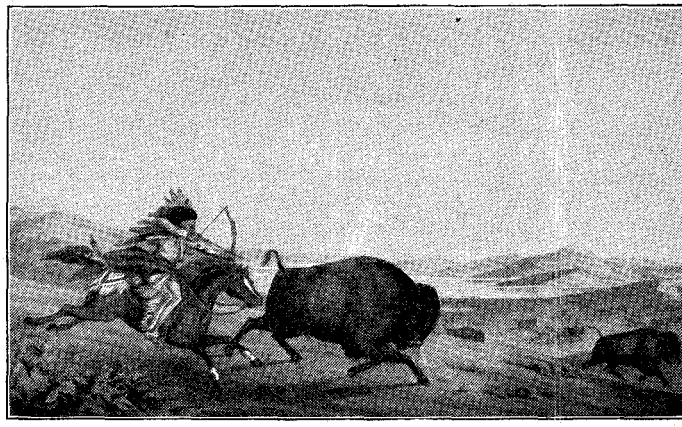
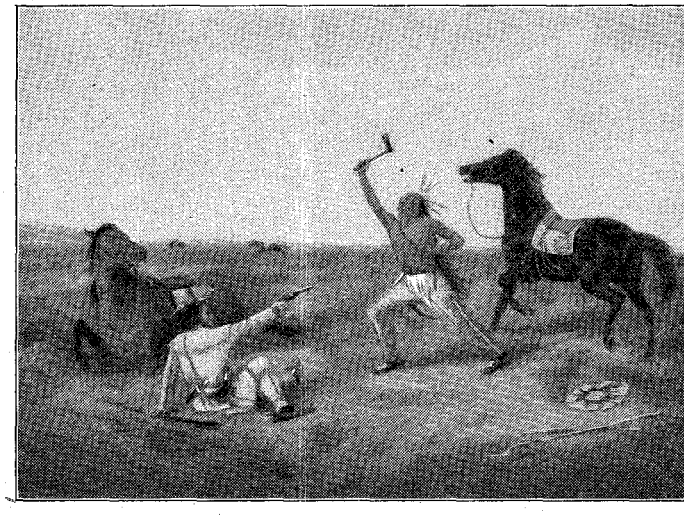


Hunting the Buffalo.
From a lithograph by E. C. Biddle, Philadelphia, 1837.

The Indian needs a chapter to himself. But even if he is not given the centre of the stage, there is a most lively variety of figures who conquered and explored and made the West. With them, and in the pictorial record of their doings, we follow the shifting frontier, ever pushing toward the setting sun, with the advancing pioneer. We cross the threshold in such paintings as William Ranney's "Boone's First Visit to Kentucky," or G. C. Bingham's "Emigration of Daniel Boone." Or one may approach by ox-team as they do in Bacheller's "A Man for the Ages," or drift down the river in a flatboat with the family in Edwin White's picture "Emigrant's Sunday." The emigrant and his prairie-schooner was pictured again and again: in "Emigrants Crossing the Prairie" (Currier & Ives, 1866), or in illustrations in books such as Josiah Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies" (1851).

A cut in Albert D. Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi" (1867) records the fate of the gold enthusiast who scrawled on the canvas top of his wagon "Pike's Peak or Bust." Having lost his draft animals, he was found sitting by his wagon, another Micawber, the inscription amplified thus: "Busted, by thunder!" In 1906–1907 old Ezra Meeker, with schooner and ox-team, retraced the trail he had followed, in 1852, from Indiana to the old Oregon country, and went on to Washington to plead for an enduring monument to the builders of the West and for saving the Oregon Trail from oblivion.

The activities of the early settlers, trappers, hunters, and traders, were pictured in various paintings, some reproduced in engravings, others known to-day only by name. With the painter Charles Deas one could follow the trail of "The Trapper," "The Voyageur," and "Hunters on the Prairie." One shared the dangers in William Ranney's "The Trapper's Last Shot." G. C. Bingham takes us with "Fur-Traders Ascending the Missouri." And the makers of colored lithographs were also busy furnishing prints which to-day are interesting and often invaluable records of a life that has gone.



The Trapper's Last Shot.

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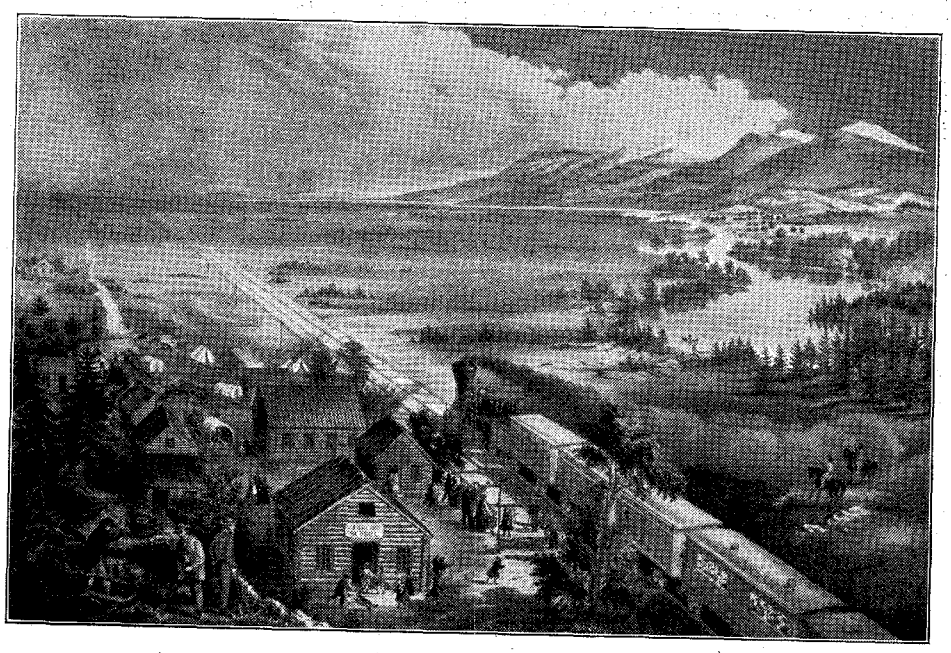
A series of these, dealing with encounters between trappers and Indians, again introduces A. F. Tait: "The Prairie Hunter: One Rubbed Out" (1853), "A Check: Keep Your Distance" (1853), "The Pursuit" (1856), "The Last War-Whoop" (1856), "American Frontier Life" (1862). Mr. H. T. Peters points out the interesting details that appear in these prints—the woven lariat, the beadwork moccasins, and, in "A Parley" (1868), the diamond hitch on the horse's pack. In Louis Maurer's "A Surprise" (1858), the pursuing trapper is lassoing the fleeing Indian. Then there's a cruder lithograph, published by Haskell & Allen, Boston, depicting trappers and Indians "Trading on the Plains. The Indians in Doubt."

A lithograph by J. M. Ives summarizes, in a simple, popular way, the whole record of the "Winning of the West." Near by is a railroad-train, and houses, schools, and other outward signs of civilization. Farther off are log cabins, and still farther, stockades. Prairie-wagons are creaking their slow way into the distance, where Indians and buffalo roam the prairie, whose virgin soil is to be broken by the emigrants. The title is "Across the Continent," with that oft-quoted line of Bishop Berkeley's: "Westward the course of empire wends its way."

Mrs. Palmer drew a quite rosy picture of "The Pioneer's Home at the Western Frontier" (Currier & Ives, 1867). A path across a corduroy bridge leads to the log cabin, near by is a field of maize, and there is the prairie-schooner which brought the party to this spot. Two men are bringing in game (turkey, quail, partridge, deer). A pretty picture of peace and plenty! Later, the lonely farmer's life on the prairie offered no such elements to attract the painter or print-maker.



Across the Continent—"Westward the course of empire wends its way."
A lithograph by J. M. Ives, from a drawing by F. F. Palmer.

In gold-fever days there came an added incentive for going West. This chapter in the history of Western development was recorded pictorially both in the East and the West. So we have "Gold-Mining in California" (Currier & Ives, 1871) and "Wagon-Train between Sacramento and the Mines" (Brown & Severin).

Life in the early pioneer days was exciting and turbulent. The Indian did much to make it so, but the white man contributed his share. With qualities of self-assurance, dash, resourcefulness, and courage

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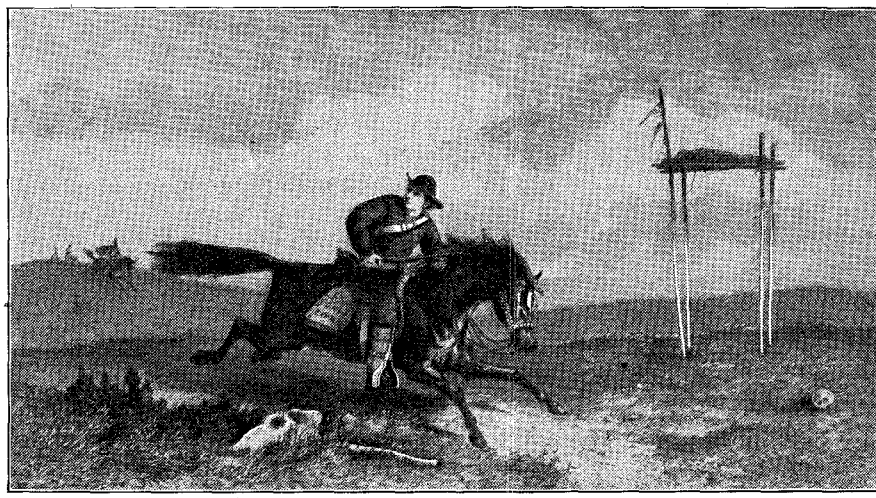
there were developed also picturesqueness in attitude, attire, and language. The cowboy cut a flamboyant figure in his chaparejos or his full-dress "pin-heel" boots. Among later artists, Remington, W. Herbert Dunton, C. M. Russell, Frank Tenny Johnson, Solon Borglum, Phimister Procter, and others immortalized him in painting, sculpture, and illustration. But with picturesqueness came lawlessness also. It came with the cupidity aroused in the gold-fever days in California, and was finally met by the stern repressive justice of the vigilantes. It came in the form of bullying desperadoes in the border towns ("Three-Fingered Pete," Billy, the Kid), who were opposed by the ready trigger-finger, actuated on the side of law and order, of such men as the noted marshal "Wild Bill." It came on the plains, whose solitudes laid the stage-coaches open to the attacks of stage-robbers —"road agents." Jesse James and other famous highwaymen have lived in sober fact and in lurid fiction. Among other figures in Western life was that of the professional gambler, who might at times fall under the ban of a "spasm of virtuous reaction," as did the engaging John Oakhurst in Bret Harte's story "The Outcasts of Poker Flat."

Communication in those early days was difficult and slow. The stage-coach and pony rider were a vast improvement on the ox-drawn prairie-schooner. The railroad changed much of the old life. But while it both bridged and tapped the vast expanse of Western territory, picturesqueness persisted. The last decisive battles with the Indians were fought in the eighteen-eighties. It took long to kill off the bison. The very boundlessness of the prairie could not be quite undone even by barb-wire fences.

To-day, the pioneer's work is done. The Indian cultivates farms, buys automobiles, and sends his boy to college. The cowboy is gradually fading away; his charges no longer roam over the plains quite as they once did and as their wild brothers, the bison, did before them. We have begun to think of the possibility of forest protection and reforestration. Even the idea of husbanding what is left of our resources is beginning to enter our heads. Care-free exploitation of a virgin soil is giving way to the theory of the rotation of crops, and of agricultural chemistry. The obvious, wild picturesqueness of the West is paling into a memory, revived luridly in the distorted and rampant gun-feast of the "movies," that animated picture-book of to-day. But its scenery is there, and the boundless extent of its plains and the character of its population. The glamour of its past is there, too, and the strength and breeziness of its present. There are still aspects for the artist to seize and to hold.



The American pony express, en route from the Missouri River to San Francisco.
From a drawing by G. H. Andrews, published in the *London Illustrated News*.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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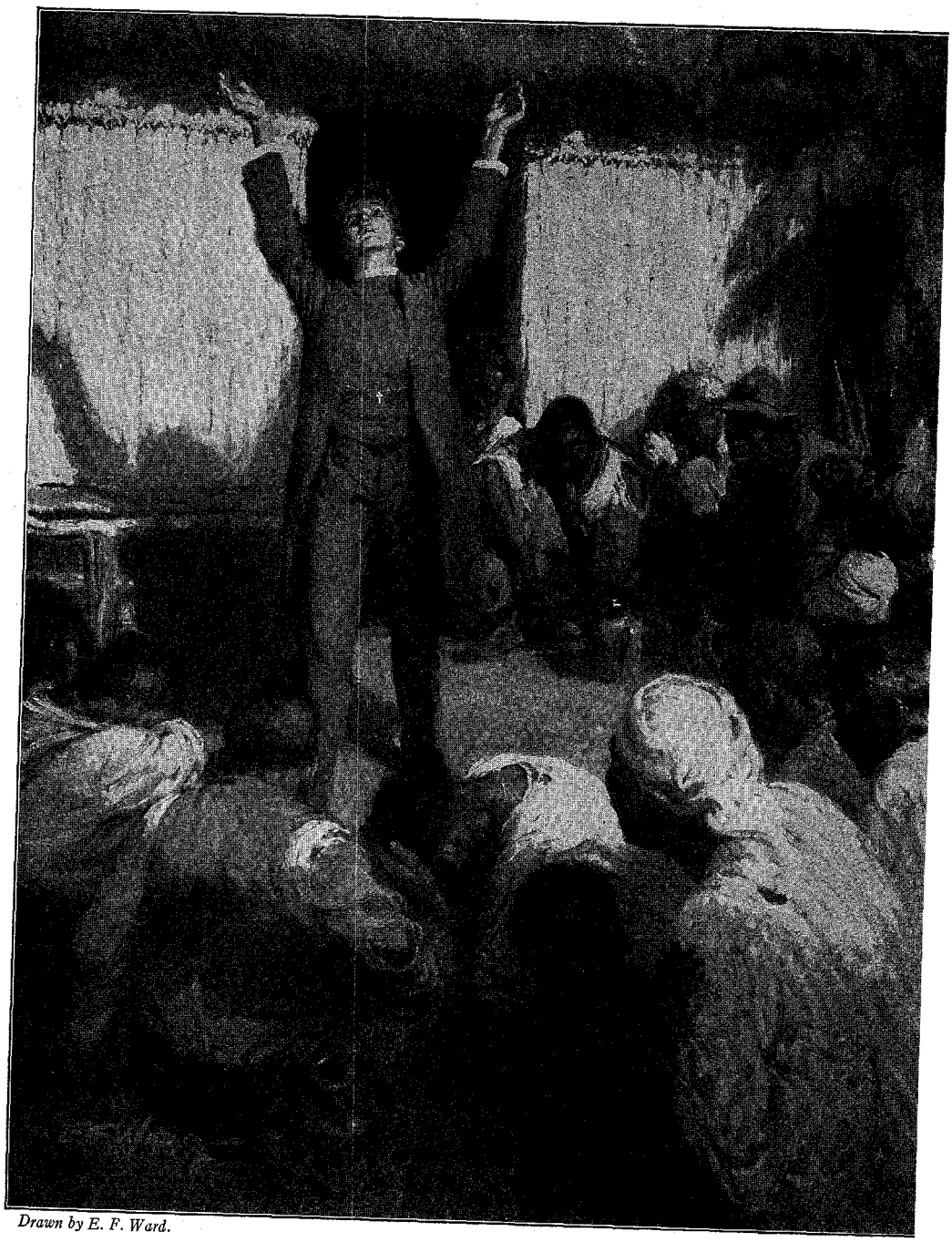

Drawn by E. F. Ward.

ARDORS WHICH HE HAD NEVER DREAMED OF BEGAN TO FLAME FREE OF HIS SOUL.

—"The Victim of His Vision," page 622.

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